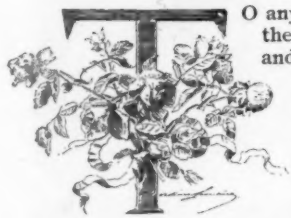


# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

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sketches of the women who today are the reigning favorites of the house of Molière. Years of application, of exhaustive study, have placed them in their present shrine. The traditions of this theatre do not admit

O anyone who loves the dramatic art and the outward and visible form of its highest perfection I need offer no excuse for the few slight

of such meteoric flight as wins its way in less historic establishments. To the appreciative stranger who sits for the first time under the great, shadowy dome there is much suggestion in his first impressions—suggestion that savors only of perfection. Each successive visit finds one in a more deeply admiring attitude, that is in nowise altered by the fact that it has now become discriminative. One sees to what degree of "finish" the mere ringing of a bell or taking a letter from a tray can be brought in the general excellence. Much of the secret of this superiority lies in the playing of these minor, often silent,



From childhood Elsie Anderson de Wolfe has given evidence of the artistic temperament which in later years has determined her choice of occupation. In the household archives an anecdote is preserved which relates that when a little girl of ten she was one day found in a newly decorated room, crying bitterly. Upon being asked the ground of her unhappiness, the child, pointing tragically to the paper, exclaimed, "That! it is so ugly, I cannot bear it." This sense of beauty has been developed by many years' residence in the old world; and in an article which recently appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* Miss de Wolfe gave to the public the first sheet of her mental notebook in a charming description of chateaux in France. But it is not in the orthodox path of literature that Miss de Wolfe aspires to recognition. For several years her name has been associated with the annals of amateur acting, and, by force of fortune's reverses, a taste which has been a pastime will now become a profession. During the last twelve months Miss de Wolfe has been earnestly studying for the stage.

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MADAME BARETTA-WORMS IN HER DRESSING ROOM.

rôles by actors who are familiar with the traditions of the house and not by mere supers. From the moment one mounts the great marble staircase, adorned with statues, crosses the foyer, containing Houdon's masterpiece of Voltaire, returning the grave and courteous salute of the silver-chained usher, one is impressed by the influence of the place and knows that one is in a theatre that is not as other theatres are. The very air is heavy with traditions, the dim red salle is peopled with famous ghosts, and in the air are the echoes of an unforgettably eloquence. One's heart beats a little faster as one thinks that these very walls have heard the mighty voice of Rachel, and here, not so impossibly long ago, the voix d'or of the greatest living tragedienne charmed

more wisely than amid other scenes. The aim of the Théâtre Français is very high and exalted; money making is no part of its creed. Art for art's sake is its motto—a motto that could hardly be carried out so successfully without the annual subsidy from the state of 240,000 francs. My passionate admiration of the Théâtre Français must plead my excuse for my tardiness in coming to the subject, or rather subjects, of this article—an admiration I am sure these ladies would be the first to pardon in me as called forth by the institution they so adorn. They are the fortunate beings of this world who do the things we fain would do. They are loved in the way we would like to be wooed by the lover of our dreams. They laugh, they speak, they smile, they reply, they





MADemoiselle BARTET AT HOME.



MADEMOISELLE REICHEMBERG.

walk and sit down with a distinction and ease that delights us in proportion as we know we have missed the secret in our workaday world. Place aux dames.

## MADEMOISELLE BARTET.

As you wander under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli there is nothing to signal No. 212 as specially worthy of notice. If, however, you have the Open, Sesame, enter the large, marble-tiled hall and mount the many steps of the ever-winding staircase, until you feel that you are getting very near to heaven and quite out of breath. Pull the blue-rope bell and a discreet maid admits you to a little antechamber with Italian chairs and a Venetian lantern. You begin to feel repaid for your long climb as you pass into the tiny

dining room ; for the Paris of today has been shut out with the closing of the door and one is back in the eighteenth century. The walls are panelled in pale gray wood, above the door are medallions, en grisaille, that might be signed Boucher, and in the corner cabinets glimmer all sorts of delightful and curious things. Pass into the salon, where three large, sunny windows overlook the Tuileries garden, and the impression is only deepened. The hangings of pale colored silks, the carved and gilded chaise longue with its luxurious cushions might have served Madame de Pompadour ; the bibelots that lie on the brocade-covered tables all belong to the same delightful century, and the only modern thing is the great tree palm, which droops its green arms protectingly over the favorite corner of the maitresse de la maison. It needs no gift of intuition to divine that Mademoiselle Bartet is an ardent lover of the

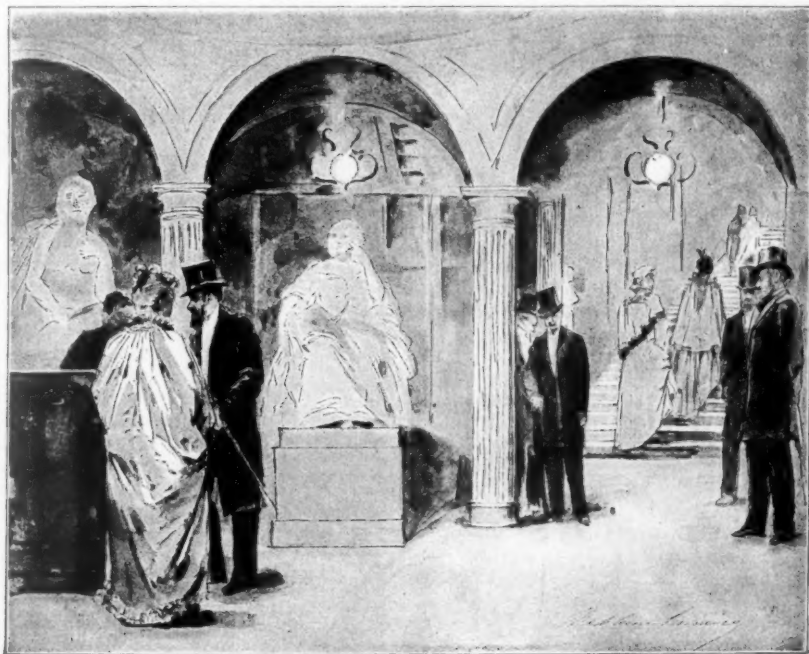
eighteenth century and particularly of the objects which came into being during the reign of Louis the Well-Beloved. She herself was so perfect an incarnation of that high-heeled and low-waisted era, when she played Adrienne, that I turn to the opening door, half expecting to greet a marquise in paniers and powder, costumed like the pastel of Mademoiselle Bartet which hangs in a corner and is signed Madeleine Lemaire. But no ; mademoiselle enters in a gown as quiet and simple as herself, but I know that only a master hand could have put together the slight and easy graces of its drapery. Her smile wins you before her caressing voice welcomes you, and one is only the more drawn toward her by the melancholy that underlies her gayest moments. As one sits in the luxurious, faint-scented

room and looks at the high-bred, patrician face of the great actress, it is only the occasional look of sadness that recalls her piteous youth and makes one remember that her childish eyes saw too closely, alas! the gaunt wolf of hunger, and on her baby cheeks the tears have fallen too often in the desolate nights of a Parisian winter. She has two passions, her theatre and her son, now sixteen years of age. I will tell you a glimpse I had of Bartet, the woman. I asked her how it was that none of her photos were on sale in the shops and that nowhere in Paris could they be bought.

"I have never allowed my photograph to be sold," she replied. "I could not bear my boy to see my face among all those horrors that they display in the shop windows."

Could any *bonne bourgeoisie* have given a more womanly answer? The life of this actress flows in such quiet channels that the public knows little or nothing of her except as she appears to them behind the footlights. They know her as the charm-

ing Adrienne, the mocking Francillon, or as the heart-broken Denise, but as the woman in her home nothing or next to nothing. Her days are passed most regularly. In the morning, while she dresses in her little chintz-hung room, she repeats her lines, writes a letter or two, or receives the chosen few for whom the door is always on the latch. After breakfast her dear theatre, if she is "on" in any new play, then a short turn in the Bois, the dressmaker, a look in at some *bric-à-brac* shop where a Louis Quinze treasure may be hiding, and home for the evening if she is not playing. If she plays then an early dinner is ordered; a few minutes in her brougham brings her to the Français. In a short half-hour she is dressed for her part and ready, waiting her call in the greenroom. Never, never has *Mais-moiselle* Bartet been known to be late, and never has the plea of indisposition excused her. Her courage has all the heroism of an unequal struggle. How many of the habitués of the theatre know, I wonder, as they listen to her touching, nervous voice,



THE ENTRANCE TO THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

that did she follow the advice of her physician they would be assisting at her farewell to the too-exciting existence of a great actress. She began her studies with Regnier in 1871, and then spent a year at the Conservatoire, which she left in 1872, bearing off the second prize for comedy. She made her début at the Vaudeville in the *Arlesienne* of Daudet. Then for seven years she knew all that the bitterness of petty jealousies could imagine, to thwart and hamper her career. But slander and ill will only delayed success. The valiant

soul that dwelt in the slight body was not to be daunted, and in 1879 she finally entered the goal of all her hopes, the Comédie Française. From that time her life has been a series of triumphs. In less than a year she was named *sociétaire*, which Monsieur Sarcey says is the greatest ambition of all theatrical young women, that of printing on their visiting cards after their name, *de la Comédie Française*. Her popularity has steadily increased, her hold upon the affections of the theatre's patrons strengthening with every new

character. Her principal "creations" have been in *Daniel Rochat*, *Denise Chamillac*, *Francillon*, and finally *Fabienne* in Sardou's play of *Thermidor*. Great things were expected of the actress in this rôle, no less a person than the famous dramatist himself predicting that in it she would score the greatest of her triumphs. All the theatrical world knows the fate of the play. It was produced with flattering success at the Comédie Française on Saturday, January 24, 1891, and played for the second and last time on Monday, January 26, when it was interdicted, much to the loss of the Comédie Française and to the detriment of the French republic.



MADemoiselle BARTET IN THERMIDOR.

MADemoisELLE SUZANNE REICHEMBERG.

"On serait tente de lui dire,  
Bonjour, Mademoiselle la Bergerounette."  
VICTOR HUGO.

I think no believer in avatism could listen to Mademoiselle Reichemberg's cooing speech or the trills of her rippling laugh without being sure that sometime, somewhere, she must have been a little reed-voiced bird, poising on a swinging bough to the murmur of a rippling stream, and that she has come back to us in her present dainty guise to be the delight of our eyes and ears for longer than any of us care to count. About her is the atmosphere of an ever-radiant youth, and through all her varying moods, glad or gay, petulant or coquettish, she gives to each of them the note of purity which is her essential charm and which stamps her eternal superiority. The Villa Said, close on the borders of the Bois de Boulogne, where she lives, is a veritable enchanted palace, but Reichemberg is no sleeping beauty. Early and late she is always busy. While she is dressing, between the acts at the theatre, when one of her confrères will give her the réplique, in her brougham driving between the Comédie Française and her hotel, she studies her rôles. She had a fairy godmother in Suzanne Brohan, who, after giving to the stage her own two daughters, Madeleine and Augustine, undertook the education of the little Reichemberg. In 1866 she entered the class of Regnier at the Conservatoire, at fourteen she merited the second prize for comedy, and a year later she left the Conservatoire with the first prize for her performance of Lady Tartuffe. On Monday the 14th of December—memo-



MADemoisELLE REICHEMBERG IN LE DEVIN DU VILLAGE.

orable day in theatrical annals—she made a triumphal début at the house of Molière in the rôle of Agnès in *Les Femmes Savantes*. Even the French press was unanimous in her praise and said of her that "she was ingenuous without affectation." Her success was so complete that she was allowed at once to create important parts, and at seventeen she was elected sociétaire. For twenty years she has played all the ingénues of any importance at the Comédie Française. How many rôles and how many triumphs! Do you remember her in Francillon when she gave the receipt for the Japanese salad, or when, in Margot last year, she found a tone with which to say: "Et avec qui vous tromperais-je?" to the foolish old duke who asked her to marry him? Or as the sous-préfète in *Le Monde ou l'on s'Ennuie*, and—and—but I





MADAME BARETTA-WORMS.

could go on indefinitely ; they are all delicious and unforgettable. She is thirty-seven years of age, and yet I know that to all the old subscribers she is always "la petite doyenne." She is like the Indian goddess Namouna, who is fabled as being always beautiful and always young.

## MADAME BARETTA-WORMS.

It has been said somewhere by some wise man that the happiest lives are those that have no history. He would have esteemed Madame Baretta especially happy, I think, as, if we look only on the domestic side of her life, there is no record to set down save that of simple days, simply lived, and happiness and content found

between husband and son. She tells you herself how homely were her early days in the inn of her father, a worthy citizen of Avignon. Her earliest recollections are the Fables of Lafontaine, lisped by her baby tongue to a group of admiring travelers. Her good father was rather shocked at the many prophecies made for her theatrical future, and it was with much reluctance and many misgivings that in 1865 he set forth with his child for Paris. She was entered at the Conservatoire at the age of six, so that we can quite understand Beauvallet's exclamation on seeing her : " Ah ça ; est ce qu'on va maintenant nous les donner en nourrice !" But the apt pupil was not long in securing marked approval from Regnier, that maker of theatri-

cal destinies. Even now Madame Baretta shows with pride the letters of the great teacher, full of excellent hints on the dramatic art, which she herself has known so well how to profit by. In 1872 the blackness of the war cloud above unhappy France shut out all lighter, happier thoughts, and her début as Agnès in *L'École des Femmes* passed almost unnoticed. Better luck was in store for the débutante, however, and when she appeared as Henriette in *Les Femmes Savantes* no less a person than Georges Sand took a tremendous fancy to her. A very fortunate fancy it turned out to be, for on the production of the *Marriage of Victorine* at the *Comédie Française*, Madame Sand stipulated that the young girl should be cast for the principal rôle. Her success was great, and a letter written to the actress by the author marks the beginning of the cordial friendship that existed between these two famous women. I cannot, I think, do better than quote it: "Do you remember three years ago in the lobby of the *Odéon* theatre when I predicted for you a successful future? My prediction has been so quickly realized that you must be very happy. But, my child, you have worked hard and the good God has helped you on your road by giving you great natural gifts. Your friend always, Georges Sand." Her success in the rôle of Victorine was tremendous, and she entered the *Comédie Française* only to remain. In her loge is the atmosphere of long occupancy—it is a salon rather than

a room in a theatre. On the cream-white ceiling shine a hundred silver stars, on the wall hangs a portrait of the beautiful *Mademoiselle Dubois*, la reine of the eighteenth century, smiling always on the pretty woman of whose living beauty she might well be jealous, poor painted lady! On the mantel stands a great blue *Sèvres* vase always full of fresh flowers, white roses oftenest, for they are madame's favorite posy. Everywhere are framed souvenirs of famous friends. Here an autograph of Victor Hugo, signing a letter written to the actress; next to it a portrait of Emil Perrin, by Adrien Marié, signed by the great director—a treasure indeed from him who was more chary of his autograph than a king or a poet. With the first unfolding of the spring leaves Madame Baretta closes up her apartment in the *Rue de Courcelles* and is off for the country she so adores—near to Paris, on the borders of the *Seine*, so that she and Monsieur Worms can come in easily if they are to play in the evening. Here, lulled by the flowing cadence of the river, she finds the inspiration for her rôles; so truly indeed that last spring she "saved" the *Filibustier* of Jean Richépin by her creation of "Janik." Madame Baretta has realized that mere talent does not suffice; one must find in oneself the true note that will touch the public. I always think, when I look at and listen to her, of the delightful epigram which she might well take as her device, only she is far too modest: "*La chasteté qui rit c'est la vertu parfaite.*"

## IN A RUIN AFTER A THUNDER STORM.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

KEEP of the Norman, old to flood and cloud!  
Thou dost reproach me with thy sunset look  
That in so black a menace, I forsook  
Hope, the last fear, and stood impartial proud:  
Almost, almost, when ether spake aloud,  
Death from the smoking stones my spirit shook  
Into thy hollow as leaves into a brook,  
No more than they by heaven's assassins cowed.

But now thy thousand-scarred height is flecked  
With the calm kisses of the light delayed;  
Breathe on me better valor, to subject  
My soul to greed of life, and grow afraid  
Lest, ere her fight's full term, the Architect  
See downfall of the stronghold that He made.



## MY IDEAL.

By Laurens Maynard

I ask not radiant beauty for her face,  
Nor perfect contour in her cherished form;—  
If but with love sincere her heart be warm  
Each line to me will seem of matchless grace.—  
Nor care I though she lack a cultured mind  
In love of bygone sages deeply learned;—  
Full many a soul life's truths has well discerned,  
By pureness made an eye among the blind.—  
Let her be simple, sweet, and true in heart;—  
Neither too good to sense the joys of earth,  
Nor yet too glib Heaven to understand;—  
With calm reliance in her soul's command,  
Able by her example to impart  
Her virtue to the children of her birth.



ABOVE THE CLOUDS. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

## SOME GREAT STORMS.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

**R**ELATIVELY correct forecasts of the weather, as made by the United States Weather bureau, depend upon careful study of the laws of atmospheric circulation as revealed by the daily weather charts. Observations of the barometric conditions as reported at a given time of the day result practically in an instantaneous photograph of the meteorological state of the country from Maine to California. Clear weather as well as the fury of a great storm is indicated on the charts, and the progressive movement eastward of these conditions is carefully

considered in its effect upon the distribution of rain and temperature. The officials of the Weather bureau draw lines on the charts which extend through points of like barometric pressure, with the result that a severe storm is revealed by successions of such lines inclosing a region of lowest pressure, as in the chart which shows the atmospheric conditions at the time of the great storm of March 27, 1890, when part of Louisville, Kentucky, was devastated. Such charts are studied by the officers with great interest, and the one which includes data taken twelve hours

later, not here given, is carefully considered to see whether the storm is gaining or losing power. The compact manner in which the curved barometric lines are formed round the central area expresses, as in the chart, the degree of storm intensity. Appended to the circular lines are figures that represent the rapid fall of the barometer in inches and tenths of an inch as the storm centre is approached, which is another indication of a severe storm.

In rare instances, during clear, cold weather the barometer has registered near-

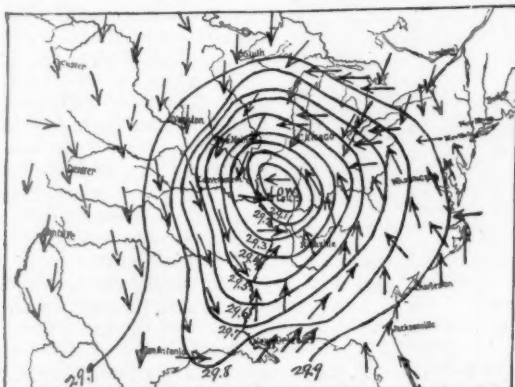


CHART SHOWING THE BAROMETRIC PRESSURE DURING THE GREAT LOUISVILLE TORNADO, MARCH 27, 1890.

The photographs of clouds accompanying this article are reproduced here through the courtesy of Professor William M. Davis of Harvard. The charts accompanying this article were especially prepared by Lieutenant John P. Finley, U. S. A.

ly 31 inches, while during West Indian hurricanes the air is lighter, and in equally rare instances the barometer may register only 27 inches. This variation includes the highest and lowest barometric pressures, a reading of 29 inches usually denoting a great storm. Extremes of pressure accompanied by remarkable wind velocity are generally observed during the autumn and winter. The winds, which as a rule spirally concentrate toward the

June to September, inclusive, 29 miles in October, 30 miles in November, 35 miles in December, and 38 miles in January and February. The average recedes to 33 miles in March and 26 miles in April and May. But the velocity of the wind circling round a storm, which is distinct from the advancing movement of the whole storm, varies from 20 to about 200 miles an hour. Following are some of the violent hourly wind velocities cited

by General Greely and Lieutenant Finley from the Signal Service records. Cape Mendocino, California, January 1886, 144 miles; Fort Canby, Washington, December 1884, 104 miles; Portland, Oregon, December 1882, 82 miles; Cape Lookout, North Carolina, August 17, 1879, 138 miles; Pike's Peak, June 1881, 112 miles; Mount Washington, New Hampshire, January 1878, 186 miles. At Montreal, Canada, the wind pertaining to the New York blizzard of March 1888, moved at the rate of 112 miles an hour, and the same great storm gave rise to wind velocities of from 90 to 130 miles an hour, as reported by several sea captains to Mr. Everett Hayden, in charge of the Department of Marine Meteorology, United States navy.

The general newspaper storm records of the United States extend back to less than 100 years, with comparatively little scientific detail. A given storm may manifest phenomena never before officially recorded, be-



SCENE IN MADISON AVENUE AFTER THE BLIZZARD.

storm centre, which is the place marked Low, vary in direction somewhat, owing to local causes. The whole field of the atmospheric disturbance ordinarily moves eastward because of an oblique deviation of the air arising from the earth's rotation, as mathematically demonstrated by Professor William Ferrel.

According to data given by General Greely, the progressive movement of storms in the United States is at the average rate of 25 miles an hour from

cause the Signal Service records cover a period of only about twenty years. There is good reason to believe that storms like the blizzard of 1888 and the great South Atlantic coast tornado-breeding storm of 1884 may not be again equalled during seventy years. A century ago storms were undoubtedly reported for a relatively restricted territory. In fact, the science of meteorology, as now studied, is so recent that the extreme possibilities of storm devastation are yet unknown.



Professor Winslow Upton, secretary of the New England Meteorological society, has compiled a chart from many reports, showing in a general way the amount of snow which fell during the New York blizzard. From New York city to Vermont the snow was forty inches deep on a level, while in central and southern Connecticut a slightly greater average depth was reported. Drifts reaching to a height of forty feet were actually measured. The possible danger from a great storm, however, came home with disastrous force to the people of the United States on February 19, 1884. In the chart showing the track of this storm, the resulting tornadoes are scattered southeast of the eastward-moving storm centre in a region including parts of ten states. The value of property destroyed was estimated as carefully as circumstances would permit, and the loss was believed to exceed \$4,000,000. About 800 people were killed and 2500 wounded, and the homeless and destitute numbered from 10,000 to 15,000. Animals and fowls of all kinds were destroyed in great numbers. So unprecedentedly severe was this storm that a special official report of it was called for by congress, and the facts were collected and submitted by Lieutenant Finley. The barometric depression, defined by the lines drawn on the chart, shows an elongation which brought an immense extent of cold northerly and warm southerly winds into contact—a tremendous combat of opposing air currents and contrasting tem-



CLOUDS AT THE BREAK OF DAY, FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

peratures—over an extended region. The distribution of warm and cold air at the time of this, the most destructive land storm on record in the United States, may be seen in the accompanying chart. When the storm is increasing in intensity, as in this instance, the destruction due to opposing currents is inevitably very great. An immense area of warm air extends far northward, as in this chart, and this area continues to accumulate power in the form

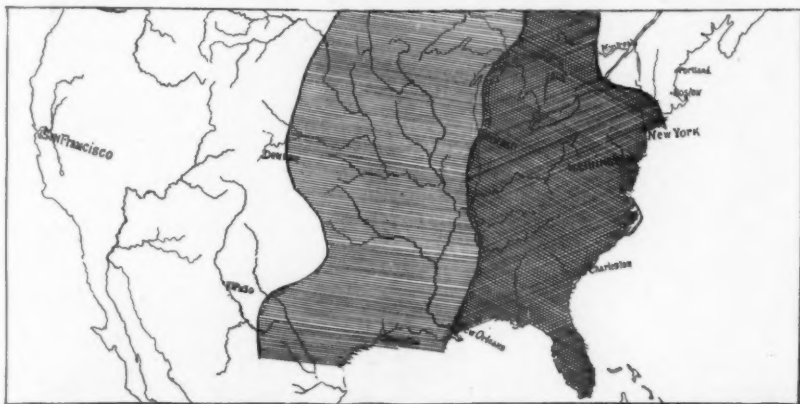


CHART SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF WARM AND COLD AIR DURING THE GREAT STORM OF FEB. 19, 1884.

of heated moisture until the condensation of this moisture lets loose an amount of atmospheric force that may well be dreaded.

The storm centre illustrated in the chart on page 660 appeared in the southwestern part of British America at 10 p.m., February 17, 1888. The area influenced in this instance was very great, as shown by the receding curved lines corresponding to the condition of the barometer northward from Mexico to British America. This storm moved eastward with increasing violence and by the 19th caused tornadoes southeast of its centre in a region including parts of Illinois, Missouri and Kentucky. It caused the death of 23 people, wounded about 150, and demolished about 200 buildings valued at more than \$1,500,000.

The principle that ascending heated air moves spirally has been graphically illustrated by Professor William M. Davis of Harvard, and the general law manifested by these rising masses of air as related to heated moisture has also been closely analyzed by Professor William Ferrel and Professor N. S. Shaler. These writers have shown in various ways that

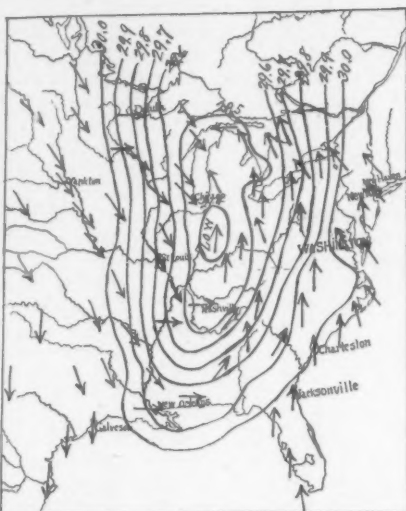


CHART SHOWING THE BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE AND THE DIRECTION OF THE WIND DURING THE STORM OF FEBRUARY 19, 1884.

storm movements are accompanied by ascending masses of relatively warm, moist air. It is clear that a great storm, which may be 500 miles across its centre, is

characterized by the progressive ascending movement of an immense quantity of moist air which is lighter, more rarefied, and which has a higher temperature than the air of the surrounding country, as indicated by the barometric and thermometric readings. These conclusions have received additional confirmation from the careful study of the weather charts by Lieutenant Finley, who is fortunate in approaching this subject with the latest recorded facts. He has emphasized the truth that great storms feed on moisture, or



LIGHTNING, JULY 19, 1887.

follow regions of greatest moisture, and that the warm air may penetrate beneath the cold air for a distance of several hundred miles before a severe atmospheric disturbance takes place.

The temperature of the surface currents as taken from the charts may approximately indicate the real position of the air at given temperatures, because the warm air, in pressing northward near the surface of the earth, may narrow in volume at a local point, thus leading to a relatively correct estimate of the direction of atmospheric circulation in advance of a storm. When the temperature is frequently recorded from points very high in the air over a vast region, it may be possible to trace the movement of a cold upper current with remarkable definiteness. Since the surface currents are already accessible for observation and record, the conditions would then be nearly all in possession of the meteorologist, and storm predictions would show a higher average of verification.

Captain C. A. M. Taber has called attention to the fact that ascending currents may carry saturated air far in advance of an approaching storm. Professor William Ferrel also reasons out the conclusion that "the upper currents outstrip the storm centre," and Professor N. S. Shaler has shown that great speed in the

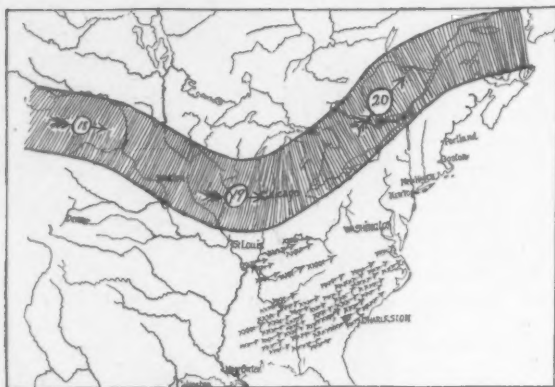


CLOUDS AT NOONTIDE, FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

upper regions of the air is to be expected because of decreased friction when air currents are far above the earth's surface. Another reason for this swift movement of the upper currents is the instability and lightness of the upper air. This is not a theoretical conclusion, because Mr.



RUINS AT JAMESTOWN, OHIO, AFTER THE TORNADO.



GENERAL PATH OF THE GREAT STORM, FEBRUARY 19, 1884. THE FIGURES GIVE THE DAYS OF THE MONTH. THE ARROWS SHOW THE DIRECTION OF THE RESULTING TORNADES FORMED SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES TO THE SOUTHEAST.

H. Helm Clayton of the Blue Hill observatory, Readville, Massachusetts, has carefully measured the speed of the upper cloud layers with the resulting discovery that the average cloud movement at a height of about 40,000 feet is far greater than that at a lower altitude or at the earth's surface. He has made careful measurements of the heights of clouds above the earth, and he finds by comparison with the measurements made at European observatories that as a rule clouds

float at a greater height in the United States than in Europe. He attributes this fact to the greater radiation of heat from the surface of the earth in this country. This important discovery indicates that the surface air is here somewhat dryer than in Europe, because dryness and heat prevent cloud formation. The movement of the highest clouds at times denotes the approach of storms several days in advance. The use of mountain summits for cloud observation will doubtless soon result in important

advances in cloud science.

The definiteness of a tornado track when passing through a village or city is remarkable. Panes of glass, the most delicate woodwork and branches of trees may escape uninjured, while brick walls and heavy beams near at hand may be torn to pieces. Masses of broken beams, fragments of window frames and doors, pieces of household furniture, scattered bricks and plastering, make the street impassable. The freshly torn foliage, splintered trees and branches, emit the peculiar pungent odor of new wood. An especially long, crowded train may arrive, from which the spectators swarm forth and find their way over prostrate fences and uprooted trees. Sometimes a house is twisted upon its foundation, greatly endangering the lives of people who, when the crash came, were just going down the cellar steps to escape the fury of the tornado, the blackness and terrific roaring of which served as a warning. Flying bricks from walls and chimneys find their way into the cellars of other houses, which in turn have been reduced to fragments and scattered for some distance along the tornado track. It is fortunate that the path of destruction is rarely wider than 1000 feet, and that the whirling funnel, which is the centre of terrific force, often bounds into the air or sways from side to side, thus sparing some houses and trees. Lieutenant Finley's



THE FIRST SIGHT OF A COMING STORM.

statistics demonstrate that of several thousand tornadoes recorded during more than two centuries, about ninety-five in a hundred move along a general course extending from southwest to northeast. If the points of the compass are known it is therefore at times possible to run out of the reach of a tornado, which usually progresses along its narrow path at the rate of about forty miles an hour. It follows that when the tornado funnel is seen north or east of the observer it can be studied without fear because of this peculiar law of its progressive motion.

The relation of lightning or atmospheric electricity to tornado phenomena is not yet well defined. Professor H. A. Hazen of the Weather bureau, who has elaborately classified an enormous number of thunderstorms and tornadoes, believes that further knowledge of the laws of atmospheric electricity may solve some difficult problems concerning severe local storms. Professor Oliver J. Lodge of England has theoretically maintained, after years of careful experiment, that a lightning flash oscillates with extreme rapidity between the cloud and the earth. He has recently tried many effective experiments with artificial lightning, produced on a small scale by the discharge of a Leyden jar or a number of them, and he has shown that lightning will strike heated air, a hydrogen-gas flame, or a



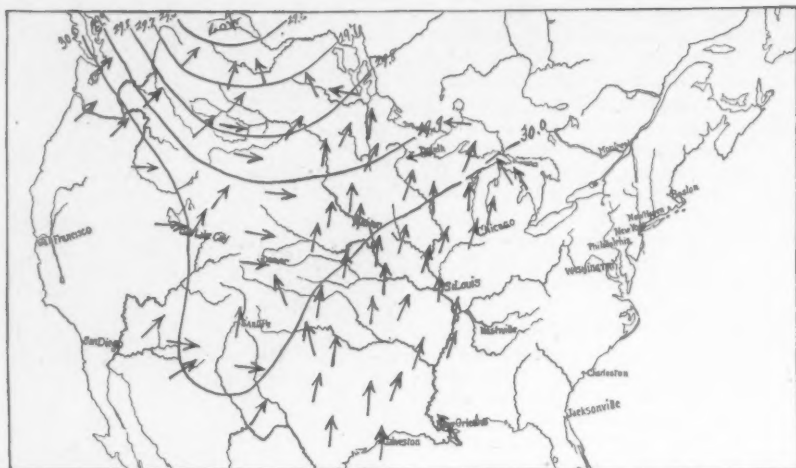
CLOUDS AT SUNSET, FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

spray of water in preference to an ordinary cool-air column or more distant points of metal. It is clear that the hot air issuing from a chimney and the uprising moisture pertaining to a sultry condition of the atmosphere are apt to attract lightning. Professor Lodge's very important investigations also indicate that when a light-



THE TRACK OF THE STORM. AFTER THE TORNADO AT JAMESTOWN, OHIO.





SHOWING THE RUSH OF WARM AIR NORTHWARD IN THE FIRST STAGES OF A STORM PRECEDING TORNADES.

ning flash extends from an unusually high point in the sky to the earth, extraordinary potential electrical power is denoted. The milder flashes move from cloud to cloud and scatter into many smaller strokes at once, instead of concentrating into one huge thunderbolt. The resulting thunder is, of course, loud in proportion to the force of the flash. Corder has proved that the thunder from

a lightning flash is just audible at an average distance of twenty-seven miles.

The most important recent experiment regarding atmospheric electricity has been carried out through the coöperation of Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, director of the Blue Hill observatory. Franklin's well-known experiment, in which electric sparks were drawn from a string holding a flying kite, has been repeated, at this observatory under

new and somewhat different conditions by Mr. Alexander McAdie, who demonstrated that electricity could be drawn from a kite high in the air in a cloudless sky. The kite discharged sparks from the lower end of an insulated wire reaching down to the earth, where an electrometer partly measured the increasing electric force. So nearly did the quantity of electricity in the upper air correspond to the height of the kite above the earth that he could determine whether the kite was rising or falling by simply looking at the needle of the electrometer.

Lieutenant Finley, in charge of the division of the Pacific United States Weather bureau, has been investigating the storms that approach the California coast from the Pacific ocean. He has traced a large number of storms to their origin near the Japan islands, and he finds that the typhoon of the China and Japan seas may become later on in its course the furious storm that sweeps along the coast of Oregon and Washington.

Of 3364 storms in the North Atlantic ocean, specified and in nearly all cases elaborately charted by Lieutenant Finley, covering a period of seventeen years, the greatest number, 322, occurred during successive Novembers. Then comes March with 318 storms, followed by January with 316, October with 314, December with 307, February and September each with 290.



LIGHTNING, JULY 29, 1887.

April with 271, May with 233, June with 232, and July least, with 217. His charts show that during January, February, March and April the storm tracks move along close in toward the Atlantic coast with a region of great frequency just off the coasts of Nova Scotia and Maine, including the ocean south and east of Newfoundland. In April and May the average shows an increase in the number of storms in the centre of the North Atlantic, but a marked decrease just south of Newfoundland. During June and July the number of storms for the entire North Atlantic lessens decidedly, while August shows still milder conditions. September and October show a decided increase of storminess, which culminates in November, when the charted storm tracks form a wide belt extending half way to Europe.

The elaborate system of storm reports collected and tabulated by the civilized nations of the world has brought to light and emphasized a wonderful fact during recent years. Continuous atmospheric disturbances have been traced from Japan across to the United States, thence to the North Atlantic coast, to England and onward to Russia. A chart of the northern hemisphere prepared by General A. W. Greely discloses that the average storm tracks in December during eight years, ending with 1886, begin in the China and Japan seas and extend around the world



LIGHTNING, APRIL 18, 1891.

as far as Central Asia. Many storms of the northern hemisphere originate not far north of the equator in the general region of the China sea and its adjacent islands. A storm of decided intensity very rarely continues along a track more than 8000 miles. Professor William M. Davis says that of the storms that leave the North Atlantic coast only about one in nine reaches Europe. The continuity of a storm track along a course of 22,000 miles—about the distance from the China sea around the world to Central Asia—would be difficult to verify, because such a storm would vary so greatly in intensity.



THE SCHOOLHOUSE AT JAMESTOWN, OHIO, WRECKED BY A TORNADO.



## MODERN WOMEN OF TURKEY.

BY OSMAN BEY.



URING my last visit to America I was often overwhelmed with questions about the Orient and Turkish life in general. The intensity of the American's desire for information about our "land of the Crescent" was most flattering.

My Turkish intellect was, I fear, often altogether too "yavash" for the bewilderingly numerous questions that were constantly showered on me. I have even had to sacrifice a delicious American dish at a banquet, or a waltz at a ball, or a game of tennis at a garden party, in order to satisfy the pleadings of your charming "haanums."

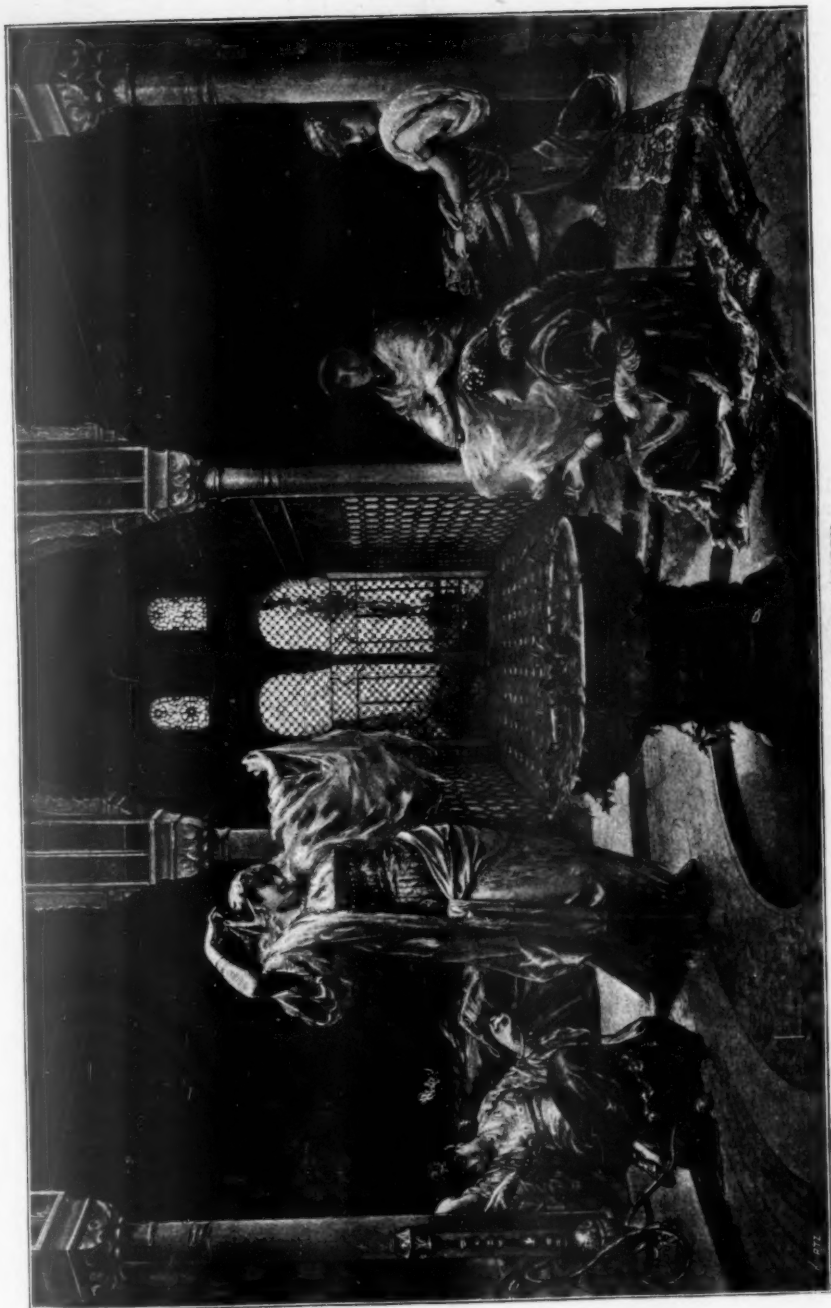
But the subject which above all others seemed to interest most the sweet gontcha-ghyul—rosebud—daughters of Uncle Sam was that of women in Turkey, their manners, customs and mode of living.

The general impression, I found, was that women in the Orient have absolutely nothing to do socially, never go out shopping, are never seen in the streets except in closed carriages, and that they are most of the time prisoners in a harem, with nothing to do but sing and dance, sip aromatic cahveh, smoke perfumed sigaras, eat delicious candies and gossip. In fact, the average American idea of life in Turkey seemed to be a very peculiar one—romantic if you like, but realistic? Well, not exactly!

Americans should always bear in mind the important fact that Osmanlis (citizens of the Ottoman empire) are not necessarily Turks, just as Britons are not always



Osman Bey was born in Constantinople about thirty-three years ago. His father is an officer of the Turkish government and is high in the confidence of the Sultan. The boy was trained at a college in Constantinople, continuing his education at Geneva, Switzerland, and at Columbia college in this city. As a consequence, Osman Bey holds the degrees of A.B., B.S. and M.D. At present he is making a study of American institutions, especially of our municipal governments and the management of hospitals. All this is supplementary to a thorough examination of public affairs in Europe. He is a linguist of considerable acquirements, speaking six languages besides his mother tongue. In appearance he is short and slender, with brown hair and beard, shrewd dark eyes and a Semitic nose. His manners are polished and agreeable. Osman Bey is accumulating a mass of notes and sketches on America which he hopes to use some day in the service of his Imperial Padishah.



THE POPULAR IDEA OF A HAREM.

Englishmen. Moreover, an Ottoman Armenian, for example, is far more different from a Turk than a British Irishman from an Englishman. The Armenian is a Christian while the Turk is a Mohammedan, yet both are Ottomans, and our Armenian fellow citizens are just as thoroughly oriental as we Moslems are. Their gentlemen wear the red fez and dress in the same style as we do, so that in America they are often asked whether they are Christians or Mohammedans and whether they have a harem or not.

The religion of Hazretti (Holy) Muhammed tolerates polygamy, while the Christian religion forbids it. Our great Prophet commanded all women of the Moslem faith to cover their faces with a veil except when in the privacy of their home, while your martyred Master gave no such command. Now these two great and radical differences between Islamism and Christianity are the cause of the vast



AN OLD-STYLE ARABAH.

dissimilarity there is in the social and home life of the two great classes of women in Turkey.

Thus it is that the Armenians can go far ahead of us in adopting European and American ideas and customs. In fact, among the higher classes, there are families which are so thoroughly European in every detail that, for a foreigner, perhaps the only means of detection is the red cap of the gentlemen—and even that too is sometimes abandoned for the hat of the Europeans. They all dress according to the latest fashions from Paris and London and they are sure to speak either French or English, if not both. Their houses are furnished like any luxurious mansion in Paris or New York—often to the extent of discarding a beautiful oriental rug in favor of an expensive Brussels carpet! The ladies have their "at home" days, make calls and leave cards. They play tennis and have five o'clock tea. They hold receptions and give soirées, where the gentlemen are in full evening dress and the ladies en décolleté. The music of their concerts is entirely European and the dances at their balls are thoroughly American.

In years gone by Moslem women did not quite come up to the standard of education



AN AFTERNOON CALL.





A KYUCHUK HAANUM.

of their Christian sisters. But today, thanks to our wise and noble emperor, Turkish girls have at their disposal the same educational advantages as those enjoyed by their Greek and Armenian sisters. Our Padishah is a just ruler, a great reformer and a staunch patron of all arts and sciences. Through his wise endeavors education has received a wonderful impetus, and today every village has its school for girls and every city its college for young women.

Constantinople is now, through the care and solicitude of His Imperial Majesty Abd-ul-Hamid II., just as much of an educational centre as any of the university cities of Europe. The Ottoman metropolis abounds in naval and military colleges, academies of arts and sciences, schools of medicine and law and a host of other lycées and gymnases. But, Mashallah! besides these, our beautiful "city of the seven hills" is today rich in schools and seminaries for girls and young ladies. And the accomplishments of Aisheh Kaadin, Mistress Aisheh, or Lady Nerimeh, Nerimeh Haanum, no longer consist merely in producing bright embroideries and playing on the sweet-toned dulcimer. Nor is her course of education limited to sitting on a cushion and learning to read El Kur'an—the Bible of the Islam.

The Turkish girl of the present generation is expected to know just as much about mathematics, geography and the sciences as any average American girl, while in matters of needlework and general house-

keeping she certainly is far in advance of her American sisters. In families of the higher classes, our nazli haanums can rival in refinement and modern accomplishments any young lady of the Faubourg Saint Germain, Belgravia or Fifth avenue.

Of late years American ladies have often come to me, in Constantinople, with introductions from friends in America and urgent requests to be presented to the ladies of my father's harem. These glimpses into the home of a modern Turkish gentleman have invariably proved a revelation to them and they have always departed with feelings of mingled surprise and disappointment.

They expected to enter a hall with no chairs or tables, but a profusion of rugs and cushions, a turbaned man sitting cross-legged in one corner smoking his long pipe, while his numerous wives sang and danced for his enjoyment. Instead, they find a salon furnished entirely in European style, with costly Turkish rugs, fine pictures and bric-à-brac galore. Instead of "a crowd of women wearing baggy trousers and talking an outland-



AISHEH KAADIN.

ish tongue," they meet a charming lady (the only wife of their host) and her three daughters, all dressed according to the latest styles from London and all fluently speaking French as well as English. In fact, with the exception of the eastern luxury of their surroundings and the oriental warmth of their hospitality, everything is thoroughly European.

Our American guests, however, soon forget their disappointment. They are charmed; they are fascinated. The topic of conversation naturally drifts towards America, and they are amazed to find their hostess and her daughters quite familiar with the names of Harrison and Baby McKee, McAllister and his "Four Hundred," and perfectly at home about matters of New York society and the season at Newport or Tuxedo. All three sisters play the piano with an exquisite touch. One of them plays the violin as well, while the other two can sing. Having gone through their repertoire of French and German music, they all join in singing the "Star Spangled Banner," which they have learned from the ladies of the American legation. The guests then visit the sewing room, where they admire the needlework and embroideries, and the studio, where they examine the paintings and Kodak "instanters" of these Turkish ladies. Having finally taken a drive (on tricycles) through the park, they are treated to some tea, served by a dainty Turkish maid, but in thoroughly English fashion.

I must admit, though, that it is not so with all Turkish homes. Nevertheless it is an undeniable fact that this is the style

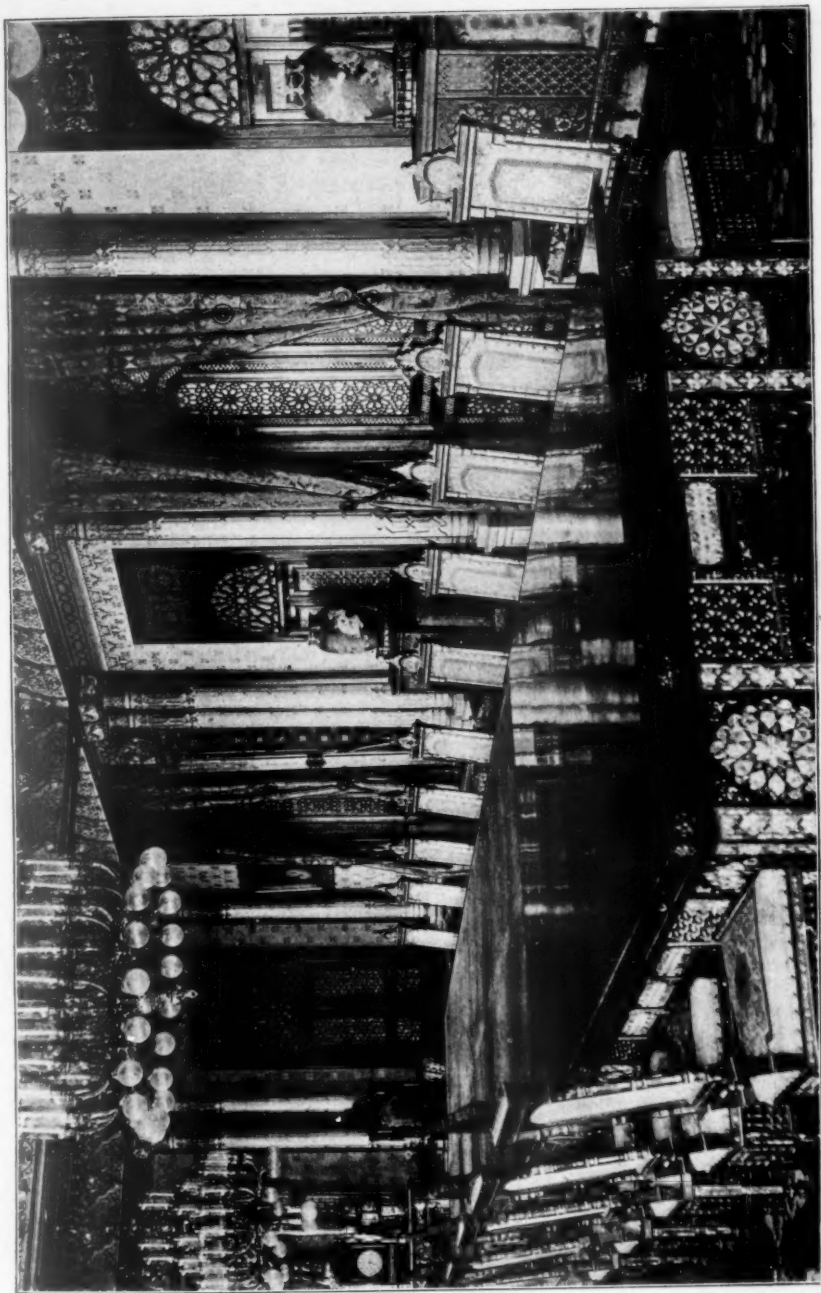
of life to which women in Cairo and Constantinople, thanks to their present higher education, are inevitably drifting. During the last decade we, like the Japanese, have been absorbing a perfect craze for European and American customs and ideas. But, unlike the Japanese, our craze is tempered by the conservative and immutable laws of our religion.

The Turkish gentleman, if he desires,



TWO TURKISH LADIES WITH THEIR ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

may marry only one wife and have English, French and German maids and governesses for his children. Within the sacred precincts of their home his wife and daughters may dress in Worth gowns, give receptions to ladies (only ladies) and drive or ride on horseback in their own private park like any lady on Rotten Row. But when it comes to their outside life, where they are in view of strangers and the public in general, then Islamism steps in, and Lady Jemileh of Constantinople



A DINING ROOM IN HIS MAJESTY'S PALACE OF YELDIZ.

has to halt, while Miss Chrysanthemum of Tokio goes away ahead of her.

I was often asked in America how love and courtship could be possible in Turkey when our dear girls had to cover their pretty faces before men and be always handicapped by the rules of Nammehram—rules by which men are excluded from the society of women unless they are very nearly related. Of course we do not have in Turkey the privilege of taking our sweetheart to the theatre and then to a petit souper, nor are we allowed to call on our lady love and prolong the visit to a late hour, as I found it to be the custom with some Americans. But in spite of veils we do see and fall in love, and notwithstanding the rules of Nammehram we do court and wed our choice. If "love laughs at locksmiths," can it not also laugh at veils and Nammehrams?

By the way, I found that very few in America were aware of the fact that the throwing of old slippers after a newly wedded couple is a purely eastern custom. The Americans adopted it from the English and the English copied it from the orientals. The ancient custom of *koja karis*—old women—coming together and fixing up matches for their children, without ever considering the desires and inclinations of the unfortunate bride and groom elect, is fast becoming obsolete and will soon be known as a thing of the past.

So also with polygamy. Polygamists have to provide a separate home for each wife—and even then they are not allowed as many wives as your Mormons were. And what with education in the higher classes and financial stress in the lower classes, polygamy is at a decided discount and its practice is rapidly being abandoned.

Another well-known feature of Moslem homes which is now rapidly disappearing is the "household slave." The open slave markets of Istambol (Constantinople) have long been suppressed, and the small traffic which has since been carried on clandestinely is already dwindling down into very insignificant proportions. The Anti-Slavery congress of Brussels, at which our imperial government coöperated most heartily with the other powers interested, has been another check to the institution.

Slavery in Turkey has never been what

it was in America, and its complete suppression will never necessitate a bloody war. We find that our present higher education and European civilization are incompatible with the ancient ideas of keeping "household slaves," so the days of slavery in Turkey seem to be numbered.

The private home life of the modern Turkish lady, as I have already said, is entirely like that of her Christian sisters. But in social functions the rules of Nammehram constrain her to an entirely different order of affairs. The house of a Moslem is always divided into two separate parts, the *haaremlik* and the *selamlık*. If the husband desires to give a dinner he can invite only gentlemen, and the guests can never intrude into the sacred precincts of the *haaremlik*. If the wife gives a reception, her guests are all ladies—no gentlemen from the *selamlık* are admitted to disturb the harmony.

The husband is free to invite his Christian friends with their wives and daughters to his entertainments; but his wife is not accorded the same privilege, and must remain content to know about men



A FASHIONABLE YASHMAK.



A TENNIS PARTY OF ARMENIANS AT BUYUKDEREH, CONSTANTINOPLE.

largely from hearsay. For the same reason, in all mosques, theatres, horsecars, ferries, etc., special places are provided for women.

We have emulated our European neighbors in the line of stars and insignia as well as in other more important particulars. Besides the orders of the Osmanieh, the Mejidieh, the Intiaz, the Liakat and others, we have, for the special benefit of women, the order of Shefakat—compassion, charity. The "Star of Shefakat" is a very pretty piece of jewellery, and looks very chic on the left shoulder of a lady dressed for a ball.

The decoration is given by the Sultan to women who have rendered themselves worthy of official recognition by an act of charity or some service to the public weal. It is also conferred on the wives and daughters of distinguished statesmen, both native and foreign, and there are now at least eight American ladies who have been thus honored by His Majesty.

About the time of the Crimean war we began adopting European costumes, and today all educated gentlemen in Turkey and in Egypt (except members of the clergy and people of the provinces) dress entirely like American gentlemen. The only oriental article to which we have steadfastly adhered is the fez, but that too has dwindled from a big turbaned headdress down to a simple, comfortable red cap. This we never abandon, not even when we enter a house or go to the mosque; and it would be just as wrong for us to do so as it would be for a lady in America to take off her bonnet when making a call or on entering a church.

The old-style indoor costume of the Turkish lady is very simple. First of all there is the ghyumlek, or kamis, from which you obtain your word camisole. It is a sort of shirt, made of some white gauzy cloth, with short loose sleeves. Then there is the comfortable shalvar—the famous baggy trousers of the East—made of some soft, bright ma-





A MODERN ORIENTAL INTERIOR.

terial. This is usually more or less covered over (especially in cold weather) by an *entaari*—a long, loose gown, open in front, with slits on the sides, and wide hanging sleeves. This gown is usually of some rich material, adorned with fine embroidery, and it may be tied around the waist with a bright silken sash, the bow and tassels falling on the right hip. Besides these there is the pretty *zouave* vest, a modified form of which I have often seen worn by ladies in America. It is very small and sleeveless, usually made of velvet or plush with much gold braiding, and worn when the long *entaari*, or gown, is not needed.

The headdress often consists of a velvet cap adorned with golden ornaments and a profusion of coins and jewellery. The slippers are flat-soled and terminate in a point turned upwards and sometimes surmounted with a pompon. They are often made of red or yellow leather, or of velvet covered with bright embroideries.

I call this the old-style indoor costume of our women, for though still more or less adhered to by the masses, it has now been almost entirely abandoned by the upper classes in favor of European costumes, and the women of the "essnaf" are sure to follow suit sooner or later.

In the adoption of European styles for outdoor dress the Turkish lady is not allowed the same freedom of choice. She has certainly succeeded in greatly modernizing it, but her progress has always been hampered by two staggering obstacles—the immutable law which obliges her to cover her face with a veil, and the extreme conservatism of the oriental character.

Formerly, whenever a Moslem lady got out of her house she had only to don the *charshaf*—simply a sheet, about six feet square, of any pleasant color, usually of silk and often adorned along the back with some fine gold-thread

design. The only adjunct necessary to this "gown" is a silk cord or sash around the waist. Covered with this, *cap-a-pie*, *Aisheh Kaadin* could venture out, safe from the eager gaze of the young men. But some sofoos old women soon discovered that the *charshaf* was allowing their *kyuchuk haanums*, young ladies, too much freedom to expose their pretty features to the scrutiny of the men, so they added a veil as a remedy. In course of time that part of the *charshaf* which served to go over the head was allowed to fall on the shoulders in graceful folds. The head then was covered over by the veil only. This veil we now call the *yashmak*, and the sheet, in its new form, the *feradjeh*.

In minor points only the *yashmak* and the *feradjeh*, with their accessories, have been modernized; but these minor points



A VERY THIN YASHMAK.

are just as subject to the fickle decrees of Paris fashions as are those of any European wardrobe. Having, like their American sisters, abandoned the hideous bustle, (pardon me!) our ladies now manage, in some way or another, to puff up the shoulders of their feradjeh. The same is true in matters of frills and laces, style of collar and color of material. Their jewelry, their kid gloves, their lace parasols, their patent-leather shoes, their mode of hairdressing, all are absolutely according to the latest European fashions. But the main features of the yashmak and the feradjeh have thus far been fairly well adhered to—for the two causes just mentioned.

When our giddy kyuchuk haanums start the fashion of wearing very thin or almost transparent veils, then out comes a decree from His Highness the Sheikh-ul-Islam (the chief of our Church), advising the Faithful to see that their wives and daughters wear some thicker covering on their pretty faces than mere cobweb veils. When their gowns begin to assume too much of an "alafranga" ap-

pearance, then our fogies are shocked and scandalized. "Allah, Allah!" they exclaim, "what are we coming to?" And they loudly demand that the orthodox feradjeh be not abandoned.

But, nevertheless, the feradjeh seems to be doomed. Not so, however, with the yashmak or veil—that will never be abandoned. True, 'tis a vast pity that in Constantinople and Cairo the bright and picturesque costumes of the Orient—so much admired and spoken of by enraptured "Cook's tourists"—are fast being superseded by the more sombre-hued garments of Europeans; but this is an age of practical and material progress and there is no time for sentimentalism.

Why should we Ottomans be expected to preserve the costumes of bygone days and adhere to institutions of a past age when progress and education render such backwardness intolerable? We might as well be asked to put away our landaus and victorias and revert to the now extinct bone-shaking "arabahs"—simply because they looked so fantastic! Or we might as well be expected to give up our



TEA AND TENNIS ON THE BOSPHORUS.

chairs and fauteuils and once more receive our American guests sitting cross-legged on mats and cushions—because it was so picturesque!

No. A new era of progress and civilization has dawned upon Turkey. All Ottomans—Turks, Syrians and Armenians—are now vying with one another in matters of educational advancement and social reforms. The wife and the mother are no longer either pampered like spoiled children or regarded as useful housekeepers.

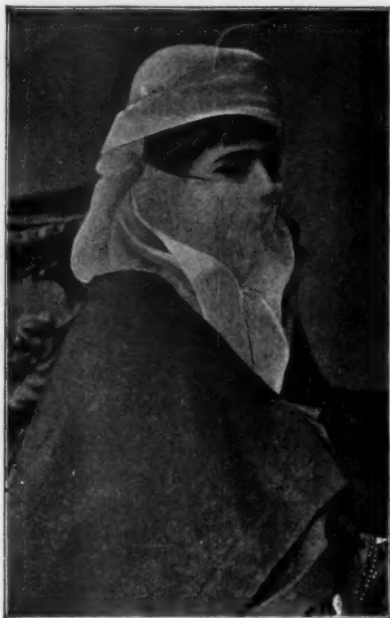
The American sewing machine, the French piano and the English fireplace are now indispensable adjuncts to a Turkish home.

Though still more or less faithful to the old-style cuisine, yet the setting of our modern oriental tables is European in every detail—from the waiter's conventional white tie and swallowtail down to the dainty menu and silver oyster forks.

Having first abandoned the primitive olive-oil wick for the American petroleum lamp, the Turkish housewife next admitted gaslight into her apartments, and now in turn the Edison incandescent lamps are beginning to be adopted. In fact, with the exception of her outdoor costume, the educated lady of Cairo and Constantinople has entirely Europeanized everything that was within her jurisdiction.

We men, following the wise example set us by the great reformer, our present Sultan, have already, with the exception of the fez, completely abandoned all our old multicolored and betasselled costumes. Why, then, should not our ladies too be allowed to retain the pretty white yashmak, but abandon the awkward balloon-like charshaf and the old-fashioned feradjeh?

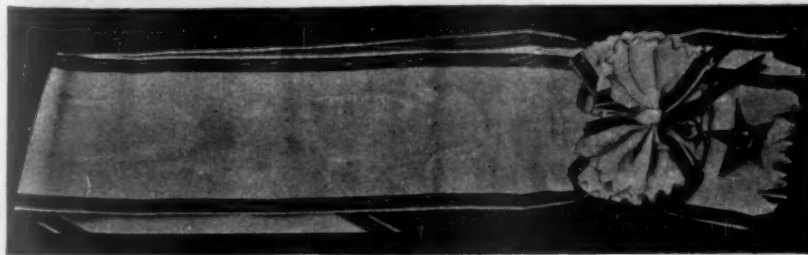
Our fogies made just as much fuss and raised just as big an outcry about us men as they are doing now about our



ZEMIREH HAANUM.

women. And yet, elhamd-ul-illah! we have, contrary to all dire predictions, continued to remain just as faithful Muslims as we were before becoming "alafranga." Why, then, should not our ladies too be able to dress as Madame la Marquise does, and yet faithfully observe the sacred law of Nammehram by retaining the white yashmak?

This question I very respectfully submit to the kindly consideration of His Imperial Majesty our Sultan—the most enlightened Padishah of the Ottoman dynasty.



THE RIBBON OF THE SHEPAKAT.



METAMORPHIC ROCKS ON THE BORDER OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

### THE NEW DESERT LAKE.

BY JOHN BONNER.

AT a period not distant enough to belong to the prehistoric age, and yet probably before this continent was trodden by the foot of white men, the aspect of nature in the southwestern corner of the United States was different from what it is. The Gulf of California headed at the junction of the San Bernardino and Gorgonio ranges; the Colorado river poured its sand and the red mud from which it derived its name into the gulf, some 200 miles north of its present mouth; the Gila, which now empties into the Colorado opposite Yuma, discharged its contents into the gulf itself, where they mingled with the red flood from the north. When this distribution of land and water ceased science is as yet unable to state.

But we are at no loss to determine how a change occurred. The river Colorado, which has a drainage area of many thousands of square miles, and receives the waters of the streams which rise on the Pacific side of the continental divide in Colorado, Utah, Nevada and part of Wyoming, carries down in suspension a vast quantity of sand, silt, and alluvium, which is colored by the outcrops of peroxide of iron over which it is borne. Like

the Nile, the Ganges and the Mississippi, the river deposits its solid contents as soon as it reaches salt water. It must have done so ever since it became a river, and clove its way through the cañon. In so doing, it built up at its mouth bars which shifted from time to time. At some period or other a prevailing southeast wind, or some other accident, caused the accumulation of sand and mud to be heavier on the western than on the eastern side of the river. The latter would then follow the line of least resistance, and would scoop out for itself a channel on the Arizona or eastern side of its bed, while the sedimentary deposit would increase on the California or western side. We may assume that this process went on for years or perhaps centuries, until, one season, the bar on the western side reached such a height that the river was unable to overtop it at low water, and it became dry land. The Gulf of California was thus cut in two, the upper portion being separated from the river and the ocean. This change accomplished, the head of the gulf proper was probably a few miles south of the spot where Yuma stands. Alongside the river



and separated from it by a tract of sand varying from two or three to forty miles in width, was the body of water which had once formed part of the gulf. It had become a land-locked lake, or bayou, wide and shallow. Major Powell estimates its length at 130 miles and its area at 1600 square miles; but Doctor Widney, who devoted much study to the subject, stated that the lake was of much greater size; that it covered nearly the whole of what is now known as the desert, say an area of 3900 square miles. It was not a salt lake. Most of its water had come from the Colorado, and was fresh. It was probably brackish, like the water now found in the new overflow, but in places was drinkable.

How long this lake lasted there are no means of knowing. Indian legends aver that it was for generations a permanent body of water, on which the dwellers on the slopes of the San Bernardino and Gorgonio ranges—who were numerous—used to fish and hunt wild game. Doctor Widney, who was surgeon in the army, marched over its dry bed in 1867, and noticed the beach line distinctly marked. "For miles and miles," says he, "I traced with the eye a well-defined line along the mountain sides, always at the same level. It was as undeviating as the chalk line of a carpenter's twine. Riding out to it, I found it was an old beach mark." Parts of the old lake bed are now covered with deposits of alluvial or lacustrine clay, carrying an abundance of fossils, not always

of marine origin, and in places pieces of fossil wood have been found, indicating the existence of a forest which could not have grown in a season.

The presumption is that the diversion of the waters of the Colorado by the bar at its mouth was repeated for several seasons, perhaps for a century or more, after its first occurrence, and that during all this time the desert lake was fed by a regular supply of nearly fresh water pouring through crevasses renewed every spring. There came a time, however, when the agency to which it owed its origin proved fatal to its existence. The Colorado continued to pile up sand and silt on its western bank, and one season it piled up so much of it that the spring freshets were unable to break through. Then the inland lake was cut off from its supply of river water, and there was no offset to the loss from evaporation.

How much water the tropical sun can suck up into the atmosphere is a thing which denizens of the temperate zone can hardly realize. The Bombay Geographical society states that the annual evaporation in the Bay of Bengal sometimes reaches sixteen feet. Major Powell estimates the annual evaporation in the Colorado Desert at 100 inches—eight feet four inches. In that torrid region the mercury frequently records a temperature of from 120 to 130 degrees in the shade. Under such a sun a shallow sea, with a few deep pools, but an average depth not much exceeding ten feet, would soon dry up. At Salton there



A MIRAGE ON THE DESERT.

is a sink the bottom of which is 260 feet below the level of the sea, and other depths have been given by surveyors as 200, 150, 100, and 50 feet. But the great bulk of the 3900 or 4000 square miles of the desert is only a few feet below sea level. Such a body of water would very quickly evaporate under a cloudless sky with a temperature of 120 degrees. That is what happened to the lost lake.

A day came when nothing was left of it but a few pools of stagnant water and a few very deep small holes, at the bottom of which were found signs of humidity. The rest was all gone, leaving behind a desert so bare, so naked, so desolate, so barren of life, vegetable and animal, that the Spanish Indians baptized it by the name of the Desert of Death, and believed that the souls of dead Indians who had led wicked lives on earth were doomed to agonize within it forever. Captain Burton, who surveyed it shortly after the American occupation, said he quite understood why the Indians had given it that name. It was a furnace which recalled Dante's descriptions of the caldrons of hell. It did not contain any body of water whose evaporation could temper the withering heat, and the winds which blew over it blasted vegetation for miles around its borders.

From time to time, when the waters of the Colorado rose to an unusual height, they again broke through their western bank and poured into the desert. But it seldom happened that this occurred in two consecutive years, and each successive overflow was absorbed by evaporation. In 1849 the waters rose to an extraordinary height, and broke into the desert in such volume as to constitute a river, to which the name of New river was given. It will be found on some of the maps. It meandered for a distance of 117 miles from the point at which it left the Colorado, and filled up a number of sinks or holes in the dry bed of old lakes. Its dimensions were such that many observers thought it was going to be a permanent stream. But next year and the year after were dry, and New river gradually evaporated, leaving behind it a few holes and lagoons with a little water at the bottom. The event, however, and its possible consequences were deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a sur-

vey of the locality, and in 1853 the task was intrusted by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, to Lieutenant Williamson of the Topographical Engineers. It is curious to note that he was largely assisted in the work by Major George H. Thomas, then commanding at Fort Yuma.

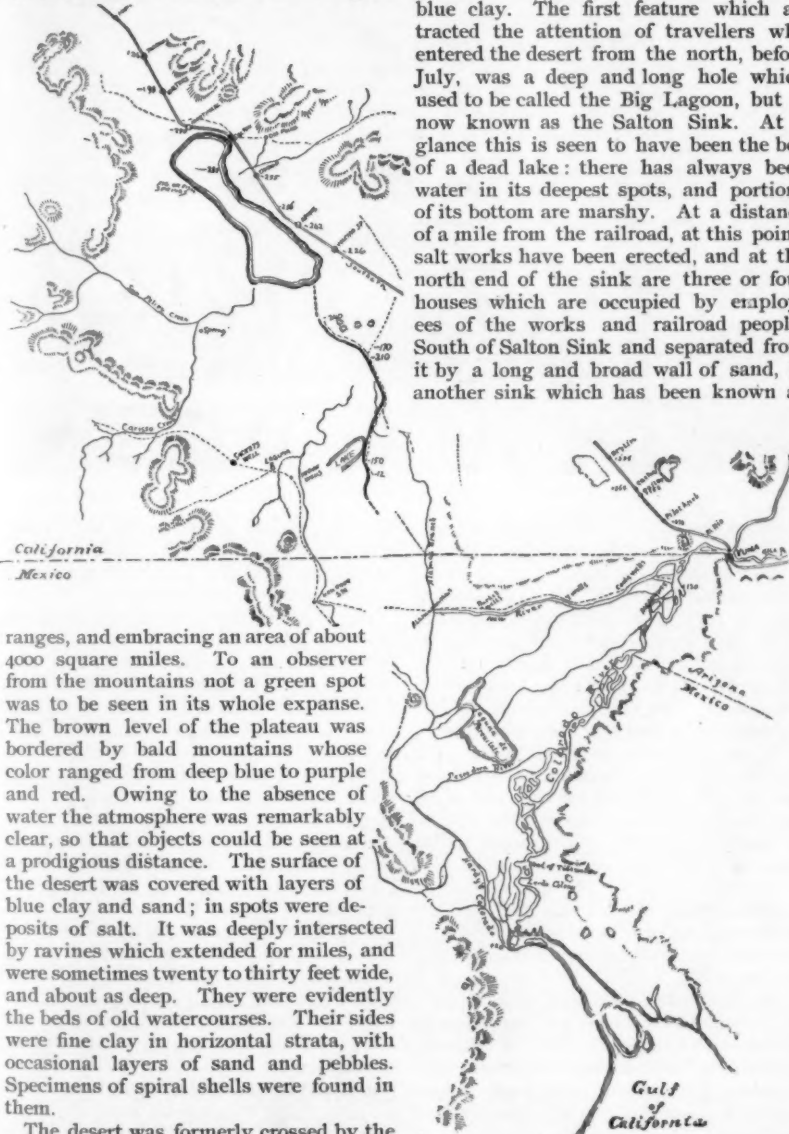
Lieutenant Williamson's report is an admirable paper, though, of course, he did not possess the knowledge of the locality which railroad building has since placed within the reach of all. He was sure, first, that the desert might be irrigated; and secondly, that with irrigation "a large part of its surface, formed of lacustrine and alluvial clay, was capable of supporting a luxuriant growth of vegetation. It is of nearly the same composition as the alluvial bottom land of the Colorado, which is covered with a growth of mesquite, cottonwood, willows and grass. Good crops of corn, beans, and melons are raised close by. The soil proves on analysis to contain sixty per cent. of sand, sixteen per cent. of carbonate of lime, 1.30 per cent. of organic matter, and about one per cent. of matter soluble in water, which may be called a rich soil, adapted to various crops."

A few years after the publication of this report, at the instigation of O. M. Wozencraft, United States surveyor, the legislature of California passed an act providing for the construction of a comprehensive system of irrigation works on the Colorado desert, so as to reclaim as much thereof as might be found susceptible of cultivation, provided the United States would assign to the state the land to be reclaimed. The subject was referred to the congressional Committee on Public Lands, and a favorable report was made in April 1862. Unfortunately, the civil war had just broken out. No other topic had the least chance of commanding public attention. Mr. Wozencraft spent some months in lobbying at Washington, but at last he became satisfied that the time was not propitious, and he returned home to die. His scheme died with him, and never from that day until now has there been any serious effort to resurrect it.

So much for the past. With the present aspect of the desert before the overflow of last June and July we are tolerably familiar. It was a long and broad tract of country lying on the west side

of the Colorado, stretching from the river to the San Bernardino and Gorgonio

track is raised a few feet above the ground and rests on an embankment of blue clay. The first feature which attracted the attention of travellers who entered the desert from the north, before July, was a deep and long hole which used to be called the Big Lagoon, but is now known as the Salton Sink. At a glance this is seen to have been the bed of a dead lake: there has always been water in its deepest spots, and portions of its bottom are marshy. At a distance of a mile from the railroad, at this point, salt works have been erected, and at the north end of the sink are three or four houses which are occupied by employees of the works and railroad people. South of Salton Sink and separated from it by a long and broad wall of sand, is another sink which has been known as



ranges, and embracing an area of about 4000 square miles. To an observer from the mountains not a green spot was to be seen in its whole expanse. The brown level of the plateau was bordered by bald mountains whose color ranged from deep blue to purple and red. Owing to the absence of water the atmosphere was remarkably clear, so that objects could be seen at a prodigious distance. The surface of the desert was covered with layers of blue clay and sand; in spots were deposits of salt. It was deeply intersected by ravines which extended for miles, and were sometimes twenty to thirty feet wide, and about as deep. They were evidently the beds of old watercourses. Their sides were fine clay in horizontal strata, with occasional layers of sand and pebbles. Specimens of spiral shells were found in them.

The desert was formerly crossed by the old emigrant road. This has now made way for the railroad, which runs from Gorgonio pass to Yuma, bisecting the plain. It is nearly a straight line; the

Indian Wells. Here immigrants in the 'Forties calculated on finding a scanty sup-

MAP OF COLORADO DESERT.



RAVINES IN THE BED OF THE LAST LAKE.

ply of muddy water. The bottom of these two sinks has been found to be from 200 to 260 feet below sea level.

Travelling toward the river, the desert, prior to July, was found to be deeply cut up by dry watercourses and lagoons, in which a little liquid still floated on the top of the mud. These were said to be remains of New river. Curious natural phenomena constantly struck the eye. At a place known as Mud Wells were seen two or three thousand holes in the ground, of unknown depth, and with mouths from two to ten feet wide. Some of these were miniature volcanoes, which spouted mud and water incessantly. Others were said by the ignorant to be bottomless pits which connected with the great salt lake by subterranean passages, and whose capacity to swallow water was inexhaustible.

Another striking feature was the mirage, which recalled the stories of travellers in African and Asiatic deserts. On the distant edge of the sand waste was seen, with seeming distinctness, mountain ranges topped by colossal castles, cloud-capped pinnacles, blue columns reaching to heaven like the Tower of Babel, cathedrals with lofty spires, monstrous battlements which fancy equipped with rows of long-range cannon. All these were in motion

like the pictures in a stereopticon. They waned, merged into each other, assumed new shapes and new hues and presented a constantly varying spectacle.

The station known as Alamos Muchos, fifty-two miles from the river and some thirty-three miles from Salton, is a place of the dead. Remains of the trunks of decayed cottonwood trees show that it was once inhabitable and inhabited; here and there the skull of an ox or part of the skeleton of a mule confirm the testimony. Some of the skeletons are held together by the skin, which is sun dried, and infolds the imperishable portion of the animal in its close embrace. Here and there a wagon wheel tells the story of an immigrant party which passed through the place in the old days in search of the land of gold.

Such was the Colorado desert last June, when it became known that the great river, which had been rising steadily since February in consequence of the heavy winter snows, had burst its banks. Water began to show in the Salton Sink, and the mud puddles at Indian Wells began to increase in size. The country between the Gorgonio range and the Colorado contains few inhabitants, and they are not curious about natural phenomena. It was not till the very last day of June that anyone realized what was happening.

Then the Southern Pacific people undertook to investigate. They discovered that the Colorado, which then stood at twenty-eight feet above high-water mark, had broken through its western bank at a place called Algodones, some twenty miles below Yuma, and that a number of streams ranging from five to fifty feet in width were pouring with the velocity of a mill-race into the desert. The place where they broke through was a bank clothed with mesquite trees. They swept the bank away and sent the trees whirling on the surface of the current. A few miles from Algodones most of the streams united and formed a river, which followed pretty closely the bed of the New river of 1849, at least as far as the old post station of Alamos Muchos. Beyond this point, the first explorers who were sent out reported that as far as they could see the whole region to the northwest was a vast sea. In places the waters spread out and covered the level surface of the desert to a depth of ten to fifteen inches. Wherever there was a depression they filled that up, and here depths of twenty feet were found. Where they struck sand dunes they gradually undermined them until they fell with a crash; where a sand ridge checked the progress of the stream it soon overtopped it, and a waterfall, with a roar like thunder, was created.

The Examiner newspaper fitted out an expedition under the command of H. W. Patton, and the first reliable information of the extent of the inundation came from him. He sailed a boat from Algodones to Alamos Muchos, and thence thirty-one miles further northwest to Indian Wells and the Salton Sink, setting at rest the doubts which had been entertained as to the source of the waters which overflowed the desert. Throughout his voyage he carried his life in his hand. Almost at the outset he lost a man from a rattlesnake bite. Shipwreck on the new sea meant death. There was no rescue to

be hoped for. To ground on a sandbank was to insure death from starvation. A landing from the boat on such a bank very nearly ended Mr. Patton's travels: the bank was a quicksand, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was rescued just as the water had reached his lips. To add to all, the temperature seldom fell below 120 degrees Fahrenheit. When he landed at Yuma on his return he sarcastically observed that he could advise no man to follow his example unless he had expectations from that person.

At this time of writing (August 5) the desert lake, which was described by the first observers as thirty miles long, is reported to be ten miles long by thirty miles wide, with an average depth of two feet and a half. The water is generally brackish. Mr. Durbrow, who tested it at Salton, reports that he found it to contain ten per cent. of saline matter; but Mr. Patton says that he filled his water keg out of the lake twenty miles from Salton with perfectly fresh water. Close in shore, the temperature of the water is 120 degrees, and bathing is impossible. Several observers report that it is full of fish, and fresh-water fish, such as carp. The connection between the desert lake and the river appears to be unbroken, but the supply of water is less copious than it was. Mr. Durbrow, the manager of the salt works, estimates that the inflow about off-



CLUMPS OF ROCK, WITH CALCAREOUS INCRUSTATION, IN THE DESERT.

sets the loss from evaporation. The Colorado, which has ceased to rise, is still nineteen feet above high-water mark, only a few feet below the highest point reached in 1884—the high-water year.

It is yet too soon to speculate on the





THE BEACH LINE OF AN ANCIENT LAKE IN THE DESERT.

probable effects of this remarkable phenomenon. The Colorado may fall as it rose, and the supply of water for the desert may be cut off, leaving the present lakes and streams and lagoons to be exhausted by evaporation. That has happened before and may happen again. But if the mouth of the inland-lake system should be kept open, so that the influx of river water could counterbalance the loss from evaporation, the whole face of nature in San Diego county would undergo a change. A sufficient supply of water to irrigate the Colorado desert would convert a hopeless waste, which is a terror to travellers and is only inhabited by horned toads, lizards and rattlesnakes, into the most productive portion of the most fertile state in the Union. The finest fruit could be grown there in abundance, and vegetables could be produced a month before they ripen in Texas. A million people could find homes in a region which cannot now support a dozen Indians. The climate of southern California would be altered by the presence of a body of water which would render latent the heat which is now active, and which blisters and burns up vegetation all around it. On the eastern slope of the San Bernardino range and on the southern slope of the Gorgonio range are seen remains of forests which

were once dense and lofty. Not a tree is left on the east or south side of the range. To them the fiery breath of the Colorado desert proved the blast of death.

One of the race of village philosophers who have an original theory for every phenomenon of nature has filled considerable space in the newspapers in the West with an explanation of the desert lake which differs from the foregoing. All the great depressions in the northern hemisphere, he says, will be filled by the rise of the ocean north of the equator; all the waters are tending in this direction, he believes, and the desert lake is merely a sample of what is about to happen. America will see the first of these great changes, but the other continents will be favored later. The Sahara, he thinks, will become again a vast sea, without giving French engineers the trouble to dig an irrigating ditch from the Mediterranean; the region of the Dead sea will blossom like a garden, and Russian territory will be appreciably diminished by the enlargement of the Caspian sea. This philosopher does not explain what changes will take place in climate, in ocean currents and in the flow of rivers, when the earth's axis tilts sufficiently to fill all the depressions of the northern hemisphere. It cannot be doubted that the changes in the whole earth's surface will

be as bewildering and complete as the transformation of the Colorado desert under the influence of natural irrigation. Beside a public issue of such importance, Nicaragua canals and rain-making dynamite balloons seem of slight consequence and questions of tariff and national currency disappear from view.

A question has been raised whether the Colorado river could spare water enough to irrigate so large an area as 4000 square miles—an area nearly equal to that of Connecticut. To this it is enough to say that in the spring season and early summer the volume of the Colorado is said by engineers to be equal to 10,000 cubic-second feet, and that a cubic-second foot of water is reckoned to be sufficient to irrigate a square mile of land. A great deal of pretty good irrigation is done in California and in Utah with much less. At this rate the river could spare all the water required to convert the Colorado desert into a garden, and still retain six-tenths of its present flow.

The practical question of the hour is how the flood which is now submerging the desert can be kept there. It is hardly likely that it will stay where it is without help. The river may close the crevasse at Algodones this fall or next. When it

next bursts its banks, it may elect to break through on the east side, and water the Mexican state of Sonora. To retain the fertilizing fluid in San Diego county, California, the aid of man is required. Engineers must make a permanent canal head at Algodones or such other point as is deemed most suitable, and the channel of the river running from the Colorado to the desert sinks must be dredged, so as to prevent overflows into lagoons. By whom must this work be done? Thirty years ago the state of California stood ready to undertake the enterprise. It would not do so now. A cry would arise that a job was on foot, and no legislature would dare to appropriate the money. The general feeling of the citizens of California is that every other fellow is a rascal, and must be sat upon.

The general government might undertake the work, and the appropriation might be embodied in the River and Harbor bill. But would not that too be denounced as a job? It might be undertaken by a corporation in consideration of an assignment of a comfortable slice of public land in the desert. But, again, would not the newspapers denounce this as a nefarious attempt by the bloated capitalists to rob the honest workingman of his birthright?



THE COLORADO RIVER FROM PILOT KNOB, NEAR YUMA.

## CINCINNATI.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.



THE GARFIELD STATUE.

surprise is that the fort did not give its name to the town, but the first attempt was the quaint Losantaville, which was supposed to mean a healthful town, on the shore opposite Licking, the L initial for Licking. It is a tradition that the enduring title was bestowed by General St. Clair. One of the historical outbursts of grief and rage by Washington was over the defeat of St. Clair, but the battle of Fallen Timbers, won by General Wayne, afforded him consolation, made peace in the northwest, and Cincinnati, laid out in 1789 by Colonel Israel Ludlow, became the centre of a community of remarkable growth in population and prosperity. The county of Hamilton was organized in 1790, and Cincinnati was the county seat. The city of Hamilton, twenty-five miles from Cincinnati, in Butler county, with Warren, Green, and Montgomery counties adjacent, show the prevalence of Revolutionary memories. Washington county, of which Marietta is the seat, contains the graves of more officers of the army which achieved independence than any other equal space in the union, and there could be no more striking illustration of the character of the early settlers in the first of the states of the North West. When the United States became a nation Ohio was the people's new country. It was the Land of Promise. Over it shone the stars of Hope. Broken fortunes could be mended there. Ambitious youth beheld fields that would be fertile in the future, and unlucky age found in the earth and air compensation for the past. The land was rich and there were fabulous stories that excited the fancies of the people afar and put in motion the spirits that were adventurous. It was told in the southern and eastern states that the legs of the horses of the surveyors were dyed red by the wild strawberries and raspberries through which they had to wade; that the woods were swarming with fat red deer and black bears; that the air was so wholesome pale, sick

INCINNATI is fortunate in bearing the splendid name of the famous society of the officers of the Army of the Revolution, and affords in this a happy contrast with the grotesque celebration in calling our considerable cities after saints and kings and towns that lack commanding distinction. The civilized settlement of the place was nearly coincident with the election of George Washington president of the society. The Father of his Country, there is reason to believe, took a deep interest in the first towns north of the Ohio—Marietta, in honor of Marie Antoinette, the queen of France, and that which grew around the fort called for himself. The



A CORNER IN THE EXCHANGE.



THE NEW CITY HALL AND CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

children thrived on the way in the movers' wagons and grew plump and rosy ; that flocks of wild turkeys and swarms of gray squirrels surpassed all home yards and game preserves in yielding bounteous supplies for the kitchen ; that the fox and crow grapes were delicious—the vines festooning the trees—and corn need not be raised for hogs, for there was an endless crop of nuts of the hickory and beech, and acorns covered the earth ; that the sugar-maple groves exceeded in beauty

and sweetness all that was known in Virginia and Vermont ; that the rivers were swarming with bass and salmon and perch, and cat, yellow and silver, that bit at worms with gladness ; and preparing the way in the wilderness for the people was a strange creature, whose mission was planting apple seed and his name "Apple-Seed John." Whether he was lunatic or philosopher, or both, is not known, but the pioneers of the second stage of development found apple

trees bowed down with fruit, and added to the attractive reputation of the country by telling that the choicest apples were found ripe along with the frosted and fallen pawpaws, on the golden-brown beds of leaves in the primeval woods. All the thirteen states were speedily represented in the inhabitants of this benign and beautiful country, called for the great river flowing westward for a thousand miles from the mountains of western New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia to the father of floods. Ohio is largely indebted for her celebrity to the early and constant representative character of her people, and no other state has had equally with her this advantage, until Colorado looked down from her snowy reservoirs for the irrigation of her fiery plains, upon her four mighty rivers flowing far away north, east, and south and west—the Kansas, the Arkansas, the Rio Grande, and the Colorado—to the Missouri and Mississippi, and the gulfs of Mexico and California—and she has had in her resources, mineral and agricultural, and her central and elevated situation, the magnetism to attract from forty states after the war of the confirmation of nationality, as Ohio drew from the thirteen when the war was over in which the colonies made good their independence.

The first settlers of Cincinnati were from New Jersey, and then came New Yorkers and New Englanders, and Delaware and Maryland were early arrivals, and Virginians pouring into Kentucky on the paths that Washington surveyed were followed fast by North Carolinians in the footsteps of Daniel Boone. There was a Connecticut colony in the northeast, and emigrants from Virginia took possession of the vast and rich plains of the Scioto, while Pennsylvanians multiplied and replenished in the broad and favored fields of the Hockhocking and the

Muskingum. Georgians and South Carolinians, overcome with the romantic narratives of the enchanted home of the cane and the blue grass, set forth for the happy land, and making their way through the rugged pass of Cumberland Gap, found the title deeds of the Kentucky paradise defective and crossed the Ohio to open farms on the Miami—and long afterward told what hard pulls they had up the steep and muddy bank of the river that drew the line on slavery, to find the straggling village spreading around Fort Washington. One veteran often asserted, when he told how narrowly he missed being a millionaire, that he would not have given the keg of Spanish milled dollars he had

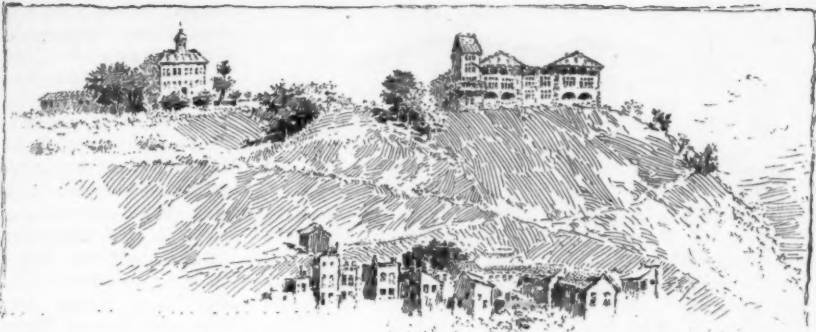
hidden in his wagon, for the whole town; and he did not like the looks of the land in the neighborhood for farming purposes. There is a romantic legend that the location of the city was determined by an officer of the army who followed a lady from North Bend, and there are still those who believe that the village of Columbia would have been the favored spot if it had not been for



KEUBEN SPRINGER.

some forgotten incident in the movements of the pioneers. Fiction is not called upon to supply a reason which a glance of intelligent observation discloses. The early settlers were impressed by Indian stories of enormous floods, that experience has confirmed, though for ninety years, until February 14, 1884, when the river attained a height of seventy-one feet and three-quarters of an inch, low-water mark being eighteen inches, the more extravagant of them seemed incredible; and the extensive second bottom between Mill Creek and Deer Creek offered security from the highest waters without climbing the hills. This was opposite the mouth of the Licking river, one of the largest that drains Kentucky. The Symmes purchase, between the two Miamis, influenced immigrants,



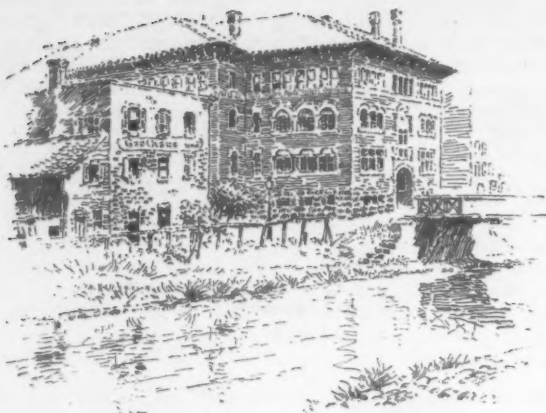


THE POTTERIES AT NEW ROCKWOOD.

and Fort Washington promised security from the warlike tribes of savages whose towns were on the Scioto and Maumee, while their hunting grounds were south of the Ohio where the buffalo flocked to lick the salt waters of springs that gave name to the Licking, and to fatten on the succulent blue grass. The mouth of Deer creek was originally a harbor for the flat boats that descended the great river and the keel boats that plied between Cincinnati and Pittsburg; and as a final item, perhaps not so determining at the time as excellent afterward, the city largely stands on a deep bed of clear gravel and sharp sand, the most wholesome of the foundations for the habitations of men. Why, the experience of Cincinnati contradicts the imputation of unwisdom in the man who built his house upon the sand! When the great floods come, and the variation of the river answering to official measurement far exceeds that of any of the large rivers that flow by the great cities of the world—and the waters flooding thousands of cellars subside, they disappear in the sand, leaving a sediment of earth which purifies, so that the sanitary influence is not evil but good. The freshets wash the town and it is cleansed. Those who build their houses on rocks do not find the effect of high water so pleasing. To be sure the parable stands good in this—the foundations must be true. It is related of one of the first citizens of Columbia, a disappointed but never deserted village, that when he had entered a tract of land, and erected a house of logs, proposing to live there permanently, one day he shot a squirrel

which provokingly fell in the fork of a tree easily climbed, and he concluded he would not lose the game. To his amazement he found driftwood in the tree thirty feet above the surface. He investigated the subject and the evidence was conclusive there were such floods in that smiling country as he had never dreamed of. He said nothing but changed his mind about his home—grew tired of bottom land and took a fancy to the hills, sold out and moved where the floods could never overtake him unless they fell upon him; and his motive in making this move was long a mystery.

The growth of Cincinnati was slow until the huge rivers of the Mississippi valley were navigated by steamboats, but it was prosperous and all gains were made good. The town had the reputation of being pretty. Many of the houses were painted white and contrasted beautifully with the green hills around the valley and the groves that crowded upon the streets. The fuel was wood and the plague of soot was in the far future. Steamboating imparted new life. The movers poured in from the east. A fine trade opened with the south. Kentucky was populous and had few manufactures. Hundreds of steamboats were built in Cincinnati. There was rapid increase in the southwest and a demand for machinery. The Miami country was settled, and the farmers, as they could not profitably wagon their corn to market, fed it to hogs or converted it into spirits. The hogs were driven to Cincinnati, and the transportation of whiskey was cheaper than that of grain in bulk, hence the droves of fat and



A SCHOOLHOUSE "OVER THE RHINE."

grunting porkers long a feature of business and the still houses were familiar in all the little valleys. The canals up the White Water and Great Miami—the latter finally extending to Lake Erie—opened new regions and were reputed to provide rapid transit by packet boats. There was a steady demand from the south for sugar mills, steamboats, furniture, wagons, harness, shoes and boots, stoves and cured pork. Then came the modern revolutionist—the railway. The Little Miami along the river of its name was the first to disturb Cincinnati. The journeys west and south were easy along the line of the rivers, but eastward there were fewer facilities and was wider freedom. One could go by steamer to Pittsburg, and stage over the mountains, the way that Jackson and the first Harrison travelled to their inaugurations; and this was the road of Clay from Lexington to the national capital. Another route was across Ohio by canal or stage to Lake Erie, taking steamer to Buffalo and thence canal boats to the Hudson. Now there are five trunk lines of railway between Cincinnati and the cities of the east—the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, and the New York Central—and each line has its special recommendation and ample accommodations. The manufacturing industries of Cincinnati more than kept pace with the increase of population. The country abounded in wholesome food and excellent material. The forests were rich in

woods, bituminous coal floated from the rivers in Pennsylvania to the Cincinnati front—that is from the mine to the city, 500 miles—for less than the charges for handling between the boats and yards. The 500-mile movement advanced the value of coal only one cent a bushel; and that signified cheap power, and business became identified with dark clouds rolling from the furnaces where the stokers that shovelled the profuse supply of fuel are slow

to be taught lessons of economy and cleanliness.

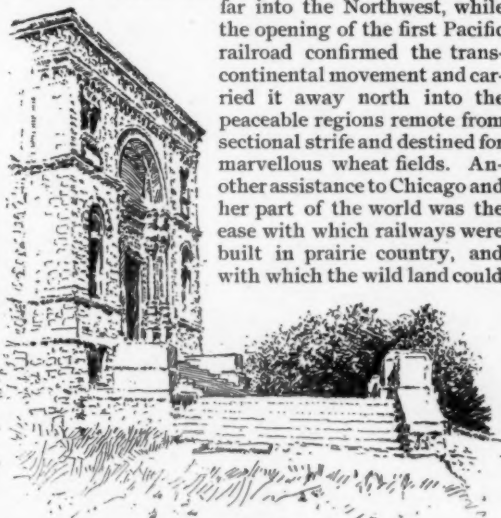
Cincinnati had her period of primacy among the cities of the western world. She was the queen of the west. There had not been an example of such sudden evolution or exaltation of a great city. Louisville and St. Louis were for a long time regarded as competitors, but Chicago was hardly noticed until well up in the race. A strange combination of influences aided Chicago to preëminence. The war of the states was a heavy blow to Cincinnati and a help to Chicago. The southern trade which has been the greatest factor of the commercial life of Cincinnati was cut off utterly, and it seemed for a time without remedy. The war that scorched Cincinnati only warmed Chicago and stimulated her. Next to Washington Cincinnati was the national city most exposed to southern assault. After the defeat of General Nelson at the Kentucky Richmond, Kirby Smith advanced with a confederate division, until from the hills of South Cincinnati he saw the light in the composing room of the Commercial newspaper office; and he might have captured the town if he had been fully apprised of the situation, for the long lines of home guards and squirrel hunters behind their extemporized fortifications could not have resisted effectually the stern onset of veterans. The day of possibility for confederate conquest passed and in the night a few seasoned regiments in dingy blue came up on the Ohio side and

marched with the longswing that characterized the experienced soldier over the bridge of boats that was then the only one spanning the Ohio, and the city was safe. Now there are five immense iron structures across the Ohio at Cincinnati, the Pennsylvania, the Newport, the Suspension, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Southern, and they are the most striking manifestation of the solid progress of the place. The cost of the bridges is nearly \$10,000,000. Not only did Kirby Smith menace the city by a direct advance through Kentucky, the celebrated raider Morgan, in his Indiana and Ohio excursions ending in his captivity, passed a few miles north of the city; and he might have ridden down the streets almost unopposed and crossed the river and escaped—if he had taken dashing advantage of the surprise his daring could have inflicted, but he dared not depend on the discipline of his men.

It was proclaimed in behalf of the Crittenden compromise as the war storm was rising, that if hostilities broke out between the North and South the grass would grow in the streets of Cincinnati, as it was more dependent than any other northern town on the South; and there were months of depression when the appearances were that the prophecy might be realized. The southern market for flour, whiskey, boilers, steamboats, steam engines, ploughs, hoes, and wagons was gone, and the vacuum was portentous. Presently the war made business and the supply of the armies required vast outlays and energies. The newspapers were like the noise of warfare that

mules, and corn, oats and hay, as well as of clothing and rations of the troops, was something wonderful. The machine shops that had turned out sugar mills were put to rifling smooth-bore muskets, while monstrous masses of iron were hammered by the boiler makers into monitors and batteries of mortars prepared to rain ponderous shells into the forts on the Mississippi. There was an exciting, artificial life in the town and fortunes were rapidly made and lost; but the fruitful current of immigration that had been flowing into the valley of the Ohio was diverted to the shores of the lakes, and the flood poured

far into the Northwest, while the opening of the first Pacific railroad confirmed the transcontinental movement and carried it away north into the peaceable regions remote from sectional strife and destined for marvellous wheat fields. Another assistance to Chicago and her part of the world was the ease with which railways were built in prairie country, and with which the wild land could



ENTRANCE TO THE ART MUSEUM.

be broken and sown and reaped. Just when they were wanted came the sowing and reaping and binding and threshing machines, and the prodigious magic of the commanding devices of the age of unprecedented invention emphasized and carried on and perpetuated the change in the northwestward march of empire that the war directed.

At last the greatness of Chicago became so manifest that people of the Ohio valley, no longer disputing its magnitude or jealous of its splendor, pointed to it proudly and assumed a share of the glory of an achievement whose magnificence overbears all competition. Cincinnati also encountered a chain of disadvantages, if

"For a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,"

and one of the journals for awhile sold 5000 copies in the Army of the Cumberland alone. Even the fleet of steamers that had been laid up in despair were employed by the government and indispensable in operations along the Mississippi, Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers, and the consumption of horses and

she is to be considered as a point on the map, rather than representing her surroundings, in identification with a system of towns one of the most remarkable and brilliant on the continent. Surrounding her in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky are a hundred cities of which she is the conspicuous chief, the central sun in a constellation of stars. All the points of secondary dimensions belonging to this immense association have cheap coal, considerable capital, keen intelligence, salubrious climate, markets where the food supply is excellent and sold at reasonable rates, all the elements of lucrative manufactures, and cultivated society, so that the greatness that concentrated would have moved Cincinnati far to the front in the world's estimation of metropolitan communities, has been diffused. This development is the more notable, for there is no territory in any direction from Cincinnati and within her immediate attraction that is occupied by lakes or bays or seas. There is good land on all sides as far as the cars run in a day. It is an item that illustrates vividly the statement we are making—that the circulation of Cincinnati journals is greater outside the lines of the corporation than inside; and that is not true of any other city.

Doctor Daniel Drake in 1815 inscribing his book, *A Picture of Cincinnati and the Miami Country*, to Colonel Jared Mansfield, professor of natural and experimental philosophy in the United States military academy, wrote: "At what period the Miami Country will be prepared for the reception and permanent residence of learning and philosophy, it would be venturesome to predict," and he added that meanwhile it would be consoling to reflect "that in our arduous ascent to the exalted level of our elder sisters, we have the good wishes of their most liberal and enlightened citizens." Doctor Drake him-

self did much for the literary reputation of his town. His home was one of learning and philosophy. It was in the minds of many for a time that there should be such a product as western literature, not intimately related to learning or philosophy, and Cincinnati, the seat of it, was to become illustrious through the labors of her poets and artists, scientists and novelists. Presently it was revealed that the material for the highest forms of literary accomplishment could not be found in a history that, though romantic, was but of a single generation, and did not include that which was remarkable for vicissitudes or extraordinary experiences. There were several literary periodicals,

some of them very handsomely conducted and largely supported by the idea, much encouraged in the Ohio valley states, that there was abundant talent and occasional genius at home that should be sustained by liberal subscriptions for the papers whose devotion to the literature of the west was advertised. Before the telegraphic despatches became the overwhelming feature of journalism



A. T. GOSHORN.

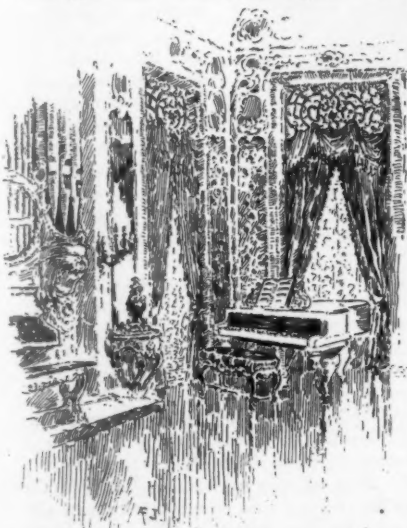
there was a profusion of Indian, pioneer, bear, and snake stories, and wonderful ingenuity displayed in their production; and the young people looked into the elegantly printed pages of the papers of Cincinnati—this was before the days of the quadruplex lightning presses that dim the brightness of the sheets they multiply—the youth scanned the fair columns fresh from the hand of the printers, rather for double-leaded poems from Alice and Phoebe Cary, Mrs. R. S. Nichols, Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, W. D. Gallagher, W. W. Fosdick, and Thomas Buchanan Read, than for the latest intelligence by tedious European steamers, the startling news clipped from exchanges, received by steamboat, or the editorials instigated by managing politicians and meant to fash-



SUBURBAN RESIDENCES AT CLIFTON.

ion public opinion. There was what we may term a literary atmosphere in the chief city on the Ohio, and poets and novelette writers flashed upon the blue sky of golden-starred fame from the villages on mud roads and the stumpy fields remote from river navigation. The leading newspapers offered prizes for novels, and preferred those of the local flavor of the wilder west. The memory of one immortal production, for which proclamation said \$500 had been paid, lingers like a

fantastic episode in a dream. It was named *The Bandits of the Osage*, and was believed in its day to have sent a thrill through the tender tissues of the general heart from the Wabash to the Monongahela. The regular price of poems was five dollars; the highest figure poetry ever brought was forty dollars for a column, warranted of supreme merit. This was on an order from an immature managing editor, and he, as the high-priced poem faded fast into oblivion, was so persuaded of his error in advancing the market for rhymes that he never did so any more. The supply of romance in the mails from the rural districts was large and unfailing. One young author, teaching school in the woods, and burning with holy zeal for western classics, ventured to the city bearing a carpet-bag filled with manuscripts, and submitted a bundle to each of the daily sheets then issued within what was officially termed the post office delivery—*The Commercial*, *The Enquirer*, *The Nonpareil*, and *The Atlas*. By some unaccountable coincidence of carelessness or perversity, the writings of this ambitious youth broke out in all the papers at once, and he was struck with the remark about Byron, that he awoke and found himself famous. But fame did not come with a trumpet of silver and a purse of gold. Only one production was paid for, and that, covering sixty-five pages of foolscap and reported rewritten three times after as many revisions to impart the polish becoming a permanent work, fetched a five dollar note on the state bank. Soon after this the great novel of the age, for which the people had long been longing, made its appearance, called *Malmistic the Toltec*, the last of the Aztecs, and dedicated



A CORNER OF THE MUSIC ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF MR. ALEXANDER MACDONALD.



"To the Amaranth that blooms on the banks of the heart—a brother's love." It must be told that, in spite of a review that was very favorable in "The Columbian and the Great West," the organ of the select literary circles of the Queen city of the region, this magnificent work, which treated of Cortes, Montezuma, and Guatemozin and a series of tropical ladies, and was written in a style pitched far above the seven stars, failed to captivate the multitude; and there were those who knew that the cruel jealousy of the sordid eastern publishers was responsible for the manifestation of malignant fate! Solicitude was from time to time expressed that the gems that fell continually from the pens of western writers, and were scattered sparkling through ephemeral sheets, should be collected and saved in solid shape for the inevitably appreciative posterity, seen in visions approaching in the white light of better days. The collections were made. The jewels were shovelled into vast volumes and are safe, and when resurrection trumpeting reveals the hidden things, they in all their native lustre will appear. Indeed there may be the surprise for some to find at last that there was more wisdom in the confidence of youth than the cynicism of age, and that there are diamonds sparkling among the pebbles as there are pearls in the mussel shells of western rivers. Certainly there were poets unthrifty enough to be the children of wandering angels, and one could have believed in them if they had not been so sure of themselves, and if it had not been for the haunting fear that eccentricity was cultivated as one of the endowments that must be associated with the glory of letters. There came a tall young man from the South—long hair, broad hat, long-tailed coat, flowing necktie, small boots, eyes that would have made a girl pretty—and

he was fierce for fame. How young and fresh and glowing he was, how clever and how weak! Unhappily he had money and published a book. He procured a silver plate, a foot long, with his name and the one word "author" on it, and screwed it hard upon his door opening on a hall in the fourth story of an obscure building that was a Bohemian tenement house. Of course he had not got his growth, and the time came when he would have given more to suppress his book than he had paid for printing it. There was manliness in his blood and he died a soldier's death with Stuart at the Yellow Tavern, fighting Sheridan in front of Richmond.

The art of Cincinnati has been obscured



RUFUS KING.

by the smoke which testifies to her triumphant industries. Hiram Powers the sculptor was one of her boys, celebrated for his wax-works and the marvels that he wrought in wood before he knew the exaltation of conception in clay and the rapture of execution in marble. Other Ohio sculptors have arisen to say that his figures were always wooden. It would be a grief to believe it

so, and the worship of years for the creator of the beautiful in Italy, wasted on drawing that was inartistic and performance that was mechanical. It would be a comfort to those who dwell in the lowlands if the occupants of the serene places of shining success on the heights did not rend each other with a fury unknown to common mortals. There has been good painting done in Cincinnati by Beard and Son-tag, Reed and Lindsay, Weber, Whitridge and Mosler; but they have followed the fashion of the astronomers in seeking a better light, though Weber lingers over the final touches of his Rip Van Winkle series and has just been sketching in the Catskills the scenes of the story three times immortalized. The artists have had the same weakness with the writers in

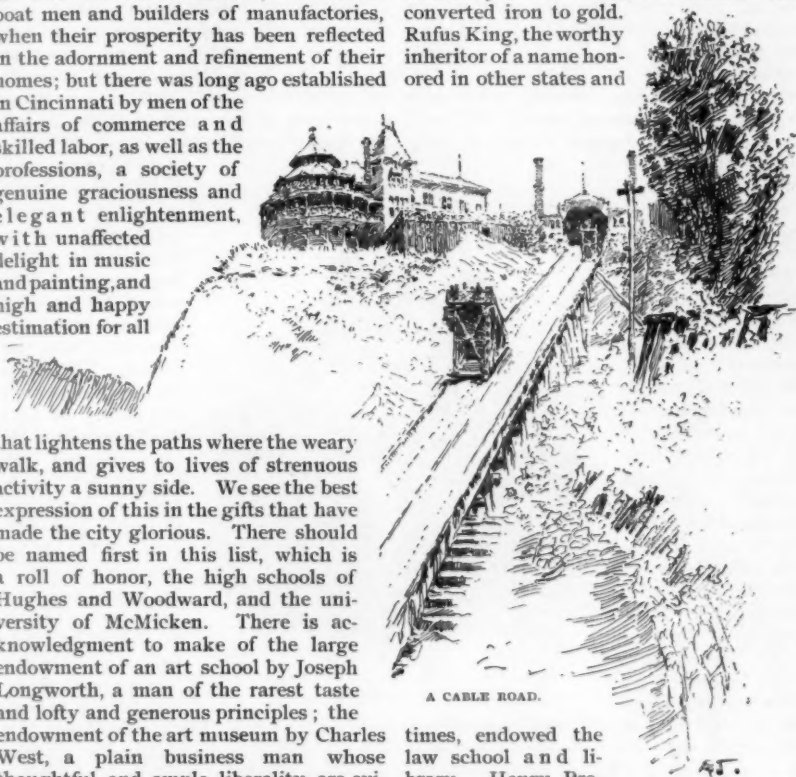
complaining of those who have foreign galleries, that they did not at all hazards prefer home manufactures, but bought pictures as they did books, where they could be found for sale according to their means and their taste. There has been a ready sneer for the pork packers and the boiler makers, the steamboat men and builders of manufactories, when their prosperity has been reflected in the adornment and refinement of their homes; but there was long ago established in Cincinnati by men of the affairs of commerce and skilled labor, as well as the professions, a society of genuine graciousness and elegant enlightenment, with unaffected delight in music and painting, and high and happy estimation for all

Sinton, who would not submit to the restriction of the authorities when he proposed to erect a forum in the most conspicuous public square, and yet found ways to contribute with unostentatious munificence to the general good. His sagacity as a business man was equal to the chemistry of the fabled alchemists who converted iron to gold.

Rufus King, the worthy inheritor of a name honored in other states and

that lightens the paths where the weary walk, and gives to lives of strenuous activity a sunny side. We see the best expression of this in the gifts that have made the city glorious. There should be named first in this list, which is a roll of honor, the high schools of Hughes and Woodward, and the university of McMicken. There is acknowledgment to make of the large endowment of an art school by Joseph Longworth, a man of the rarest taste and lofty and generous principles; the endowment of the art museum by Charles West, a plain business man whose thoughtful and ample liberality are evidence of the excellence of his understanding and scope of his aspiration for those who gained his confidence and affection; the giving by Mr. W. S. Grosbeck of a fund for musical entertainments of a high order in the Burnet Woods Park, which was a part of his wife's estate and named for Jacob Burnet, her father. The gift was for the compliment of the name, and the pleasing idea of a citizen of the greatest distinction, who would have been foremost in the service of the people if they had sought statesmanship. We have to recognize the superb benevolence of David

times, endowed the law school and library. Henry Probasco, the giver of fountains: one in Fifth street market place that is the most artistic on the continent, and ranks among the first in the world, and the charm of its influence has converted surroundings that were squalid when it was erected into structures of striking architectural attractiveness—and the fountain on the Clifton avenue, a thing of beauty too, where thirsty horses and men alike are grateful for a beneficence that allures and refreshes. Mr. Probasco is a retired merchant, who has a genius for kindness and an eye



A CABLE ROAD.

for the beautiful, with a fine capacity for touches that are felicitous in the enhancement of the welfare of his neighbors. Reuben Springer, the grand old man and first citizen, had more gold in his heart than the million he gathered in honest industry and used with the wisdom that is the maturity of discretion and experience. He sat one night in a wooden house crammed with 10,000 people, listening to the noble music of an early May Festival sustained by the Thomas orchestra and the Cincinnati chorus, celebrated through all the musical world—and was conscious of the danger attending such masses of people in an edifice so frail. The thought came to him that he would see to it the city had a music hall equal to the largest demands and safe as an amphitheatre of hills. He did not care to take the whole credit of an enterprise so engaging, but managed to interest others, more that he might have their aid in organization and administration than the assistance of pecuniary contributions. Among those nearest and most helpful was John Shillito, a merchant (and one would say a merchant prince if it were not that the word gentleman is greater and better, and always belonged to him), and his subscriptions for the majestic hall and grand organ would alone have made a reputation for public benefaction, if the association and standard had not been so extended and exalted. Mr. Springer would not have the hall named for himself, but his statue in snowy marble stands in the foyer. There is no departed worthy whose memory is more affectionately cherished, and Music Hall is Springer Hall forever. He did not end his labors with the hall, but endowed the music school, giving it a home and surrounding it with perpetual safeguards. Cincinnati

has a university, music hall and school, art museum and school, libraries and fountains and musical groves, all the gracious gifts of grateful citizens, imparting a character that, however expansive her destiny, must remain the richest of her possessions and the most fruitful of examples.

The idea of a sectional literature was crude, but the dream within it was not unworthy. There were many grains of gold in the heaps of sand, and precious stones in the gravel. It is hard to name a few without seeming to forget many, but it may be said Buchanan Read wrote

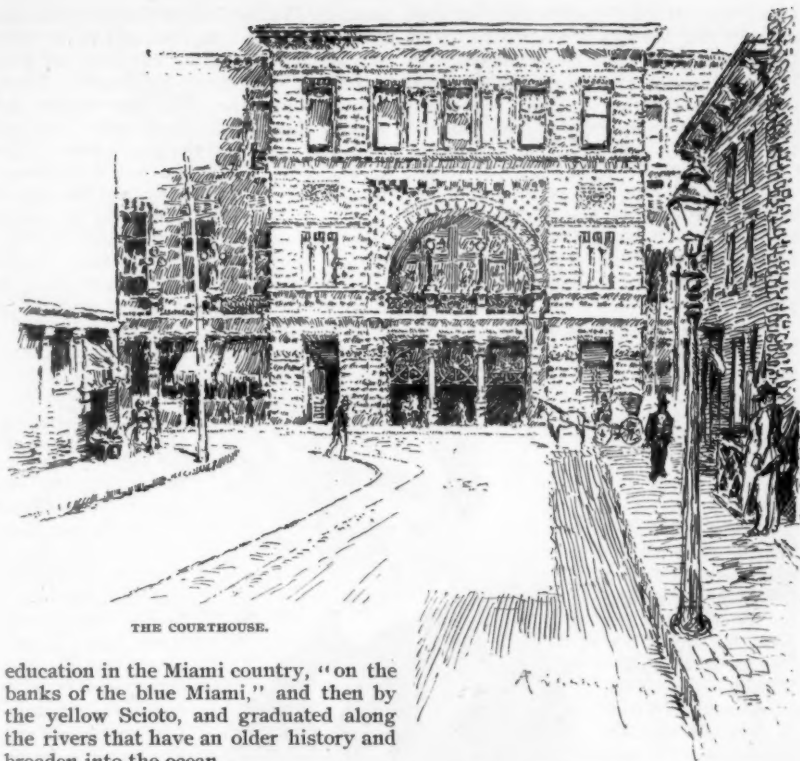
and painted poetry.

Belle Smith wove a transparent veil of prose over poems that became glittering essays. Tom Jones wrought splendid busts of Lincoln, Chase, and Ewing. There was art in the strange originality of the Frankensteins. W. D. Gallagher still lives far in the eighties; he combined strength and delicacy, and there are songs he wrote sixty years ago that will survive him if he should be a centenarian. Men and women growing old, helped to hope



HENRY PROBASCO.

in their youth by his kindness, see him always in the pictures of the past. Coates-Kinney's "Rain on the Roof" and "End of the Rainbow" still sing themselves and will do so when it is no longer remembered that their writer wandered into politics. The Cary girls were genuine poets and sang the inspirations gathered from the clover fields and orchards and the roses and wheatfields and the old woods "dark with the mistletoe." The Piatts wrote of the pathos of life and the loveliness of the land because they could not help it. Prentice, brightest of editors, was the daintiest of poets, and sometimes touched lofty notes. W. D. Howells, novelist and critic, had his poetic



THE COURTHOUSE.

education in the Miami country, "on the banks of the blue Miami," and then by the yellow Scioto, and graduated along the rivers that have an older history and broaden into the ocean.

Cincinnati was in the line of travel, and, for the first half century especially, the half-way house, between the extremes of the country, the Northeast and the Southwest, New England and New Orleans. The city was almost as much in the way of visitors as Niagara Falls. It was on the site of Fort Washington that Mrs. Trollope, as the climax of her American adventures, built her bazaar. It was in a hotel kept on the Cincinnati Broadway by a descendant of Oliver Cromwell that Charles Dickens stopped when he was taking his notes on America and weaving the threads of the chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. In a parlor occupied by Dickens a boy, afterward very distinguished, walked up to a long-haired young man wearing an immense gold chain over a gaudy vest and inquired, "Am I so fortunate as to be in the presence of the immortal author of *Pickwick*?" The resplendent author bowed

and said, "I believe you are ;" and there was nothing more to be said. It was in this Broadway hotel that Clay stopped often and complained when serenaded that he was believed to be a mechanism for speech-making that poured out words, just as if he were a pump and delivered what was wanted when the handle was worked. Daniel Webster once entertained by Kentucky at a Burgoo barbecue stopped in Cincinnati to recover, and the memory of his austerity abided. Andrew Jackson had a reception in the mansion of the Lytles, still standing and in the hands of the family. After three generations of heroic men, the last of them fell at Chickamauga, and he is equally remembered as poet and hero.

Far the most famed of visits to Cincinnati was that of Lafayette. The thrilling recollection of his reception lingers. For fifty miles around the farmers left their fields to see the friend of Washington.

There was an old Frenchwoman, at once humble and vivacious, known to all in Cincinnati, who had some difficulty in getting through the throng to the presence of the popular idol who was glorious history personified, and when she did there was amazement, for the noble marquis recognized her before she could speak, and threw his arms around her, and called her his benefactress, telling that she had served him in trouble, bearing messages to him in prison. For the rest of her life there was nothing too good for her.

There are most intimately associated with Cincinnati many men who largely influenced the events and the opinion of the country. In the midst of the panic after the defeat of St. Clair, there arrived at Fort Washington, with a commission from President Washington an ensign in the 1st Infantry, U. S. A. He was of tall, graceful figure, and unusual attractiveness of face and manner, and he was the son of Benjamin Harrison, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Governor of Virginia. He soon was placed in charge of a hazardous expedition, and was successful. When General Wayne organized at Cincinnati the force for the subjugation of the Indians in the Northwest, and did it, young Harrison served on his staff. Peace followed victory and he was placed in command of Fort Washington, and married the daughter of John Cleves Symmes, the original purchaser of the Miami country, one of the most picturesque characters in western history. Symmes's speculation proved embarrassing, but he was a high-minded man, and the great community that occupies what were once his possessions hold him in respect and are hardly decided whether to regard him as a character historical or ro-

mantic. William Henry Harrison was the first delegate to Congress, and when Indiana became a separate territory her first governor. His career is historic. There has been injustice done him because he was so closely associated with Clay and Webster, and filled the greatest office and they did not. He was not a commonplace man in any sense, and though it was easy to say he had been promoted from the clerkship of the court in Cincinnati to the Presidency, because it was true, he had long filled a large space in the view of the public as the avenger at Tippecanoe and on the Thames of the

massacre on the River Raisin and Hull's surrender. The Dayton celebration, September 10, 1840, of the battle at Put-in-Bay, "Perry's victory," was attended by the largest mass of people ever assembled before railroads amplified transportation. General Harrison was the only man everybody could hear; and it is remembered that his first sentence rang clear as a bugle: "Twenty-five years ago I listened in suspense indescribable to the thunder of the cannon on the lake, and at night received



W. S. GROESBECK.

from the gallant Perry, and read with an emotion you may imagine but that I cannot tell, the immortal despatch, 'We have met the enemy and they are ours.' " The second President Harrison all men know is the grandson of the first, but the fact that he is the great-grandson of John Cleves Symmes, the patriarch of the Miami country, is not so well known. President Benjamin Harrison was a Cincinnati boy in that it was the great city of his boyhood, the point of interest and news centre; and when he left home for an academy, it was at College Hill, a suburb of Cincinnati in sight of her smoke, that he was a student. After his graduation at Oxford, Ohio, he studied law in Cincinnati, and his father





SAN RAFAEL FLATS.

twice represented the western district of the county and city in Congress. The young man was moved by the attraction of the West, and the grandson of a Virginian, the fourth native Ohio man elected president (Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison), his blood connects the presidential lines of the states of Ohio and Virginia, which gave the country Washington. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Harrison.

During her century of history Cincinnati has been stirred by the Indian, the British and Indian, the Texan, the Mexican, and the Southern state wars, and has had five experiences of riots that were serious in all cases, and in one disastrous. There were several bloody incidents of combats between the pioneers and savages in the valley before there was a house constructed, and two stations in the neighborhood, Dunlap's and White's, near where the present villages of Colerain and Car-

thage stand, were assailed by bands of Indians until relieved by expeditions from Fort Washington. The dark period of the Indian war was between the defeat of St. Clair and the victory of Wayne. The part of Cincinnati during the second war with England was not dramatic. The place was small, and had ceased to be a military point of the first class. There, however, the famous Kentucky volunteers crossed the Ohio to fight on the Maumee and the Thames. Ohio men in this war were directed to the northwest, and so had but few and accidental representatives in the battle of New Orleans that closed the contest with a clap of thunder.

There was a good deal of interest, not all unfriendly, along the Ohio river in the schemes of Burr to establish a Mexican empire; and when Texas was fighting the Mexicans for independence Cincinnati was in a ferment of sympathy for the Texans, and the two six-pounders used by Houston at San Jacinto so effectually were the result of subscriptions started by Ohio ladies, strongly supported from Kentucky. In the Mexican war the interest of Cincinnati was profound, for she had companies in the field

and regiments were organized at Camp Washington within the city limits. Public spirit was aroused and feeling ran high. It is said of Nicholas Longworth, the wealthiest citizen at the time, that when he was asked what he would do in fitting out troops before the government could act, he replied that he would provide for a whole regiment, furnish all equipments at his own expense—on one condition—he added, as the committee gasped with surprise and gratification, "I must pick the men who are to go." The war of the states profoundly influenced Cincinnati, and in no place not involved in military operations was the presence of war more palpable. It was in a Cincinnati newspaper office that General Nelson prepared for the organization of Camp Dick Robinson in central Kentucky, and the city was for a time the headquarters of a military department, commanded in turn by Burn-

side, Wright, Wallace, and Hooker. It was in the Burnet house that General Grant and General Sherman met and planned the last campaigns of the war, so as to strike at once east and west, and discussed the practicability of cutting through the Confederacy from Atlanta to the sea. The first of the series of riots was between pioneers and friendly Indians who had too much whiskey and were unwilling to give up a white girl they had stolen. Then there were the bank riots, the abolition newspaper riots, the Knownothing riot, and the courthouse riot. The destruction of presses that assailed slavery and disturbed the southern trade was a style of conservatism several times indulged. The Knownothing outbreak was caused by efforts to capture ballot boxes—one in a German and one in an Irish ward, where it was known there had been a very heavy vote against the alleged American party. The German box was destroyed, but the Irish box saved; and then the rioters concluded they must have a cannon in possession of a German company, but they got a deadly fire and not the gun. The courthouse riot was accounted for by one engaged in it when remonstrated with and told that such affairs always meant the death of the innocent and destruction of public property, "There is no justice here," pointing to the courthouse, "and there are twenty-two murderers there," pointing to the jail. The compensation is that the agitation aroused by the bloodshed that occurred and the burning of the courthouse, has caused a betterment in the administration of justice. The reconstructed building is also an improvement. There was the rare luck, in rebuilding the courthouse, and building the chamber of commerce and the city hall, to obtain the

services of citizens of intelligence and integrity, who decided on the best plans submitted, made the contracts rigidly and saw to their execution to the letter, thus providing admirable structures at comparatively small cost. In this and in the building of the railroad to Chattanooga, there has been good fortune, equal to that of the possession of the wealthy citizens whose endowments of schools of art and music and of the museum, and gifts of fountains and the university, have promoted the self-regard of the community and a spirit that will go on and rise to greater things. It was in the management of the

Cincinnati exposition, before expositions had become commonplace, that A. T. Goshorn, Esq., was trained for the larger responsibilities of the director-generalship of the Philadelphia centennial, and gave an impulse to the great fairs that have been so prepossessing, useful, and spectacular, gratifying the pride and stimulating the business of the country, and leading on to the crowning success we are anticipating with confidence at Chicago.



JOSEPH LONGWORTH.

Cincinnati has for more than forty years been remarkable for her political uncertainty. The rule is not that there are close contests between the great political parties, but that one or the other carries the city and county by a large majority. Changes of many thousands are common. In 1856 the vote of Hamilton county for president was: Buchanan, 13,051; Fremont, 9345; Fillmore, 5680. In 1860: Lincoln, 13,182; Douglas, 15,431; Bell, 3685; Breckenridge, 366. In 1888: Harrison, 41,507; Cleveland, 37,661; Fisk, 470; Streeter, 953. These returns show the original elements. The latest turn in the voting is well displayed by this contrast:

## HAMILTON COUNTY.

1887.

Governor.

Foraker (R.).....	30,040
Powell (D.).....	23,348
Sharp (P.).....	525
Seitz (L.).....	11,121

1889.

Governor.

Campbell (D.).....	40,803
Foraker (R.).....	33,550
Helwig (P.).....	392
Rhodes (Sc.).....	162

1890.

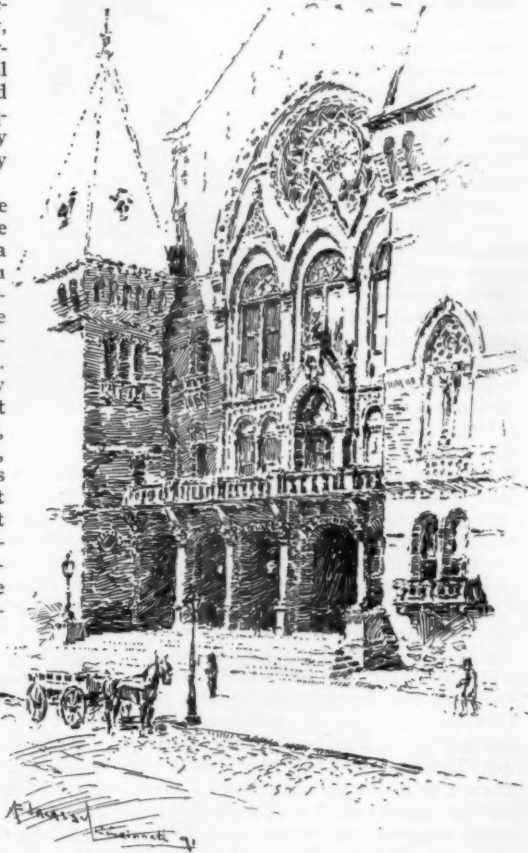
Secretary of State.

Ryan (R.).....	38,091
Cromley (D.).....	29,562
Lockwood (P.).....	345
Hemler (Sc.).....	457

The key to the changes usually is in the independence, which sometimes amounts to eccentricity, of a large section of the German vote. There are several thousand variable voters, and they are shifted by social, liquor, currency, and Sunday questions, and care but fitfully for arbitrary party lines.

General Grant's birthplace is in a pleasant village a little more than the breadth of a county above Cincinnati on the Ohio, and in the prodigious flood of 1884 the house in which he was born was invaded by the turbid waters. In his boyhood the great city of the world to him was that a little way down the river, and in her streets he walked, shy and conscious of brass buttons, when a West Point cadet. There he returned at the beginning of the war, seeking employment in some situation in which he could make his military education available, and he came again in his glory oftentimes. His father and mother and sister lived on the Kentucky side in Covington. The city was familiar to Sherman, McPherson, McDowell, Gilmore, Custer, Ohio boys in the war, and was at the beginning

of it the home of Rosecrans, McClellan, and Mitchell. Rosecrans had a large acquaintance, and was devoted to the construction of a lamp for the perfect combustion of petroleum, then a problem of laborers in science. McClellan was an inconspicuous railroad officer, and held to be of high qualities. Mitchell was excitable and energetic, the astronomer of the observatory on Mount Adams, named for John Quincy Adams, who laid the corner-stone and delivered an oration that was admired and disputed. Mitchell was also a civil engineer, and engaged on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad. He was above all an orator, and took amazing flights in his lectures on astronomy,—a most interesting man.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE SPRINGER MUSIC HALL.

Whether he would have developed high military capacity in a very important and wholly independent command is a question many would answer in the affirmative, but it was the army opinion that he was too quick, original, and impetuous to be completely successful in a subordinate place. Certainly if at the opening of the war, of the men then in Cincinnati and passing through, a group had been formed of Grant, McClellan, Sherman, Sheridan, McPherson, Rosecrans, and Mitchell, and it could have been divined that the great commanders were of them, Grant would not have been first or Mitchell last in the selection of the chief. There lived in Cincinnati two families of relatives of Abraham Lincoln's wife, and he was several times in the city. Once he made a republican speech, insisted on paying his own bills, and was astonished to find in the items charged a box of cigars and a bottle of whiskey. It turned out the boys thought it a committee matter, and enjoyed themselves as they believed at the expense of the committee. Mr. Lincoln's speech on this occasion was from a balcony on the north side of Fifth street market square, and it was in a tone singularly touching. He had never before spoken so nigh to Kentucky soil. He said it seemed to him he might almost be heard on the shore of the state of his birth and that he loved, and if there were any Kentuckians present he would be grateful for their attention. This was the note of one of the most persuasive of political addresses. Mr. Lincoln was of the lawyers in a case in the United States court in Cincinnati. E. M. Stanton was the leading counsel and, not impressed by Mr. Lincoln, crowded him out of the chance to make an argument. Lincoln, fully prepared, was ill pleased by the treatment received, and returned to Illinois, as Grant did a few years later when he

thought to be useful at Camp Denison, but departed keenly disappointed and for the day despondent.

The anti-slavery cause was slow in becoming respectable in Cincinnati; it was long a reproach to be a friend of the slave. Even the stately Chase, tall, strong, conscious of his stature and his strength, personally superb and irreproachable, walked in a cloud because he asserted states rights as against the haughty aggression of the political power behind slavery, and opposed and denounced the fugitive-slave law. His home was in Cincinnati at the time he was elected to the Senate, and afterward Governor of Ohio, when he was called to take his place in

Lincoln's cabinet. He was ambitious and had faith in his destiny to gain the highest honors, but it was never possible to unite Ohio on him for the Presidency in national conventions. With the opportunity to make himself "rich beyond the dream of avarice," his integrity was clear and severe, and he left his children only his spotless name, and the few houses in Cincinnati he earned in his professional life. Thomas Corwin

was a man of genius, whose only rival on the stump was John Brough, and they gave the attraction of extraordinary gifts to public discussion. Corwin's home was in the Cincinnati neighborhood in the village of Lebanon, where Judge Sherman, the father of the general and the senator, died, and a daughter of Henry Clay sickened on a journey to Washington with her father, died and was buried; and there her grave is still green. Archbishop Purcell, overwhelmed in his old age with undeserved misfortune, having in trusting amiability placed the revenues and moneys confided to him in hands that were incompetent, was a man of large intelligence and benevolence, who founded and completed the cathedral of the city, and should

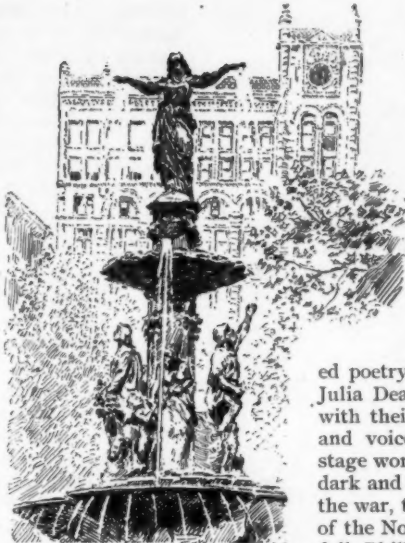


DAVID SINTON.

be held in honored remembrance for his piety and patriotism. Lyman Beecher with his family lived on West Walnut Hills, and his face and figure and voice were long familiar. He was a warrior, as it only needed a glance at his eagle eyes and beak to tell. The home of the Beechers was in sight of the land of slavery, and it was there Mrs. Stowe received the impressions and information that appear in her great work. After she was gone to other scenes occurred the

Garner tragedy, more terrible and pathetic than that of Virginius—that of a slave mother taken in her flight for freedom and killing her baby girl rather than see it return to slavery. The cabin where this drama of the ages occurred is forgotten, but the story will be a classic when there is a pen inspired to touch it truly with color and with flame.

Charles Sumner came early in the fifties as the guest of Chase, and the two tall senators of imposing presence, courteous, stately in manner, perfectly dressed, walked the streets, under keen observation, admired rather than approved. It was then conservatism to sanction slavery, and radicalism to oppose more slave states, and in the border land it was a solemn thing to realize that an abolitionist could be a gentleman. The eyes of James G. Blaine, born on the headwaters of the Ohio, were first turned West and South seeking his brilliant



THE DAVIDSON FOUNTAIN.

destiny, glancing over the cities on the rivers from Pittsburg to New Orleans and attracted to Cincinnati before and after he was a teacher in Kentucky. Greeley, Schurz, Emerson, Thackeray, Bayard Taylor and Henry Ward Beecher came and lectured; Murdoch interpreted

poetry and the drama; and Julia Dean and Eliza Logan, with their graces and talents and voices of silver, on the stage won all hearts. In the dark and stormy winter before the war, the two great orators of the North and South, Wendell Phillips and William L. Yancey, spoke in the same

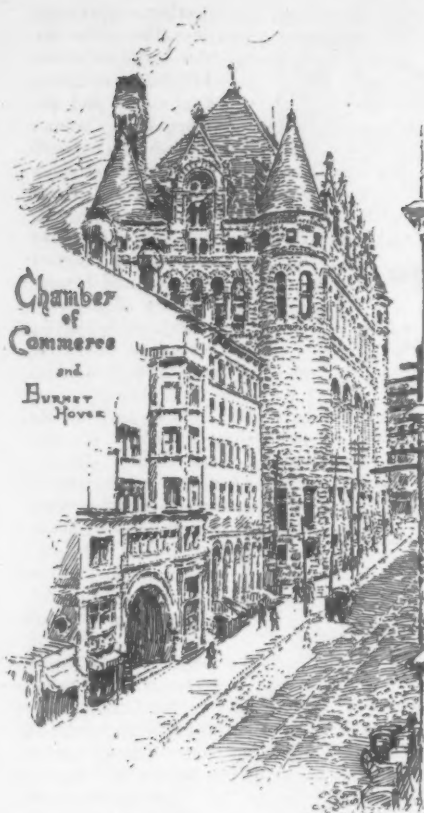
place near the same time, on the state of the country. Each in lofty eloquence was worthy his fame and had the courage of his convictions, and when with boldness characteristic they declared the limitations of their loyalty to the Union, Yancey was applauded and Phillips stoned.

In the midst of the war it became clear that the commanding points in the great field in the heart of the country were Cincinnati, Chattanooga, and Atlanta. It



A RESERVOIR.





was so sure that a railroad from Cincinnati to Chattanooga would be of military value to the government that there was serious discussion of constructing it as a necessity. In the whirl of events and shifting of scenes this was not accomplished, and when the war was over the people of Cincinnati were disturbed and depressed to find their situation had become in a commercial sense, to use a military phrase, untenable because from Harper's Ferry to the Falls of the Ohio there was no line of railway leading south. The iron-road age had come; there was a tremendous gap to fill, an indispensable spoke to put in the wheel of which Cincinnati was the hub.

As it appeared there was no other way, the resolution grew in the city to do it herself, and she did it at a cost of \$20,-

000,000; and no other city ever did a work comparable with this in the daring conception of procuring the legislation required in three states, building the road across two states and four great rivers—the Ohio, Kentucky, Cumberland, and Tennessee—and through extensive ranges of mountains. The author of the enabling act in Ohio, the architect of the legal structure, more difficult than the material performance, was Alexander Ferguson, who must be ranked among the first of the group who have done something for Cincinnati that will not pass away with the life of any man, but shall endure as a wonder wrought and as an example of a municipal investment of many millions, worth more than the cost, and indeed equal in value to the whole sum of the municipal debt—and thus far saved from the schemers and the wreckers, by and for the people! The most effective aid which Ferguson secured in the South, making way for the Cincinnati Southern line, was from John C. Breckinridge, and it was the last of his labors. It was in Cincinnati he, a member of the convention of '56, was nominated for the vice-presidency, and standing in his chair seeking to decline, was overwhelmed by the universal acclamation; and there has been no more striking scene in any such body than when he yielded to the tempest, turned pale as his extended hand fell by his side, and sat down submissive to fate, accepting a destiny that seemed full of glory and without a visible shadow. It is pleasant to associate his last days with an enterprise that unites the North and South with bars of steel and links stronger than steel. This road is for Cincinnati the missing spoke, and when it was finished she took her rightful place as a railroad centre and a dominating city. Instead of seeking alliances she was sought for them. She was included in all railroad combinations. She reached south into her old trading grounds, where with changed conditions there is increase of prosperity. Her territory is regained, her markets restored. She is equally equipped northward, and southward, and westward, and eastward. The Chesapeake and Ohio line, after the Southern had cost \$20,000,000, came in from the southeast, not for the sake of the city but for the road's sake, and spanning the river with one of

the grandest bridges in the world. This makes Cincinnati the leading city of a trans-continental system. The original advantages of the situation remain, and they are supplemented by her audacious and successful enterprise.

She has for forty years been the great city closest to the centre of population of the United States, which in the period between '70 and '80, moving slowly westward, was within her lines. Her population has steadily increased and her wealth augmented in greater proportion. All her statistics show solid developments. This appears in her river as well as her railroad interests, in her manufactories and her commerce, and the returns of her banks. She has met shocks of misfortune that would have overthrown a flimsy edifice, without dismay, and has retrieved disaster so rapidly it has been forgotten as misfortune. The business men who have grasped affairs within a few years have infused into the conservatism that has been a distinction, a momentum that is assurance of an alertness that will use the latest news and the last pound of steam. We may name as representative of this class, Ingalls, Weir, Hickenlooper, Glenn, Carew, the young Mitchells and Shillitos, Morehead, Roth, Proctor, and Goodale; and we may trust, as this is not a directory, the inevitable incompleteness of the list will not seem to those aware of merit invidious because inadequate.

Surrounded by cities that partake of her vitality and divide her metropolitan resources, with populous suburbs that insist upon independence, with the river that is a bond of union, a state boundary

that cuts off two cities truly called South Cincinnati, she is like New York in not getting credit in the census tables for the population whose central and common life is in her streets. In her valley on both sides of the river, now bridged until it is no more an obstruction, and on the surrounding hills that are singularly beautiful and over which the town is spreading so fast that the exquisite scenes for which they are famed are being swallowed up, there are more than 300,000 people, and one does not have to go far to find a million upon whom Cincinnati exercises an attraction like that of gravitation. If she can have clear air and pure water there is no disability resting upon her future. Her public property would come nearer paying her debts than that of any other city in the nation. Her schoolhouses are models and her churches commodious and attractive. Her clubs, social and political, are of ambitious architecture, luxurious accommodations, and admirable public spirit. Her music hall and schools of music and art, and the Museum are the best appointed in the country. There is nothing of the kind nobler than the new city hall and the chamber of commerce. Recently \$4,000,000 placed without waste yielded pavements of extraordinary excellence. The railroad depots are massive and worthy of the roads they terminate and the vast business they illustrate. The hotels and theatres and parks and rural resorts have a pleasant celebrity we may count a part of the common good-will; and many streets of tasteful homes tell of a happy people.



THE ART SCHOOL AND ART MUSEUM.

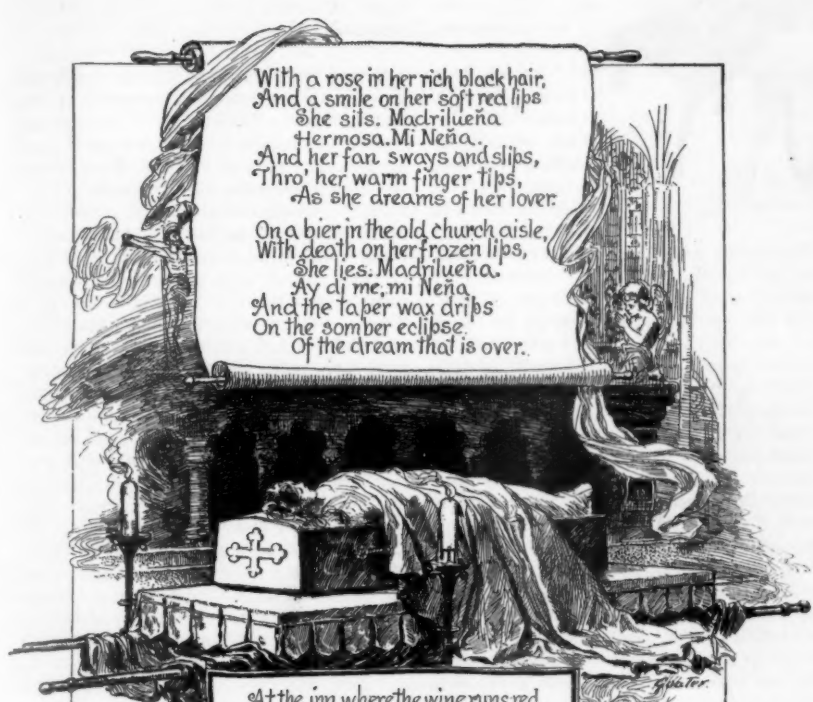
# LAS CARTAS DE CALAMIDAD

By Ella Lorraine Dorsey.

Las espadas—the swords of woe  
The trey brings sorrow and tears  
And sin, Madrilueña.  
Ay di te, Mi Neña.  
And twice three moves our fears  
But three times blights and sears  
So that none may recover.


The cards—(watch that pulse in her throat!) Oh, the cards!  
From the Gitana's hands see them fly.  
Hearts, hearts—knave and ace, ten, eight, deuce—all are there.  
Luck, love, wedding bells—(See her eyes, hear her prayer!)  
Christo—swords, and the nine! Dolorida, beware!  
Broken heart, faithless love, and the black raven's cry.  
But the girl dreams on deaf and the warning goes by,  
As the Gypsies dance out of the sun-lighted square,  
And the day slips away, golden-shod, thro' the air  
Growing thick with the orange's chrims and nards.

gater.



With a rose in her rich black hair,  
And a smile on her soft red lips  
She sills. Madrilueña  
Hermosa. Mi Neña.  
And her fan sways and slips,  
Thro' her warm finger tips,  
As she dreams of her lover.

On a bier in the old church aisle,  
With death on her frozen lips,  
She lies. Madrilueña.  
Ay di me, mi Neña  
And the Taber wax drips  
On the somber eclipse  
Of the dream that is over.



At the inn where the wine runs red,  
With a kiss for a wanton's quips,  
He lags. Golondrino  
Perfido. Tonino.  
But 'tis death that he sips  
For an old mother's lips  
Pray: The ten for the rovers.



## LADY CLARE.

### THE STORY OF A HORSE.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

HE king was dead, and among the many things he left behind him which his successor had no use for were a lot of fancy horses.

There were long-barrelled English hunters, all legs and neck; and there were Kentucky racers, graceful, swift and strong; and two Arabian steeds, which had been presented to his late majesty by the Sultan of Turkey. To see the beautiful beasts prancing and plunging, as they were being led through the streets by grooms in the royal livery, was enough to make the blood dance in the veins of any lover of horseflesh. And to think that they were being led ignominiously to the auction mart to be sold under the hammer—knocked down to the highest bidder! It was a sin and a shame surely! And they seemed to feel it themselves; and that was the reason they acted so obstreperously, sometimes lifting the grooms off their feet as they reared and snorted and struck sparks with their steel-shod hoofs from the stone pavement.

Among the crowd of schoolboys who followed the equine procession, shrieking and yelling with glee and exciting the horses by their wanton screams, was a handsome lad of fourteen, named Erik Carstens. He had fixed his eyes admiringly on a coal-black, four-year-old mare, a mere colt, which brought up the rear of the procession. How exquisitely she was fashioned! How she danced over the ground with a light mazurka step, as if she were shod with gutta-percha and not with iron! And then she had a head so daintily shaped, small and spirited, that it was a joy to look at her. Erik, who, in spite of his youth, was not a bad judge of a horse, felt his heart beat like a trip-hammer, and a mighty yearning took possession of him to become the owner of that mare. Though he knew it was time for dinner he could not tear himself away, but

followed the procession up one street and down another, until it stopped at the horse market. There a lot of jockeys and coarse-looking dealers were on hand; and an opportunity was afforded them to try the horses before the auction began. They forced open the mouths of the beautiful animals, examined their teeth, prodded them with whips to see if they were gentle, and poked them with their fingers or canes. But when a loutish fellow, in a brown corduroy suit, indulged in that kind of behavior toward the black mare she gave a resentful whinny and without further ado grabbed him with her teeth by the coat collar, lifted him up and shook him as if he had been a bag of straw. Then she dropped him in the mud, and raised her dainty head with an air as if to say that she held him to be beneath contempt. The fellow, however, was not inclined to put up with that kind of treatment. With a volley of oaths he sprang up and would have struck the mare in the mouth with his clinched fist if Erik had not darted forward and warded off the blow.

"How dare you strike that beautiful creature?" he cried indignantly.

"Hold your jaw, you gosling, or I'll hit you instead," retorted the man.

But by that time one of the royal grooms had made his appearance and the brute did not dare carry out his threat. While the groom strove to quiet the mare, a great tumult arose in some other part of the market place. There was a whinnying, plunging, rearing and screaming, as if the whole field had gone mad. The black mare joined the concert, and stood with her ears pricked up and her head raised in an attitude of panicky expectation. Quite fearlessly Erik walked up to her, patted her on the neck and spoke soothingly to her.

"Look out," yelled the groom, "or she'll trample you to jelly!"

But instead of that, the mare rubbed her soft nose against the boy's cheek, with a low, friendly neighing, as if she wished



to thank him for his gallant conduct. And at that moment Erik's heart went out to that dumb creature with an affection which he had never felt toward any living thing before. He determined, whatever might happen, to bid on her and to buy her, whatever she might prove to be worth. He knew he had a few thousand dollars in the bank—his inheritance from his mother, who had died when he was a baby—and he might, perhaps, be able to persuade his father to sanction the purchase. At any rate, he would have some time to invent ways and means; for his father, Captain Carstens, was now away on the great annual drill, and would not return for some weeks.

As a mere matter of form, he resolved to try the mare before bidding on her; and slipping a coin into the groom's hand he asked for a saddle. It turned out, however, that all the saddles were in use, and Erik had no choice but to mount bareback.

"Ride her on the snaffle. She won't stand the curb," shouted the groom, as the mare, after plunging to the right and to the left, darted through the gate to the track and after kicking up a vast deal of tan-bark, sped like a bullet down the race-course.

"Good gracious, how recklessly that boy rides!" one jockey observed to another; "but he has got a good grip with his knees all the same."

"Yes, he sits like a daisy," the second replied critically; "but mind my word, Lady Clare will throw him yet. She never could stand anybody but the princess on her back; and that was the reason her royal highness was so fond of her. Mother of Moses, won't there be a grand rumpus when she comes back again and finds Lady Clare gone! I should not like to be in the shoes of the man who has ordered Lady Clare under the hammer."

"But look at the lad! I told you Lady Clare wouldn't stand no manner of nonsense from boys."

"She is kicking like a Trojan! She'll make hash of him if he loses his seat."

"Yes, but he sticks like a burr. That's a jewel of a lad, I tell ye. He ought to have been a jockey."

Up the track came Lady Clare, black as the ace of spades, acting like the Old Harry. Something had displeased her,

obviously, and she held Erik responsible for it. Possibly she had just waked up to the fact that she, who had been the pet of a princess, was now being ridden by an ordinary commoner. At all events, she had made up her mind to get rid of the commoner without further ceremony. Putting her fine ears back and dilating her nostrils, she suddenly gave a snort and a whisk with her tail, and up went her heels toward the eternal stars—that is, if there had been any stars visible just then. Everybody's heart stuck in his throat; for fleet-footed racers were speeding round and round, and the fellow who got thrown in the midst of all these trampling hoofs would have small chance of looking upon the sun again. People instinctively tossed their heads up to see how high he would go before coming down again, but for a wonder they saw nothing, except a cloud of dust mixed with tan-bark, and when that had cleared away they discovered the black mare and her rider, apparently on the best of terms, dashing up the track at a breakneck pace.

Erik was dripping with perspiration when he dismounted, and Lady Clare's glossy coat was flecked with foam. She was not aware, apparently, that if she had any reputation to ruin she had damaged it most effectually. Her behavior on the track and her treatment of the horse-dealer were by this time common property, and every dealer and fancier made a mental note that Lady Clare was the number in the catalogue which he would not bid on. All her beauty and her distinguished ancestry counted for nothing, as long as she had so uncertain a temper. Her sire, Potiphar, it appeared, had also been subject to the same infirmities of temper, and there was a strain of savagery in her blood which might crop out when you least expected it.

Accordingly, when a dozen fine horses had been knocked down at good prices, and Lady Clare's turn came, no one came forward to inspect her, and no one could be found to make a bid.

"Well, well, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer, "here we have a beautiful thoroughbred mare, the favorite mount of Her Royal Highness the Princess, and not a bid do I hear. She's a beauty, gentlemen, sired by the famous Potiphar who won the Epsom handicap and no end of

minor stakes. Take a look at her, gentlemen! Did you ever see a horse before that was raven black from nose to tail? I reckon you never did. But such a horse is Lady Clare. The man who can find a single white hair on her can have her for a gift. Come forward, gentlemen, come forward. Who will start her—say at five hundred?"

A derisive laugh ran through the crowd and a voice was heard to cry, "Fifty."

"Fifty!" repeated the auctioneer in a deeply grieved and injured tone; "fifty did you say, sir? Fifty? Did I hear rightly? I hope, for the sake of the honor of this fair city, that my ears deceived me."

Here came a long and impressive pause, during which the auctioneer, suddenly abandoning his dramatic manner, chatted familiarly with a gentleman who stood near him. The only one in the crowd whom he had impressed with the fact that the honor of the city was at stake in this sale was Erik Carstens. He had happily discovered a young and rich lieutenant of his father's company, and was trying to persuade him to bid in the mare for him.

"But, my dear boy," Lieutenant Blicher exclaimed, "what do you suppose the captain will say to me if I aid and abet his sin in defying the paternal authority?"

"Oh, you needn't bother about that," Erik rejoined eagerly. "If father was at home, I believe he would allow me to buy this mare. But I am a minor yet, and the auctioneer would not accept my bid. Therefore I thought you might be kind enough to bid for me."

The lieutenant made no answer, but looked at the earnest face of the boy with unmistakable sympathy. The auctioneer assumed again an insulted, affronted, pathetically entreating or scornfully repelling tone, according as it suited his purpose; and the price of Lady Clare crawled slowly and reluctantly up from fifty to seventy dollars. There it stopped, and neither the auctioneer's tears nor his prayers could apparently coax it higher.

"Seventy dollars!" he cried, as if he were really too shocked to speak at all; "seven-ty dollars! Make it eighty! Oh, it is a sin and a shame, gentlemen, and the fair fame of this beautiful city is eternally ruined. It will become a wagging of the

head and a byword among the nations. Sev-en-ty dollars!"—then hotly and indignantly—"seventy dollars!—fifth and last time, seventy dollars!"—here he raised his hammer threateningly—"seventy dollars!"

"One hundred!" cried a high boyish voice, and in an instant every neck was craned and every eye was turned toward the corner where Erik Carstens was standing, half hidden behind the broad figure of Lieutenant Blicher.

"Did I hear a hundred?" repeated the auctioneer wonderingly. "May I ask who was the gentleman who said a hundred?"

An embarrassing silence followed. Erik knew that if he acknowledged the bid he would suffer the shame of having it refused. But his excitement and his solicitude for the fair fame of his native city had carried him away so completely that the words had escaped from his lips before he was fully aware of their import.

"May I ask," repeated the wielder of the hammer slowly and emphatically, "may I ask the gentleman who offered \$100 for Lady Clare to come forward and give his name?"

He now looked straight at Erik, who blushed to the edge of his hair, but did not stir from the spot. From sheer embarrassment he clutched the lieutenant's arm, and almost pinched it.

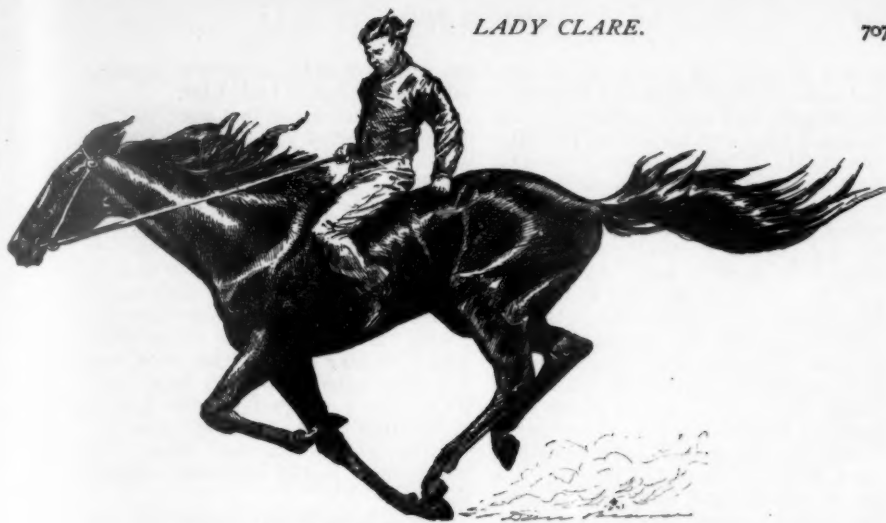
"Oh, I beg your pardon," the officer exclaimed, addressing the auctioneer, as if he had suddenly been aroused from a fit of abstraction; "I made the bid of \$100, or—or—at any rate, I make it now."

The same performance, intended to force up the price, was repeated once more, but with no avail, and at the end of two minutes Lady Clare was knocked down to Lieutenant Blicher.

"Now I have gone and done it like the blooming idiot that I am," observed the lieutenant, when Lady Clare was led into his stable by a liveried groom. "What an overhauling the captain will give me when he gets home."

"You need have no fear," Erik replied. "I'll sound father as soon as he gets home; and if he makes any trouble I'll pay you that \$100, with interest, the day I come of age."

Well, the captain came home, and having long had the intention to present his son with a saddle horse, he allowed him-



"GOOD GRACIOUS, HOW RECKLESSLY THAT BOY RIDES!"

self to be cajoled into approving of the bargain. The mare was an exquisite creature, if ever there was one, and he could well understand how Erik had been carried away. Lieutenant Blicher, instead of being hauled over the coals, as he had expected, received thanks for his kind and generous conduct toward the son of his superior officer. As for Erik himself, he had never had any idea that a boy's life could be so glorious as his was now. Mounted on that splendid, coal-black mare, he rode through the city and far out into the country at his father's side; and never did it seem to him that he had loved his father so well as he did during these afternoon rides. The captain was far from suspecting that in that episode of the purchase of Lady Clare his own relation to his son had been at stake. Not that Erik would not have honored and obeyed his father, even if he had turned out his rough side and taken the lieutenant to task for his kindness; but their relation would in that case have lacked the warm intimacy (which in nowise excludes obedience and respect) and that last touch of devoted admiration which now bound them together.

That fine touch of sympathy in the captain's disposition which had enabled him to smile indulgently at his son's enthusiasm for the horse, made the son doubly anxious not to abuse such kindness, and to do everything in his power to deserve

the confidence which made his life so rich and happy. Though, as I have said, Captain Carstens lacked the acuteness to discover how much he owed to Lady Clare, he acknowledged himself in quite a different way her debtor. He had never really been aware what a splendid specimen of a boy his son was until he saw him on the back of that spirited mare, which cut up with him like the Old Harry, and yet never succeeded in flurrying, far less in unseating him. The captain felt a glow of affection warming his breast at the sight of this; and his pride in Erik's horsemanship proved a consolation to him when the boy's less distinguished performances at school caused him fret and worry.

"A boy so full of pluck must amount to something, even if he does not take kindly to Latin," he reflected many a time. "I am afraid I have made a mistake in having him prepared for college. In the army now, and particularly in the cavalry, he would make a reputation in twenty minutes."

And a cavalryman Erik might, perhaps, have become if his father had not been transferred to another post, and compelled to take up his residence in the country. It was nominally a promotion, but Captain Carstens was ill pleased with it, and even had some thought of resigning rather than give up his delightful city life, and move far northward into the region of cod and herring. However, he was too young

a man to retire on a pension, as yet; and so he gradually reconciled himself to the thought, and sailed northward in the month of April with his son and his entire household. It had long been a question whether Lady Clare should make the journey with them; for Captain Carstens maintained that so high-bred an animal would be very sensitive to climatic changes and might even die on the way. Again, he argued that it was an absurdity to bring so fine a horse into a rough country, where the roads are poor and where nature, in mercy, provides all beasts with rough, shaggy coats to protect them from the cold. How would Lady Clare, with her glossy satin coat, her slender legs that pirouetted so daintily over the ground, and her exquisite head, which she carried so proudly—how would she look and what kind of figure would she cut among the shaggy, stunted, sedate-looking nags of the Sognefiord district? But the captain, though what he said was irrefutable, had to suspend all argument when he saw how utterly wretched Erik became at the mere thought of losing Lady Clare. So he took his chances; and, after having ordered blankets of three different thicknesses for three different kinds of weather, shipped the mare with the rest of his family for his new northern home.

As the weather proved unusually mild during the northward voyage Lady Clare arrived in Sogn without accident or adventure. And never in all her life had she looked more beautiful than she did when she came off the steamer, and half the population of the valley turned out to see her. It is no use denying that she was as vain as any other professional beauty, and the way she danced and pirouetted on the gangplank, when Erik led her on to the pier, filled the rustics with amazement. They had come to look at the new captain and his family; but when Lady Clare appeared she eclipsed the rest of the company so completely that no one had eyes for anybody but her. As the sun was shining and the wind was mild, Erik had taken off her striped overcoat (which covered her from nose to tail), for he felt in every fibre of his body the sensation she was making, and blushed with pleasure as if the admiring exclamations had been intended for himself.

"Look at that horse," cried young and

old, with eyes as big as saucers, pointing with their fingers at Lady Clare.

"Handsome carcass that mare has," remarked a stoutish man who knew what he was talking about; "and head and legs to match."

"She beats your Valders-Roan all hollow, John Garvestad," said a young tease who stood next to him in the crowd.

"My Valders-Roan has never seen his match yet, and never will, according to my reckoning," answered John Garvestad.

"Ho! ho!" shouted the young fellow with a mocking laugh; "that black mare is a hand taller at the very least, and I bet you she's a high-flyer. She has got the prettiest legs I ever clapped eyes on."

"They'd snap like clay pipes in the mountains," replied Garvestad contemptuously.

Erik, as he blushing ascended the slope to his new home, leading Lady Clare by a halter, had no suspicion of the sentiments which she had aroused in John Garvestad's breast. He was only blissfully conscious of the admiration she had excited; and he promised himself a good deal of fun in future in showing off his horsemanship. He took Lady Clare to the stable, where a new box stall had been made for her, examined the premises carefully and nailed a board over a crevice in the wall where he suspected a draught. He instructed Anders, the groom, with emphatic and anxious repetitions regarding her care, showed him how to make Lady Clare's bed, how to comb her mane, how to brush her (for she refused to endure currying), how to blanket her, and how to read the thermometer which he nailed to one of the posts of the stall. The latter proved to be a more difficult task than he had anticipated; and the worst of it was that he was not sure that Anders knew any more on the subject of his instruction at the end of the lesson than he had at the beginning. To make sure that he had understood him he asked him to enter the stall and begin the process of grooming. But no sooner had the unhappy fellow put his nose inside the door than Lady Clare laid back her ears in a very ugly fashion, and with a vicious whisk of her tail waltzed around and planted two hoof marks in the door, just where the groom's nose had that very instant vanished. A second and a third trial had similar results; and as the box

stall was new and of hard wood, Erik had no wish to see it further damaged.

"I won't have nothin' to do with that hoss, that's as certain as my name is Anders," the groom declared; and Erik, knowing that persuasion would be useless, had henceforth to be his own groom. The fact was he could not help sympathizing with that fastidiousness of Lady Clare which made her object to being handled by coarse fingers and roughly curried, combed and washed like a common plebeian nag. One does not commence life associating with a princess for nothing. Lady Clare, feeling in every nerve her high descent and breeding, had perhaps a sense of having come down in the world, and, like many another irrational creature of her sex, she kicked madly against fate and exhibited the unloveliest side of her character. But with all her skittishness and caprice she was steadfast in one thing, and that was her love for Erik. As the days went by in country monotony, he began to feel it as a privilege rather than a burden to have the exclusive care of her. The low, friendly neighing with which she always greeted him as soon as he opened the stable door was as intelligible and dear to him as the warm welcome of a friend. And when with dainty alertness she lifted her small, beautiful head, over which the fine network of veins meandered, above the top of the stall, and rubbed her nose caressingly against his cheek before beginning to snuff at his various pockets for the accustomed lump of sugar, he felt a glow of affection spread from his heart and pervade his whole being. Yes, he loved this beautiful animal with a devotion which, a year ago, he would scarcely have thought it possible to bestow upon a horse. No one could have persuaded him that Lady Clare had not a soul which (whether it was immortal or not) was, at all events, as distinct and clearly defined as that of any person with whom he was acquainted. She was to him a personality—a dear, charming friend, with certain defects of character (as who has not?) which were, however, more than compensated for by her devotion to him. She was fastidious, quick-tempered, utterly unreasonable where her feelings were involved; full of aristocratic prejudice which only her sex could excuse; and whimsical, proud and

capricious. It was absurd, of course, to contend that these qualities were in themselves admirable; but on the other hand, few of us would not consent to overlook them in a friend who loved us as well as Lady Clare loved Erik.

The fame of Lady Clare spread through the parish like fire in withered grass. People came from afar to look at her and departed full of wonder at her beauty. When the captain and his son rode together to church on Sunday morning, men, women and children stood in rows at the roadside staring at the wonderful mare as if she had been a dromedary or a rhinoceros. And when she was tied in the clergyman's stable a large number of the men ignored the admonition of the church bells and missed the sermon, being unable to tear themselves away from Lady Clare's charms. But woe to him who attempted to take liberties with her; there were two or three horsey young men who had narrow escapes from bearing the imprint of her iron shoes for the rest of their days. That taught the others a lesson, and now Lady Clare suffered from no annoying familiarities, but was admired at a respectful distance until the pastor, vexed at her rivalry with his sermon, issued orders to have the stable door locked during service.

There was one person besides the pastor who was ill pleased at the reputation Lady Clare was making. That was John Garvestad, the owner of Valders-Roan. John was the richest man in the parish, and always made a point of keeping fine horses. Valders-Roan, a heavily-built, powerful horse, with a tremendous neck and chest and long tassels on his fetlocks, but rather squat in the legs, had hitherto held undisputed rank as the finest horse in all Sogn. By the side of Lady Clare he looked as a stout, good-looking peasant lad with coltish manners might have looked by the side of the daughter of a hundred earls.

But John Garvestad, who was naturally prejudiced in favor of his own horse, could scarcely be blamed for failing to recognize her superiority. He knew that formerly, on Sundays, the men were wont to gather with admiring comment about Valders-Roan; while now they stood craning their necks, peering through the windows of the parson's stable, in order to catch a



glimpse of Lady Clare, and all the time Valders-Roan was standing tied to the fence, in full view of all, utterly neglected. This spectacle filled him with such ire that he hardly could control himself. His first impulse was to pick a quarrel with Erik; but a second and far brighter idea presently struck him. He would buy Lady Clare. Accordingly, when the captain and his son had mounted their horses and were about to start on their homeward way, Garvestad, putting Valders-Roan to his trumps, dug his heels into his sides and rode up with a great flourish in front of the churchyard gate.

"How much will you take for that mare of yours, captain?" he asked, as he checked his charger with unnecessary vigor close to Lady Clare.

"She is not mine to sell," the captain replied. "Lady Clare belongs to my son."

"Well, what will you take for her, then?" Garvestad repeated swaggeringly, turning to Erik.



THE FAME OF LADY CLARE SPREAD THROUGH THE PARISH.

"Not all the gold in the world could buy her," retorted Erik warmly.

Valders-Roan, unable to resist the charms of Lady Clare, had in the meanwhile been making some cautious overtures toward an acquaintance. He arched his mighty neck, rose on his hind legs, while his tremendous forehoofs were beating the air, and cut up generally—all for Lady Clare's benefit.

She, however, having regarded his performances for a while with a mild and somewhat condescending interest, grew a little tired of them and looked out over the fiord, as a belle might do, with a suppressed yawn, when her cavalier fails to entertain her. Valders-Roan, perceiving the slight, now concluded to make more decided advances. So he put forward his



nose until it nearly touched Lady Clare's, as if he meant to kiss her. But that was more than her ladyship was prepared to put up with. Quick as a flash she flung herself back on her haunches, down went her ears, and hers was the angriest horse's head that ever had been seen in that parish. With an indignant snort she wheeled around, kicking up a cloud of dust by the suddenness of the manoeuvre. A less skilled rider than Erik would inevitably have been thrown by two such unforeseen jerks; and the fact was he had all he could do to keep his seat.

"Oho!" shouted Garvestad, "your mare shies; she'll break your neck some day, as likely as not. You had better sell her before she gets you into trouble."

"But I shouldn't like to have your broken neck on my conscience," Erik replied; "if necks are to be broken by Lady Clare I should prefer to have it be my own."

The peasant was not clever enough to

make out whether this was jest or earnest. With a puzzled frown he stared at the youth and finally broke out :

"Then you won't sell her at no price? Any way, the day you change your mind don't forget to notify John Garvestad. If it's spondulix you are after, then here's where there's plenty of 'em."

He slapped his left breast pocket with a great swagger, looking around to observe the impression he was making on his audience ; then jerking the bridle violently, so as to make his horse rear, he rode off like Alexander on Bucephalus, and swung down upon the highway.

It was but a few weeks after this occurrence that Captain Carstens and his son were invited to honor John Garvestad by their presence at his wedding. They were in doubt, at first, as to whether they ought to accept the invitation ; for some unpleasant rumors had reached them, showing that Garvestad entertained unfriendly feelings toward them. He was an intensely vain man ; and the thought that Erik Carstens had a finer horse than Valders-Roan left him no peace. He had been heard to say repeatedly that, if that high-nosed youth persisted in his refusal to sell him his mare, he would discover his mistake when, perhaps, it would be too late to have it remedied. Whatever that meant, it sufficed to make both Erik and his father uneasy. But, on the other hand, it would be the worst policy possible, under such circumstances, to refuse the invitation. For that would be interpreted either as fear or as aristocratic exclusiveness ; and the captain, while he was new in the district, was as anxious to avoid the appearance of the one as of the other. Accordingly he accepted the invitation and on the appointed day rode with his son into the wide yard of John Garvestad's farm, stopping at the pump, where they watered their horses. It was early in the afternoon and both the house and the barn were thronged with wedding guests. From the sitting room the strains of two fiddles were heard, mingled with the scraping and stamping of heavy feet. Another musical performance was in progress in the barn ; and all over the yard elderly men and youths were standing in smaller and larger groups, smoking their pipes, and tasting the beer jugs which were passed from hand to hand. But the moment

Lady Clare was seen all interest in minor concerns ceased, and with one accord the crowd moved toward her, completely encircling her, and viewing her with admiring glances that appreciated all her perfections.

"Did you ever see cleaner shaped legs on a horse?" someone was heard to say ; and instantly his neighbor in the crowd joined the chorus of praise, and added : "What a snap and spring there is in every bend of her knee and turn of her neck and flash of her eye!"

It was while this chorus of admiration was being sung in all keys and tones of the whole gamut, that the bridegroom came out of the house, a little bit tipsy perhaps from the many toasts he had been obliged to drink, and bristling with pugnacity to the ends of his fingers and the tips of his hair. Every word of praise that he heard sounded in his ears like a jeer and an insult to himself. With ruthless thrusts he elbowed his way through the throng of guests and soon stood in front of the two horses, from which the captain and Erik had not yet had a chance to dismount. He returned their greeting with scant courtesy and plunged instantly into the matter which he had on his mind.

"I reckon you have thought better of my offer by this time," he said, with a surly swagger, to Erik. "What do you hold your mare at today?"

"I thought we had settled that matter once for all," the boy replied quietly. "I have no more intention of selling Lady Clare now than I ever had."

"Then will ye trade her off for Valders-Roan?" ejaculated Garvestad eagerly.

"No, I won't trade her for Valders-Roan or any other horse in creation."

"Don't be cantankerous, now, young fellow, or you might repent of it."

"I am not cantankerous. But I beg of you kindly to drop this matter. I came here, at your invitation, as a guest at your wedding, not for the purpose of trading horses."

It was an incautious speech, and was interpreted by everyone present as a rebuke to the bridegroom for his violation of the rules of hospitality. The captain, anxious to avoid a row, therefore broke in, in a voice of friendly remonstrance :



A LAUGH WENT UP.

"My dear Mr. Garvestad, do let us drop this matter. If you will permit us, we should like to dismount and drink a toast to your health, wishing you a long life and much happiness."

"Ah, yes, I understand your smooth palaver," the bridegroom growled between his teeth. "I have stood your insolence long enough, and, by jingo, I won't stand it much longer. What will ye take for your mare, I say, or how much do you want to boot, if you trade her for Valders-Roan?"

He shouted the last words with furious emphasis, holding his clinched fist up toward Erik, and glaring at him savagely.

But now Lady Clare, who became frightened, perhaps, by the loud talk and violent gestures, began to rear and plunge and by an unforeseen motion knocked against the bridegroom, so that he fell backward into the horse trough under the pump, which was full of water. The wedding guests had hardly time to realize what was happening, when a great splash sent the water flying into their faces, and the burly form of John Garvestad was seen sprawling helplessly in the horse trough. But then—then they realized it with a vengeance. And a laugh went up—a veritable storm of laughter—which swept through the entire crowd and reëchoed with a ghostly hilarity from the mountains. John Garvestad in the meanwhile had managed to pick himself out of the horse trough, and while he stood snorting, spitting and dripping, Captain Carstens and his son politely lifted their hats to him and rode away. But as they trotted out of the gate they saw their host stretch a big clinched fist toward them and heard him scream with hoarse fury: "I'll make ye smart for that some day, so help me God!"

Lady Clare was not sent to the mountains in the summer, as are nearly all horses in the Norwegian country districts. She was left untethered in an enclosed home pasture about a half mile from the mansion. Here she grazed, rolled, kicked up her heels and gambolled to her heart's content. During the long, bright summer nights, when the sun scarcely dips beneath the horizon and reappears in an hour, clothed in the breezy garments of morning, she was permitted to frolic, race and play all sorts of improvised games with a shaggy little, plebeian, three-year-old colt whom she had condescended to honor with her acquaintance. This colt must have had some fine feeling under his rough coat, for he never presumed in the least upon the acquaintance, being keenly aware of the honor it conferred upon him. He allowed himself to be abused, ignored or petted, as it might suit the pleasure of her royal highness, with a patient, even-tempered good nature which was admirable. When Lady Clare (perhaps for fear of making him conceited) took no notice of him, he showed neither resentment nor surprise, but walked off with a sheepish shake of his head. Thus he slowly learned the lesson to make no exhibition of feeling at the sight of his superior; not to run up and greet her with a disrespectfully joyous whinny; but calmly wait for her to recognize him before appearing to be aware of her presence. It took Lady Clare several months to accustom Shag (for that was the colt's name) to her ways. She taught him unconsciously the rudiments of good manners; but he proved himself docile, and when he once had been reduced to his proper place he proved a fairly acceptable companion.

During the first and second week after

John Garvestad's wedding Erik had kept Lady Clare stabled, having a vague fear that the angry peasant might intend to do her harm. But she whinnied so pitifully through the long light nights that finally he allowed his compassion to get the better of his anxiety, and once more she was seen racing madly about the field with Shag, whom she always beat so ignominiously that she felt half sorry for him, and as a consolation allowed him gently to claw her mane with his teeth. This was a privilege which Shag could not fail to appreciate, though she never offered to return the favor by clawing him. At any rate, as soon as Lady Clare reappeared in the meadow Shag's cup of bliss seemed to be full.

A week passed in this way; nothing

with fearless curiosity in the direction whence the sound came. Shag, of course, did as nearly as he could exactly the same. What they saw was a big roan horse with an enormous arched neck, squat feet and long tasselled fetlocks.

Lady Clare had no difficulty in recognizing Valders-Roan. But how big and heavy and ominous he looked in the blood-red afterglow of the blood-red sunset. For the first time in her life Lady Clare felt a cold shiver of fear run through her. There was, happily, a fence between them, and she devoutly hoped that Valders-Roan was not a jumper. At that moment, however, two men appeared next to the huge horse and Lady Clare heard the sound of breaking fence rails. The deep hoarse whinny once more made the air shake, and



THE BURLY FORM OF JOHN GARVESTAD WAS SEEN SPRAWLING HELPLESSLY IN THE HORSE TROUGH.

happened, and Erik's vigilance was relaxed. He went to bed on the evening of the 10th of July with an easy mind, without the remotest apprehension of danger. The sun set about ten o'clock, and Lady Clare and Shag greeted its last departing rays with a whinny, accompanied by a wanton kickup from the rear—for whatever Lady Clare did Shag felt in honor bound to do, and was conscious of no disgrace in his abject and ape-like imitation. They had spent an hour, perhaps, in such delightful performances, when all of a sudden they were startled by a deep bass whinny, which rumbled and shook like distant thunder. Then came the tramp, tramp, tramp of heavy hoof-beats, which made the ground tremble. Lady Clare lifted her beautiful head and looked

it made poor Lady Clare shake too, for now she saw Valders-Roan come like a whirlwind over the field, and so powerful were his hoof-beats that a clod of earth which had stuck to one of his shoes shot like a bullet through the air. He looked so gigantic, so brimming with restrained strength, and somehow Lady Clare, as she stood quaking at the sight of him, had never seemed to herself so dainty, frail and delicate as she seemed in this moment. She felt herself so entirely at his mercy; she was no match for him surely. Shag, anxious as ever to take his cue from her, had stationed himself at her side, and shook his head and whisked his tail in a non-committal manner. Now Valders-Roan had cleared the fence where the men had broken it down; then on he

came again, tramp, tramp, tramp, until he was within half a dozen paces from Lady Clare. There he stopped, for back went Lady Clare's pretty ears, while she threw herself upon her haunches in an attitude of defence. She was dimly aware that this was a foolish thing to do, but her inbred disdain and horror of everything rough made her act on instinct instead of reason. Valders-Roan, irritated by this uncalled-for action, now threw ceremony to the winds, and without further ado trotted up and rubbed his nose against hers. That was more than Lady Clare could stand. With an hysterical snort she flung herself about, and up flew her heels straight into the offending nose, inflicting considerable damage. Shag, being now quite clear that the programme was fight, whisked about in exactly the same manner, with as close an imitation of Lady Clare's snort as he could produce, and a second pair of steel-shod heels came within a hair of reducing the enemy's left nostril to the same condition as the right. But alas for the generous folly of youth! Shag had to pay dearly for that exhibition of devotion. Valders-Roan, enraged by this wanton insult, made a dash at Shag, and by the mere impetus of his huge bulk nearly knocked him senseless. The colt rolled over, flung all his four legs into the air, and as soon as he could recover his footing reeled sideways like a drunken man and made haste to retire to a safe distance.

Valders-Roan had now a clear field and could turn his undivided attention to Lady Clare. I am not sure that he had not made an example of Shag merely to frighten her. Bounding forward with his mighty chest expanded and the blood dripping from his nostrils, he struck out with a tremendous hind leg and would have returned Lady Clare's blow with interest if she had not leaped high into the air. She had just managed by her superior alertness to dodge that deadly hoof, and was perhaps not prepared for an instant renewal of the attack. But she had barely gotten her four feet in contact with the sod when two rows of terrific teeth plunged into her withers. The pain was frightful, and with a long, pitiful scream Lady Clare sank down upon the ground, and, writhing with agony, beat the air with her hoofs. Shag, who had by this

time recovered his senses, heard the noise of the battle, and plucking up his courage trotted bravely forward against the victorious Valders-Roan. He was so frightened that his heart shot up into his throat. But there lay Lady Clare mangled and bleeding. He could not leave her in the lurch, so forward he came trembling just as Lady Clare was trying to scramble to her feet. Led away by his sympathy Shag bent his head down toward her and thereby prevented her from rising. And in the same instant a stunning blow hit him straight in the forehead, a shower of sparks danced before his eyes, and then Shag saw and heard no more. A convulsive quivering ran through his body, then he stretched out his neck on the bloody grass, heaved a sigh and died.

Lady Clare, seeing Shag killed by the blow which had been intended for herself, felt her blood run cold. She was strongly inclined to run, for she could easily beat the heavy Valders-Roan at a race, and her fleet legs might yet save her. I cannot say whether it was a generous wrath at the killing of her humble champion or a mere blind fury which overcame this inclination. But she knew now neither pain nor fear. With a shrill scream she rushed at Valders-Roan, and for five minutes a whirling cloud of earth and grass and lumps of sod moved irregularly over the field, and tails, heads and legs were seen flung and tossed madly about, while an occasional shriek of rage or of pain startled the night, and reëchoed with a weird resonance between the mountains.

It was about five o'clock in the morning on the 11th of July that Erik awoke with a vague sense that something terrible had happened. His groom was standing at his bedside with a terrified face, doubtful whether to arouse his young master or allow him to sleep.

"What has happened, Anders?" cried Erik, tumbling out of bed.

"Lady Clare, sir——"

"Lady Clare!" shouted the boy. "What about her? Has she been stolen?"

"No; I reckon not," drawled Anders.

"Then she's dead! Quick, tell me what you know or I shall go crazy!"

"No; I can't say for sure she's dead either," the groom stammered helplessly.

Erik, being too stunned with grief and pain, tumbled in a dazed fashion about the



room, and scarcely knew how he managed to dress. He felt cold, shivery and benumbed; and the daylight had a cruel glare in it which hurt his eyes. Accompanied by the groom, he hastened to the home pasture, and saw there the evidences of the fierce battle which had raged during the night. A long, black, serpentine track, where the sod had been torn up by furious hoof-beats, started from the dead carcass of the faithful Shag and moved with irregular breaks and curves up toward the gate that connected the pasture with the underbrush of birch and alder. Here the fence had been broken down, and the track of the fight suddenly ceased. A pool of blood had soaked into the ground, showing that one of the horses, and probably the victor, must have stood still for a while, allowing the vanquished to escape.

Erik had no need of being told that the horse which had attacked Lady Clare was Valders-Roan; and though he would scarcely have been able to prove it, he felt positive that John Garvestad had arranged and probably watched the fight. Having a wholesome dread of jail, he had not dared to steal Lady Clare; but he had chosen this contemptible method to satisfy his senseless jealousy. It was all so cunningly devised as to baffle legal inquiry. Valders-Roan had gotten astray, and being a heavy beast had broken into a neighbor's field and fought with his filly, chasing her away into the mountains. That was the story he would tell, of course, and as there had been no witnesses present, there was no way of disproving it.

Abandoning, however, for the time being all thought of revenge, Erik determined to bend all his energies to the recovery of Lady Clare. He felt confident that she had run away from her assailant, and was now roaming about in the mountains. He therefore organized a search party of all the male servants on the estate, besides a couple of volunteers, making in all nine. On the evening of the first day's search they put up at a saeter or mountain chalet. Here they met a young man named Tollef Morud, who had once been a groom at John Garvestad's. This man had a bad reputation; and as the idea occurred to some of them that he might know something about Lady Clare's disappearance, they questioned him at great length, without,

however, eliciting a single crumb of information.

For a week the search was continued, but had finally to be given up. Weary, footsore and heavy-hearted, Erik returned home. His grief at the loss of Lady Clare began to tell on his health; and his perpetual plans for getting even with John Garvestad amounted almost to a mania, and caused his father both trouble and anxiety. It was therefore determined to send him to the military academy in the capital.

Four or five years passed and Erik became a lieutenant. It was during the first year after his graduation from the military academy that he was invited to spend the Christmas holidays with a friend whose parents lived on a fine estate about twenty miles from the city. Seated in their narrow sleighs, which were drawn by brisk horses, they drove merrily along, shouting to each other to make their voices heard above the jingling of the bells. About eight o'clock in the evening, when the moon was shining brightly and the snow sparkling, they turned in at a wayside tavern to order their supper. Here a great crowd of lumbermen had congregated, and all along the fences their overworked, half broken-down horses stood, shaking their nosebags. The air in the public room was so filled with the fumes of damp clothes and bad tobacco that Erik and his friend, while waiting for their meal, preferred to spend the time under the radiant sky. They were sauntering about, talking in a desultory fashion, when all of a sudden a wild, joyous whinny rang out upon the startled air. It came from a rusty, black, decrepit-looking nag hitched to a lumber sleigh which they had just passed. Erik, growing very serious, paused abruptly.

A second whinny, lower than the first, but almost alluring and cajoling, was so directly addressed to Erik that he could not help stepping up to the mare and patting her on the nose.

"You once had a horse you cared a great deal for, didn't you?" his friend remarked casually.

"Oh, don't speak about it," answered Erik, in a voice that shook with emotion, "I loved Lady Clare as I never loved any creature in this world—except my father, of course," he added reflectively.

But what was the matter with the old lumber nag? At the sound of the name Lady Clare she pricked up her ears, and lifted her head with a pathetic attempt at alertness. With a low insinuating neighing she rubbed her nose against the lieutenant's cheek. He had let his hand glide over her long thin neck, when quite suddenly his fingers slid into a deep scar in the withers.

"My God!" he cried, while the tears started to his eyes, "am I awake, or am I dreaming?"

"What in the world is the matter?" inquired his comrade anxiously.

"It is Lady Clare! By the heavens, it is Lady Clare!"

"That old ramshackle of a lumber nag whose every rib you can count through her skin is your beautiful thoroughbred?" ejaculated his friend incredulously. "Come now, don't be a goose."

"I'll tell you of it some other time," said Erik quietly; "but there's not a shadow of a doubt that this is Lady Clare."

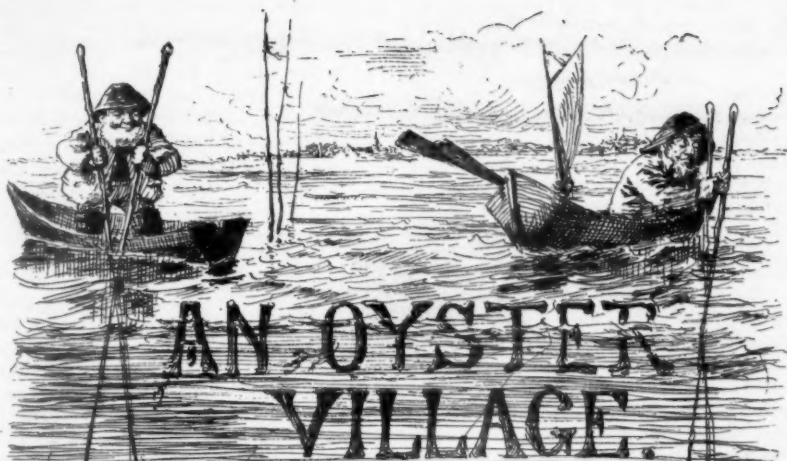
Yes, strange as it may seem, it was indeed Lady Clare. But oh, who would have recognized in this skeleton, covered with a rusty-black skin and tousled mane and forelock in which chaff and dirt were entangled—who would have recognized in this drooping and rickety creature the proud, the dainty, the exquisite Lady Clare? Her beautiful tail, which had once been her pride, was now a mere scanty wisp; and a sharp, gnarled ridge running along the entire length of her back showed every vertebra of her spine through the notched and scarred skin. Poor Lady Clare, she had seen hard usage. But now the days of her tribulations are at an end. It did not take Erik long to find the half-tipsy lumberman who was Lady Clare's owner; nor to agree with him on the price for which he was willing to part with her.

There is but little more to relate. By interviews and correspondence with the different parties through whose hands the mare had passed, Erik succeeded in tracing her to Tollef Morud, the ex-groom of John Garvestad. On being promised immunity from prosecution he was induced to confess that he had been hired by his former master to arrange the nocturnal fight between Lady Clare and Valders-Roan, and had been paid ten dollars for stealing the mare when she had been sufficiently damaged. John Garvestad had himself watched the fight from behind the fence, and had laughed fit to split his sides, until Valders-Roan seemed on the point of being worsted. Then he had interfered to separate them, and Tollef had led Lady Clare away, bleeding from a dozen wounds, and had hidden her in a deserted lumberman's shed near the sæter where the searchers had overtaken him.

Having obtained these facts, Erik took pains to let John Garvestad know that the chain of evidence against him was complete, and if he had had his own way, he would not have rested until his enemy had suffered the full penalty of the law. But John Garvestad, suspecting what was in the young man's mind, suddenly divested himself of his pride, and cringing like a whipped dog, came and asked Erik's pardon, entreating him not to prosecute.

As for Lady Clare, she never recovered her lost beauty. A handsome mare she became, to be sure, when good feeding and careful grooming had made her fat and glossy once more. A long and contented old age is, no doubt, in store for her. Having known evil days, she appreciates the blessings which the change in her fate has brought her. The captain declares she is the best-tempered and steadiest horse in his stable.

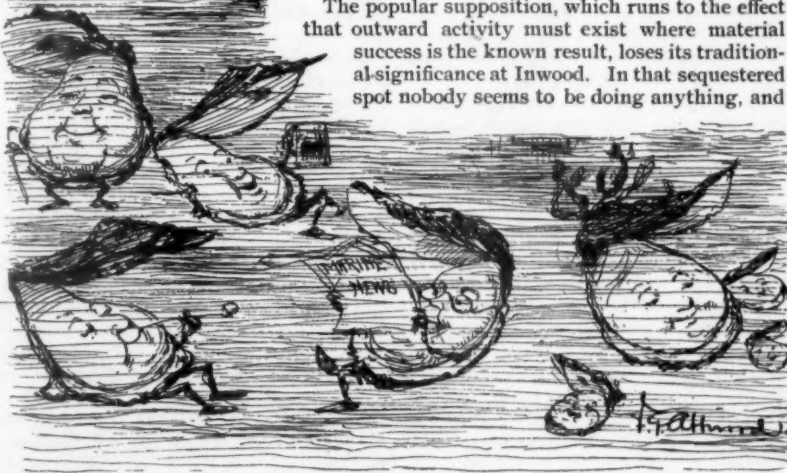


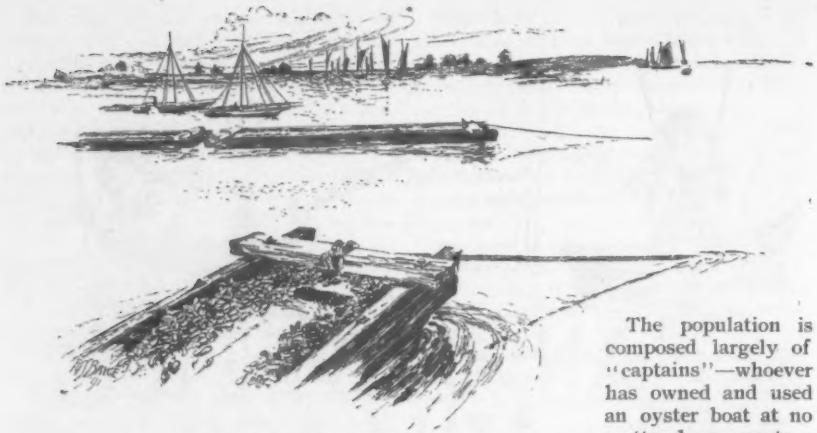


BY JENNY L. HOPKINS.

TWENTY miles from the city of New York, and one-eighth of a mile northwest of Far Rock-away, on a narrow neck which used to be known as Northwest Point, the traveller whose quiet taste leads him away from busy city scenes comes upon a quaint oyster village. Inwood is its name and sleepiness its chief characteristic, which stands out in strong contradistinction to the unvarying thrift that prevails throughout the neighborhood.

The popular supposition, which runs to the effect that outward activity must exist where material success is the known result, loses its traditional-significance at Inwood. In that sequestered spot nobody seems to be doing anything, and





OYSTER FLOATS IN THE BAY.

yet snug little fortunes are being made every day by the persistent oystermen, whose industry is tireless. The winding country roads which compose the village streets show scarcely a sign of life until late in the afternoon, when little groups of returning oystermen seek the several stores for interchange of news regarding the day's haul. These roads are bordered by neat, comfortable houses, most of which rejoice in fresh coats of paint and trimly kept lawns. It is said by the oldest inhabitants that Inwood was built by oysters, and if this statement is accepted, it must be conceded that the juicy bivalves are good builders. These pretty cottages furnish safe, and in some cases almost luxurious, shelter for those who ply the tongs in the waters of Rockaway bay.

It is a significant fact that the Inwood oystermen own their own homes, as well as the smart sloops which convey their produce to the New York markets. Far and wide the saying has gone abroad that there is no oyster like a Long Island oyster, and this, together with the prevailing industry, is accountable for the degree of prosperity with which a kindly Providence has endowed the population. Within the limits of Inwood there are no poor. Few articles of food are in better constant demand than oysters, and the commodity upon the proceeds of which almost the entire community subsists always exists, even though it may not always fatten quite as satisfactorily as might be desired.

The population is composed largely of "captains"—whoever has owned and used an oyster boat at no matter how remote a period is a! ways a "captain." If you will venture out on the bay some morning you will find numerous vessels belonging to the Inwood fleet of oyster boats, and the master of a sloop never fails to salute the masters of the others whenever the boats are within hearing distance, with a hearty "Good mornin', Cap'en," which greeting is invariably answered in the same bluff fashion. Sometimes it is "Cap'en Sam," and again it is "Cap'en Bill," or "Cap'en John," as the case may be, but however this is, the gallant title is never omitted, and the visitor to Inwood is usually impressed with the idea that it takes a man of exalted military position to be an oysterman.

As for the "captains" themselves, they are most of them men past middle age, whose experience with their calling is of long standing. Captain George Finley, an old and respected resident, now in the seventy-second year of his age, planted the first oyster bed on Long Island in Hempstead bay opposite Woodsburg, forty years ago. Captain Finley, to use his own expression, "left the water" three years ago, but his interest in oysters will remain keen while life lasts. Few men have gathered together a more interesting array of homely facts regarding these creatures, which seem to have been designed chiefly for the palates of epicures, than he.

The above reference to epicureanism suggests to the writer the remembrance that the individual who has never eaten

oysters the moment after they are tonged, and quickly opened with a rude knife used for culling, can have but small conception of the natural lusciousness of the bivalve. The bit of salt water by which the meat is surrounded is nature's own delicious seasoning. All other condiments are superfluous. Among oystermen this is an open secret, and the instances are rare where the oysters are carried home and reduced to the indignity of cooking.

Leaving Inwood in the early hours—for the oystermen are up betimes, many of them, in fact, being off to the dock, as it is called, by two o'clock in the morning—the visitor to the oyster grounds takes the winding, travelled road out of the village, which is bordered on one side by the shining waters of the bay and on the other by the cosy homes of the oystermen. These buildings are kept in such good repair that many of the quaintnesses which one instinctively looks for are lacking, but there is one ancient, weather-beaten cottage, with small, peering windows and sunken door, which fits charmingly into the landscape. This cottage, overshadowed by a great tree and edged with a rude, old-fashioned fence, is one of the few of its kind which are left at Inwood. Across the bay rise the proud country houses of Far Rockaway, and, in

fact, Inwood itself is not free from this modern innovation, although most of its country seats are situated at that end of the village which is furthest from the oyster grounds.

The brisk walk in the crisp morning air is inspiring, and by the time one has followed the bend of the yellow road to the dock, and clambered down its side into a waiting scow, he cannot but be impressed with the freedom of the oysterman's life, which, notwithstanding its hardship and exposure, is full of that poetry of the picturesque always furnished by water and sky. The dock or landing used by the Inwood oystermen is called Tone's island. It consists of eleven acres of land which lie on the headwaters of the south-east part of Rockaway bay, and is more commonly known as Front cove. This island is owned by the Inwood oystermen, who paid \$600 for it. Upon it there are seven huts, three of which are portable oyster scows or boats, with rude dwelling houses attached, in which the oystermen domicile their families when occasion requires, and where the operations of house-keeping may be conducted on a crude scale. The interior of a portable scow consists of a living room which is furnished with rough domestic appliances, and a cellar-like apartment into which water is turned on and off at pleasure, by



READY TO START FOR NEW YORK.





means of flood-gates. The latter is used for storing oysters, having a capacity of 400 bushels. The other huts are used for culling in bad weather.

The bit of shore afforded by Tone's island, dotted here and there with huts and boats,

and covered at intervals with low, tangled grasses, forms an attractive picture, and it is from this point that the oysterman embarks. As he climbs into his boat and takes up the oars preparatory to rowing out over the bay he is a study in color tones in his yellow oilskin pants, his tarpaulin hat and his bright English jumper. His hat, which is better known as a "sou'wester," is made of oiled canvas. His great topboots are of rubber, and his coat, like his trousers, is of yellow oilskin. He is so thickly clad as to undergarments and footgear as to be almost waterproof, and, in fact, it takes a smart drenching to penetrate his armor.

As he settles himself at the oars, the novice instinctively wonders how it is possible for the oysterman to distinguish that which he facetiously denominates his own "ground," but this query is soon answered by the scores of stakes with which the bay is dotted everywhere. These stakes have their counterparts on shore, and every oysterman readily recognizes his own, not only by their location, which, however, is as firmly fixed in his mind as the points of the compass, but by means of peculiar marks, no two of which are alike. In this way the oyster farm is made absolutely clear to its owner, even though it does lie from one to twenty feet under water. Every member of a family is allowed three acres of oyster ground,

and as the families of the Inwood oystermen are frequently large, the farms are usually of sufficient size to yield a generous crop.

Upon leaving shore the oysterman rows directly to the scene of his possessions, where he begins the operation of planting or tonging according to the season of the year. In planting, the oysterman stands upright, scoops up the seed from the bottom of his boat with a shovel, and by an adroit backward movement of the wrist, such as a farmer uses in sowing grain, scatters the oysters broadcast into the water. An inexperienced man

would throw the oysters into a solid heap, as is done in dumping a shovelful of earth. So much skill is used in the several operations which comprise oyster farming that the oystermen claim it takes five years of serious application to learn the business.

After the oysters have lain two or three weeks a few of them are taken up and examined by a practical planter. If they are not growing, however, nothing can be done except to plant them in another place. This operation is known as transplanting, and is made necessary by the fact of the oysters having been too thickly sown. If this is the case the seed must be thinned, or the germ of life will become extinct. When oysters are transplanted, the oystermen usually own sufficient ground that has been previously tested, to which the seed may be transferred, but if not, new ground must be used, and this, as a general rule, is more prolific than the old. Sometimes an oyster bed wears out in ten years, but oftener, the sages say, such ground will produce heavily for more than half a century.

Most of the oysters used for planting come from Connecticut. The best season for planting, it is thought, extends from



CULLING.

the middle of March to the middle of April, although this industry is frequently continued until June. The oystermen begin shipping their produce to market on September 1, continuing until December, when they cease their weekly trips to New York until March. Some of them who sell to speculators do not go to market at all, but in these instances, which are rare, half the joy of the oysterman's life is lost. The pleasant sense of ownership which attaches to a smart sloop well laden with valuable produce, and skimming merrily over the smooth water to the markets of New York, is perhaps as great a compensation to the oysterman whose heart is in his work as the more substantial rewards

with which he returns a few hours later.

By tonging oysters, the oysterman means gathering in his crop. Resuming the upright position used in planting, the "captain" inserts the tongs into the water, bears down heavily for a few moments, and then suddenly lifts up, or, as



he says, "hauls in," deposits his crop in the bottom of the boat, and then, seating himself, begins to cull, or separate and trim the oysters for market. No more effective picture can be conceived than a group of cullers whose boats are anchored near each other, and whose occupants, with sou'westers pushed well off their faces, are deftly engaged in trimming their haul. As soon as the oysters are separated and trimmed they are thrown into great shining heaps in the sterns of the boats, where the sun often works wondrous changes in the warm greens and russets of the shells. It is while engaged in culling that the oysterman is seen at his best, for it is here that he comes most in contact with his fellows, and the good humor which beams from his weather-beaten face diffuses itself in a manner that is eminently contagious, for a ruddy "captain" who knows what he is about can always cull and talk at the same time with equal facility.

The oyster tongs may be sim-

ply described as an immense double rake, from ten to twenty feet in length, furnished with crossed handles and two sets of strong iron teeth, which, when firmly clasped, form a basket for the oysters. Where the oysters are thin, dredges are used to facilitate the operation of tonging. A dredge is a basket composed of twine and iron, which drags in the water and forms a bag, into which the oysters fall back and catch.



Nothing in nature is more beautiful than the scale of coloring which exists in oyster shells fresh from the water. These shade from a deep russet to palest green, and are partially covered with bright-hued vegetable growths. Among the latter none is at once more beautiful and destructive than the small, wax-like, green leaf known to oystermen as cabbage. Another arch enemy of oysters is the drill or borer, a small, snail-like creature which sometimes kills as much as two-thirds of the annual crop.

After the oysters are culled they are thrown into a float where they remain from ten to fifteen or twenty days before they are taken to market. A float consists of two long timbers floored and anchored into the water. Both ends of the float are open so that the water has free course over and under the oysters.

The oysterman must do his work at ebb tide, and this is the reason why he so frequently leaves his bed at one or two o'clock in the morning. Flood tide drives him home again. Oysters should be sold as soon as they are fat. This condition



SOME CAP'ENS.

ought to ensue within the season of planting, but rare instances occur where the bivalves must lie two years before fattening. Captain Finley says that the Rock-away bay oysters have not failed to fatten within the season in which they were planted but three times in thirty years. It is a peculiar fact that in some spots oysters which fatten rapidly on the north side of the channel remain obstinately poor on the south side. This can only be accounted for on the theory that the fresh water which flows in from the north possesses superior fattening qualities.

Low tide makes the oyster flats, and these are well worth visiting. A low, sheeny mass covered with vivid rock weeds, mussels and coral weeds in clusters, with the pale, changing greens and the deep, warm russet of the oyster shells—such is an oyster flat, a thing, however, of ephemeral beauty, for soon comes high tide, and tucks it snugly away from view.

The sloops which are used for conveying oysters to market belong to the speediest class of working boats. They have been in use about twenty years, are neatly finished, gayly painted, and present a natty and prosperous appearance which is scarcely compatible with the traditional idea of a fisherman's craft. The average load of oysters when ready for market numbers about 400 bushels.

The average age of the oysters used for planting is three years. The various oysters which are in such constant demand are all grown on the same beds and at the same time, but are of many sizes. This

is accounted for by the fact that those that reach the water first begin to grow first. The process of sowing them broadcast produces the desired inequalities in size. The average depth of planting is twelve feet, although oysters are planted anywhere from one to twenty feet.

Dry, hot weather is always responsible for a fine crop. The oystermen, who are good judges of weather, seldom fail in their predictions. The traditions which have existed among them for years run to the effect that easterly winds bring bad weather, and that westerly and southerly winds are invariably the heralds of fair skies. Accidents are very infrequent among them, only one oysterman, it is said, having been lost in the bay within the last forty years. When the moon is full the old "captains" say the time is very inauspicious for oyster farming, because the tides are too full.

The age of an oyster is told by the number of outward formations on its shell. By the middle of July an experienced oysterman can tell whether his oysters will be fat in September. If by that time the creatures have shed their spawn, the fact augurs well; but if that substance is still retained, the oysterman speedily ceases building castles in the air regarding the season's haul.

The sons of Inwood oystermen, with but rare exception, have followed in the footsteps of their fathers. The exposure to the elements is a consideration which has but little weight with these hardy men, who regard the oyster tonging, which is very severe labor, as the principal hardship they have to undergo.

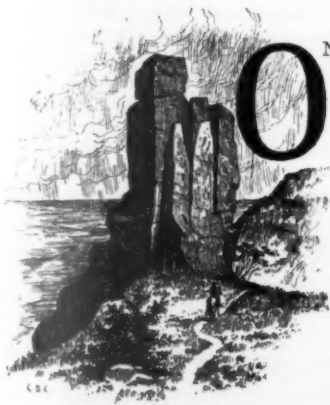




THE CAMP ON TULE LAKE.

## THE MASSACRE OF THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

BY HARRY L. WELLS.



ON the border line between Oregon and California lies a region, scarcely thirty miles in extent in any direction, that is unique in many of its features. To the west and north lie the Klamath lakes and their tributary streams, forming the headwaters of the Klamath river, while to the east and south are Goose lake and the streams that flow into Pit river, the true head of the Sacramento. In the centre of this tract, which is cut off from all visible connection with the great water systems of the surrounding country, lies Tule or Wright lake, a shallow body of water thickly covered near its margins with tule rushes. Connected with it is a single stream curving to the northward and eastward, called Lost river, because, like many others in the region once known as the Great American desert, it disappears into the ground. Along the narrow strip of bottom land bordering the stream are to be seen a few willows and some green grass, the only relief to the eye in a landscape of monotonous gray of rolling hills covered with tufts of sage brush. Of late years irrigation has here and there made an oasis in this desert of sage, where is to be found the headquarters of a cattle rancher, whose stock grazes upon the surrounding hills, feeding upon the juicy bunch grass growing beneath the protecting sage.

Dreary as is the Lost river country north of the lake, the region to the south of it is far more desolate and useless. Here lie the lava beds, made so famous in the annals of Indian warfare eighteen years ago by Captain Jack and his handful of desperate Modocs. From the margin of the lake to the base of the hills, ten miles to the southward, and extending east and west a distance of ten miles, lies a region of basalt and trachyte, so seamed and scarred with ridges and crevasses, so heaped with loose rocks of irregular shape and sharp edges, so obstructed with abrupt cliffs and filled with caves as to be almost untraversable save by one familiar with its



THE MODOC HEADQUARTERS.

trails and passages. Here was fought that war which made Modoc a word recognized as a synonym of savage bravery and treachery.

To relate the causes that led to the great Modoc war would be to recite the well-known story of savage massacre of helpless emigrants, followed up with indiscriminate slaughter by revengeful whites, the spirit of vengeance rankling in the breast for years, resentfulness of white intolerance and encroachment, government treaties, made under false representations, that were never fulfilled, reservation mismanagement and rascality, officialism and military autocratic methods. It is too long a story. Suffice it to say that on the 29th of November 1872 two-thirds of the Modoc tribe were quietly living on the Klamath reservation under the leadership of their head chief, the venerable Schonchin, while a band of 150 men, squaws and children were camped on the banks of Lost river, headed by a young chief by the name of Kient-poos, who was known to the whites as Captain Jack. This band had left the reservation, and on the morning mentioned Captain James Jackson, with Troop B, First United States cavalry, reached their camp for the purpose of taking them back again. An effort to summarily arrest Jack without a conference resulted in a fight,

which ended in the death of several on both sides and the escape of the entire band into their stronghold, the rugged and intricate lava beds. But this was not all, for the settlers along Lost river had not been notified of the effort to force Jack upon the reservation, and when a small band of braves raided the valley immediately after the battle to satisfy their thirst for vengeance, fourteen of the settlers fell victims to the savages before assistance arrived and the raiders were compelled to fly to their companions in the lava beds.

Troops were hastily massed from every post on the Pacific coast, until 800 had been collected and stationed about the lava beds to prevent the escape of the refugees, and after several unsuccessful efforts to dislodge the Indians had proved that the nature of the region was such that ordinary methods of attack were impossible, preparations were made for a combined advance of the entire force. The Modocs were intrenched in an almost inaccessible portion of the beds just south of the lake shore, within easy reach of water, their headquarters being a large cave entered from the top and surrounded on all sides by ridges of lava rock as well as by walls of stone constructed for defence by the Indians themselves. The commandant, Colonel Frank Wheaton, advanced his forces early on the



THE LAVA BEDS.





FORT KLAMATH.

17th of January from the west, south and east, with the intention of uniting them as they closed in and taking the Modocs in a trap, the lake forming the fourth side of the square; but the morning proved so foggy that the troops were not only unable to see the enemy, but failed properly to unite.

More troops were sent to the front and the command given to Colonel Alvan C. Gillem, with them being a detachment of artillery with mortars for shelling the stronghold. Donald McKay, a half-breed of much reputation as a scout and Indian fighter, came with fifty Indians from the Warm Spring reservation, near the base of Mount Hood, to do scouting among the intricacies of the lava beds. Boats were put on the lake to prevent the Modocs from getting water, and a close siege was maintained on all sides.

In February the government appointed a peace commission to investigate the complaints of Captain Jack and to confer with him about a settlement of the present difficulty. The members of the commission were A. B. Meacham, Jesse Applegate and Samuel Chase, all connected with the Indian department of Oregon. To these was added Judge A. M. Rosborough of Yreka, by the special request of Jack, who also wanted Judge Elijah Steele of the same place, and John A. Fairchild, a stockman. He had known these men for a long time and had confidence in them. General Canby went to the scene of hostilities in person. Though not regular members of the commission, Steele and

Fairchild did all they could to bring about a council between the hostiles and the commissioners. They went boldly into the stronghold, trusting to Jack's friendly feelings toward them personally for security, and several times made arrangements for a council, which the Modocs each time failed to attend, giving trivial reasons for not coming. At last Fairchild and others who were best acquainted with the Modoc character gave it as their opinion that the Indians were temporizing and meditated treachery, and that it was not safe to enter their stronghold again. However, Steele offered to risk it once more in the interest of peace, thinking that if there were one white man in the world safe among the Modocs he was the man. With him went H. W. Atwell, a correspondent, who relied for safety upon Steele.

It was dark when they emerged from the long, rocky chasm that led to the stronghold and dismounted from their horses. All the Indians were gathered in the cave and were holding a stormy council. They were divided into two factions. Jack and a few followers were in favor of peace, but the majority wanted revenge. At the head of this faction was John Schonchin, who was one of two survivors of a party of Modocs massacred twenty years before by a company of whites led by Ben Wright. He had waited all this time for revenge and did not propose to lose the opportunity. The immediate question under discussion was the life or death of these two intruders. The warriors sat in solemn silence about the fire, a few



GENERAL CANBY.

squaws sitting just without the circle, and not an eye was raised nor head turned as the visitors entered.

Gruffly ordering one of the squaws to throw a stick of wood upon the fire, so that he might have light to scrutinize the faces about him, Steele took a seat with his companion in the circle of warriors. As the flame shot up toward the opening above and shed a lurid glare upon the objects in the cavern, he realized that he was indeed in a den of beasts. For a long time no one broke the silence, but all sat with their eyes bent upon the rocky floor of the cavern. At last Steele began to talk. He said he felt sad to think his Modoc friends would not do as they had promised; that he had sent word to the great chief at Washington that they had promised to come out of the lava beds and end the war, and now the great chief would ask him why he had told him lies; that he had been a life-long friend of the Modocs, and to prevent more fighting had offered to come once again to see his friends and ask them to come out and keep their promise. John Schonchin then sprang to his feet and replied in an angry tone, accusing Steele of talking with two tongues, of pretending to be a friend of the Modocs only to help drive them from

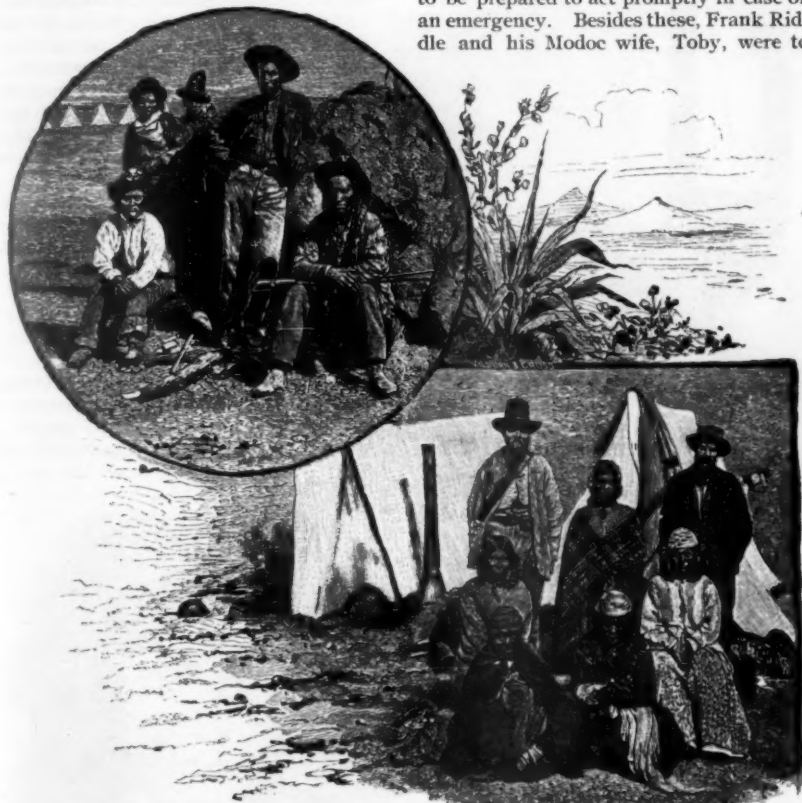
their country. His remarks were applauded by the majority. Jack then spoke in favor of peace, and was derided by his turbulent followers. Bogus Charley crowned him with a squaw's cap, calling him a woman and a coward, while the others taunted their chief of being afraid of the whites. Steele again spoke, followed by Schonchin in another excited harangue.

The speeches were all made in the Chinook jargon, the common means of communication between whites and Indians wherever the influence of the Hudson Bay company has extended. Steele was sufficiently familiar with the Modoc tongue to understand what they were saying among themselves, of which fact they were ignorant. Life or death was the subject of their discussion, some being in favor of putting the visitors to death at once, and others advising delay with the hope of getting a greater number in their power at one time. It was finally agreed among the Modocs that if Steele would promise to bring Canby and Gillem and the commissioners to the cave, it would be bad policy to kill him and thus prevent them from getting the Tyees (chiefs) into their power. This proposition was made and accepted, and the council dissolved. Their reception at camp was a joyful one. Steele told of the promise he had made to save his life, and solemnly warned them never to place themselves in the power of those Indians. He declared that he would never jeopardize his life by going near them again, nor should anyone else by his advice or consent. Fairchild fully agreed with him. Rosborough, Chase and Applegate left in disgust, while Meacham remained and finally succeeded in inducing the authorities at Washington to appoint another commission, of which conduct he afterwards bitterly repented.

The new commission was composed of A. B. Meacham, president; L. S. Dyar, General Canby, president; L. S. Dyar, General Canby, Reverend E. Thomas and Judge Rosborough. After much negotiation it was finally arranged that the five commissioners were to meet five Modocs—none of them being armed—at a council tent to be pitched midway between the camp and the lava beds. The way the Indians had been acting all along con-

vinced Fairchild and others familiar with their character that they meditated treachery, and they strongly urged the commissioners not to go; but Canby, who was the very soul of honor and soldierly pride, said he would go if he knew he was walking to his death. Doctor Thomas could not be made to believe that such treacher-

and Dyar were ashamed to stay behind and let the others go alone, and so they also went, taking the precaution to place small derringer pistols in their pockets. Rosborough was away holding court and Colonel Gillem was expected by the Modocs to be the fifth man, but Canby ordered him to remain in charge of the camp so as to be prepared to act promptly in case of an emergency. Besides these, Frank Riddle and his Modoc wife, Toby, were to



THE WARM SPRING INDIAN SCOUTS.

A GROUP OF MODOC SQUAWS, TOBY STANDING IN THE CENTRE.

ous murder as was feared could possibly be meditated by any human being. He felt special confidence in Boston and Bogus Charley, who had come to the camp frequently as messengers and had pretended to be converted by him. Only the night before he had given them both a new suit of clothes, and these they wore as they walked with him to the council tent; and yet these very two were the ones selected to murder him. Meacham

go as interpreters. Before they started Meacham endeavored to secure a promise from Canby that in case they found the Indians armed, and they demanded it, he would promise to remove the soldiers and thus avert a massacre; but the brave soldier pressed his lips tightly together for a moment and then said: "No, I will never promise what I do not intend to perform."



THE COUNCIL TENT, NEAR WHICH THE MASSACRE OCCURRED.

Thus they started on that fateful morning, the 11th of April 1873, for the scene of the conference.

The night before the council was a stormy one in the Modoc stronghold. The two factions argued the question of massacre most bitterly. Jack spoke earnestly in favor of peace, but the greater number were eager to follow the lead of John Schonchin in taking revenge for the Ben Wright murder. Besides that, they thought that if they killed the chiefs the other soldiers would become discouraged and go away, and the war would be over. Jack was reviled and called a coward and a squaw, and told that he did not live up to his own laws. Some time before he had established the principle of majority rule in his band, and now they demanded that he apply it. At last he gave a sad and reluctant consent; for, less blind than his followers, he saw that the treachery they were so eager to commit would probably result in the complete destruction of his people. It was agreed that six of them should go to the tent armed with revolvers, while two more should conceal themselves near by with sev-

eral rifles apiece. These, with Bogus and Boston, who were to come out with their victims, would make ten, or two Indians to each white man, and the various persons to be killed were selected for each set of two, so that no mistake should be made.

It was yet early in the morning when the six Modocs reached the council tent, and after they had built a fire on the side the farthest from the camp, so as to render observation of their movements as difficult as possible from the signal station, they stretched themselves out upon the ground to await the coming of their victims. Watch-in-tate and Slo-lux, with the extra rifles, were already in their place of concealment among the rocks near by, as was also Scarface Charley, prepared to execute vengeance upon the one who should dare to harm his friend Riddle. They had not long to wait, for soon Bogus Charley appeared and said the others were close behind. Captain Jack made one more appeal to have the bloody programme changed, but his companions were inexorable, and just as he gave his final assent, with the prophecy that the act about to be committed would result in the destruction of his people,



CAPTAIN JACK.

Canby and Thomas came up, piloted by the hypocritical Boston. After shaking hands with them all, Canby passed around some cigars and all sat down to smoke in silence. The others soon arrived, and after cordial greetings joined the silent circle.

It was evident, even to the trustful doctor, that the Modocs were not acting in good faith and that the danger was very great. Under their coats could be seen the revolvers they had brought, in violation of the agreement to come unarmed, and they numbered eight instead of five; and it was also noted that they had chosen the council ground so that the tent would be between it and camp. But there was no opportunity to retreat, and no doubt Canby would have scorned to do so, even had he been aware of the two braves hiding near by with the rifles. Canby and Thomas were seated upon pieces of lava rock, but the others remained standing not far from their horses, which they left untied. A general air of uneasiness and distrust pervaded the gathering. Even before the council opened the crisis was nearly precipitated; for a man suddenly appeared, causing the Indians to lay their hands upon their weapons as though they feared they had been forestalled in the same treacherous conduct they were contemplating. The whites remained cool and the danger was averted.

As president of the commission Meacham spoke first, simply telling them that the commissioners had come in response to their invitation and were ready to hear what the Indians had to say. Captain Jack's reply was equally brief. He said his people were tired of war, and the women and children were afraid of the soldiers. If the soldiers were taken away then there would be peace. To this Meacham replied: "General Canby is in charge of the soldiers; he cannot take them away without a letter from the president. We are all your friends. If you will come out of the rocks and go with us, we will leave the women and children in camp on Cottonwood or Hot creek. We will need the soldiers to make other people stay away while we look up a new home for you."

Even while this brief conversation was being held, evidences of the intention of the Modocs were given. Hooker's Jim

took hold of the tether of Meacham's horse and fastened it to a sage brush, evidently not intending to let its owner use the horse to effect an escape. Then he took the owner's overcoat from the horse's back and, putting it on, called upon the others to see how much he resembled "Old man Meacham." Both Riddle and Dyar, as carelessly as possible, placed themselves on the sides of their horses the farthest from the fire, and affected to be fixing something about the saddles, intending to have the benefit of the cover of the ani-



A PICKET IN THE LAVA BEDS.

mals if they were compelled to run for their lives, as they were convinced would be the case. This stratagem saved them from the fate of the others, just as they had calculated.

Meacham implored Canby to promise to remove the troops, as only by such a promise could the threatened massacre be averted, but the brave general refused. Slowly he arose and stood firmly in their midst, the ideal picture of the inflexible soldier, and thus he spoke: "Toby, tell these people that the president sent the soldiers here to protect them as well as the white man. They are all friends of



the Indians. They cannot be taken away without the president's consent. Tell them that when I was a young man I was sent to move a band of Indians from their old home to a new one. They did not like me at first, but when they became acquainted with me they liked me so well they made me a chief, and gave me a name that signified Friend of the Indian. I also moved another band to a new home, and they, too, gave me a name that meant the Tall Man. Many years afterward I visited these people, and they came a long distance to meet me and were glad to see me. Tell them I have no doubt the Modocs will some day like me as those people did and will look upon me as a friend."

The speaker then resumed his seat upon the stone, and Doctor Thomas slowly arose, and with his benevolent countenance attesting the sincerity of his words, said: "Toby, tell them that I believe the Great Spirit put it into the heart of the president to send us here to make peace. We are all children of one Father. Our hearts are all open to Him. We are all your friends. I have known Mr. Meacham fourteen years, General Canby eight years and Mr. Dyar five years. I know all their hearts are good. We want no more bloodshed. We want to be your friends. God sees all we do. He will hold us responsible for what we do."

During these remarks Jack sat speechless and irresolute. He seemed loath to give the signal for the bloody work to begin. His companions were restless and eyed him with distrust. At last he arose and walked slowly away from the fire, when Schonchin sprang into his place and excitedly exclaimed:

"Give us Hot creek and take away the soldiers!"

He was assured that Hot creek be-

longed to Fairchild and Dorris, and they would probably refuse to sell it. Again he exclaimed:

"Take away the soldiers and give us Hot creek, or quit talking. I am tired of talking. I talk no more."

Captain Jack seemed to have mastered his feelings and nerved himself for the deed; for while Riddle was interpreting Schonchin's last speech he walked back to the fire, and before it was finished suddenly drew a revolver from beneath his coat and pointed it at Canby's head, at the same time exclaiming "Ha-tuk!" the Modoc for "All ready." A war whoop answered the signal, and the Indians

sprang upon their appointed victims, the two in the rocks jumping up and running toward the scene at the top of their speed. Captain Jack's revolver failed to explode the first cartridge, but quickly revolving the barrel he again pulled the trigger, and buried a bullet in the brave general's head. Canby turned to escape, and had gone but a few yards, with Ellen's Man in close pursuit, when he stumbled and fell, shattering his jaw upon a rock. Almost at the same time his



DONALD M'KAY, THE HALF-BREED SCOUT.

pursuer stabbed him in the neck with a knife. At this juncture Watch-in-tate and Slo-lux arrived with the rifles, and grasping one of these Ellen's Man sent a bullet through the brain of his prostrate victim. The murderers then stripped the dead body of its clothing and left it lying naked upon the rocks.

Instantly upon hearing the signal Boston Charley raised the rifle he had brought with him and shot Doctor Thomas in the breast. The shot was not instantly fatal, but the wounded man fell forward upon his face and then struggled to his feet, begging them to shoot no more, as he would soon die. As soon as he arose they tripped him down again, making sport of

his struggles and jeering him about the religion they had pretended to believe.

Meacham was not disposed of so easily by Schonchin and Shacknasty, his delegated slayers. When he heard Jack's signal and saw him point a revolver at Canby, Meacham drew his derringer and thrust the muzzle against Schonchin's breast; but in his excitement he had only half cocked the weapon, and his finger pulled in vain upon the trigger. Simultaneously Schonchin drew a revolver with one hand and a knife with the other, and before Meacham could rectify his error he received a bullet in his right shoulder. He turned and fled, Schonchin pursuing and emptying his revolver as he ran. Throwing the empty weapon away the Indian drew another, but just then Toby grasped his arm and begged him not to shoot, for which she was rewarded with a blow on the head from a gun in the hands of Slo-lux, who had just arrived. Shacknasty seized this weapon, and taking deliberate aim was about to fire, when the squaw struck the gun to one side. She was thrust away and the piece was again aimed at the fugitive, who received a bullet just as he leaped over a pile of rocks. Though badly wounded, Meacham was able to raise himself up and point his pistol over the top of the rocks. He was made the target of half a dozen rifles, but managed to discharge his pistol and bring Schonchin to the ground with a slight wound, before several bullets found their way into his body and stretched him upon the rocks.

When the war whoop sounded Toby crouched close to the ground and Riddle and Dyar started on the race for life they had planned, keeping their horses between them and the Indians. In this way they secured a good start in their flight toward camp. The chase was soon abandoned, and all the Indians started for the stronghold in the lava beds, laden with the plunder they had obtained from the bodies of the slain.



IN THE MODOC STRONGHOLD AFTER THE CAPTURE.

Preparations were made for an immediate attack upon the stronghold. For three days the troops steadily but slowly closed in, and finally captured the stronghold with a bold charge, only to find that the Indians had slipped through their lines the night before and fled to another position equally as strong as the first one. A few days later, after several battles, they were compelled by a scarcity of food and water to break up into small bands and attempt to escape. Vigorous pursuit resulted in the capture of them all. A court-martial was convened and Jack, John Schonchin, Boston Charley, Black Jim, Watch-in-tate and Slo-lux were condemned to death, while Hooker's Jim, Bogus Charley and Shacknasty Jim were given their lives because they had betrayed their companions. The findings of the court were approved, with the exception that Watch-in-tate and Slo-lux were sent to Alcatraz prison for life. The other four were executed at Fort Klamath on the 3d of October 1873, in the presence of 200 soldiers, 150 citizens and 300 Klamaths and Modocs.



## ACCORDING TO SAINT JOHN.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

### CHAPTER XX.

THE wedding day was fixed for the 1st of December, and during the six months that intervened Farrance was harassed by varying moods, which left him now in high spirits, now in chasms of gloom, now coldly philosophical or possessed of a tender remorse which caused him to lavish upon Jean the most affectionate words and caresses; he never gave her another kiss, however, like that first one, and she was not sorry. It had frightened as much as enraptured her, and she loved better the

when a bird sings for the first time it must feel as her own heart felt now. She longed to embrace the whole world; kissed often the brown face of Venus, and even touched with her lips the petals of the hyacinths and primroses in her window, wishing that these lovely days could last forever.

But Farrance, driven finally to a sort of desperation by his conflicting moods, shortened their engagement two months, and they were married on the 1st of October.

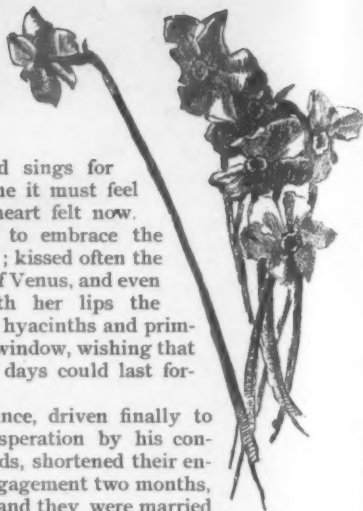
On his wedding night he had a dream which seemed to him of several hours' duration. He thought that as he lay there listening to Jean's soft breathing, and holding one of her slight hands against his breast, Lilian came and stood beside the bed, resting her hand upon theirs. He could not move or look at her, but he knew that she was there, and a cold moisture broke out upon him. Presently she spoke and said: "Do you know that it is snowing to-night?" He tried to answer, but could not move his lips any more, than he could his eyes. "It is three inches deep where I have to lie," she continued. "Come and stay with me for a little while until I am warm. The child is asleep. She will not miss you." And then, somehow, he was upon his feet following her, still without being able to utter a word. And when they came



JEAN.

quiet joy of leaning on his breast while he stroked her bright hair and told her of strange things that he had seen and read; while her ear was happily filled with the regular sound of his heart, against which it was pressed. It seemed to her that

to the graveyard, the grave was open and the coffin, for he could see its white satin lining glistening in the wan light; and suddenly she fell on her knees beside the narrow opening, wringing her hands and crying: "Oh, I had forgotten! I had for-



gotten! There is not room for two. Go back! Go back! I have brought you out into the storm for nothing!" Then he saw her creep into the grave, and lie down in the coffin; and the falling snow soon hid her from his sight, while he stood there as in chains, powerless to stir hand or foot, or to cry out. He awoke with a horrible start, and saw the walls of the little room glowing in the dim firelight, the outline of the curly head on the pillow beside him, the gleam of the wedding ring on the hand which he still held.

After a moment or two he got up very quietly and ascended the little stairway, which led from the next room into his atelier. The apartment had belonged to a photographer, and the roof and sides of this room were entirely enclosed in glass. Beyond stretched the chimneypots and roofs of many houses which were covered with snow. One looked down into a marble yard, where already some workmen were moving about in the gray light. Just outside, a bit of the roof, not enclosed in glass, held pots of dead flowers, and was surrounded by a rotten wooden railing covered with ivy. Grape-vines, trained upon poles, rattled in the keen wind of dawn. Unconscious of the bitter cold which pierced through the cloak he had thrown about him, Farrance stood for a long while staring out at the eastern thread of fierce orange which widened and lengthened slowly, as though a worm of fire were eating its way through the zinc sheet of the sky. As he watched the breaking of the first day of that new life which he had chosen for himself, some lines of Heine's which he had not thought of since boyhood came suddenly back to him:

"My sweetest love, when in the grave,  
The dark grave, thou shalt hide thee,  
Then surely I will come to thee,  
And nestle in beside thee.

"I kiss thee, clasp thee, crush thee wild,  
So still and silent lying:  
I call thee, trembling; I softly weep  
Till I myself seem dying.

"The midnight speaks, the dead arise,  
In mazes dancing lightly;  
We two alone are in our grave,  
Your chill arms fold me tightly.

"The dead arise; the Day of Doom  
Doth give them joy or sorrow;  
We two alone for nothing grieve,  
Nor crave a happier morrow."

"Some men would shoot themselves, I suppose," he said, marking out the rhythm of the lines upon the frozen panes by which he stood. A little stumbling noise made him turn, and he saw Jean standing in the doorway at the head of the stairs; her dressing gown, of a bright happy blue, covering her; on her cheeks that deep, babyish pink which comes to some women with sleep; her eyes smiling at him; her pretty shape trembling a little, partly with cold, partly with shyness.

"Are you ill? I was frightened," she said, stopping where she stood and trying to smooth out her rumped hair over the curve of her small head. Her feet in their red, rosetted slippers looked like two dahlia flowers fallen at the hem of her skirt.

"My child, you will kill yourself," he exclaimed, going toward her. "What on earth made you come up here?"

"I thought you were ill," she said, still timid and confused; and then, as she saw the burning veil of the sky beyond the shrivelled plants and vines outside: "Oh, how lovely! How lovely! It is like fairy land up here."

"But you must not stand here, Jean, in these draughts," said Farrance. She turned to him suddenly with a little air of coquetry which pierced his heart; her head thrown back, her slight arms outstretched.

"Then take me up," she suggested. "I'm not heavy, and I can pull your cloak over my feet."

He lifted her up and she leaned with one arm about his neck, laughing a little nervously, and feeling suddenly that she weighed a great deal.

"I am heavy?" she asked in a little while.

"No! It's like holding a doll."

"Ah! That is because you are so strong. What arms you have; they are like iron. And I never saw the top of your head before—not so well. You're a little gray! Did you know it? But it's lovely, the white in your black hair!" She stooped and touched it lightly with her lips.

"Now I must carry you down," said Farrance.

"What! Down the stairs—this way? But you might fall!"

"The idea! With an elf like you? Why, you're not heavier than a handful of thistle-fluff!"

"But down stairs! I feel as though I should drag you over. Now—now—oh! mind the step! Oh, be careful! Oh, you don't know how queer I feel! Just like a child on Christmas morning!"

"And I am Santa Claus carrying you off, I suppose, to put you in somebody's stocking?"

"Then it would have to be one of *Man Cici's*," cried Jean, with her pretty chuckling laugh.

"And now," said Farrance, descending the last step, "here we are, and I am going to tuck you up in this big chair while I light the fire. Then you can make our first cup of coffee while I boil the eggs."

"It's like a picnic!" said Jean, bounding up and down where Farrance had placed her until the springs of the old chair rang together. "And how cosey it is! and how dear! Like the sweetest doll's house! Oh, Adrian!" she exclaimed, breaking off suddenly and calling him by his name for the first time, "I am so happy! I am so happy!" She slipped from the chair and ran to him, kneeling down beside him as he stooped over the fire, and dragging his head against hers. "My dear, dear! You are so good to me! Do you know? A lovely thought has come to me. It is just as if someone had whispered in my ear. You will be glad! Oh! I do thank God for sending me such a happy, happy thought! It is like the most beautiful wedding present from heaven!"

"And what is it, dear child?"

"It is that she sees me and is glad with us—like an angel—she wishes us to be so happy."

She hid her face against his shoulder and clung to him while he knelt rigidly, the little bundle of fagots still in his hand. Presently he stooped and kissed her, and said in a low voice something that she did not catch. He went into the next room and stood quite still after he had closed the door, looking wildly about him for a moment or two; then drawing his hand over his face as though to smooth out its expression, which he felt must be ghastly, he went back to Jean.

She was busy with the new coffeepot, and glanced up at him delighted as he entered.

"Venus can do all this tomorrow," she said, "but I am so glad we are cooking

our first breakfast. I'm famished—are you? Oh, but you look tired, Adrian! You look pale! What's the matter?"

"Nothing, sweetheart! What on earth could be the matter?"

"But why do you look so pale?"

"Don't you know that some people turn pale for joy?"

"Oh!" shyly; "is that it? And you are perfectly happy?"

"Why, Jean, what questions!"

"No, but you haven't been thinking that perhaps—that if—that—" She had grown pale too, and stood gazing at him, her brows troubled.

"My dear little one!" exclaimed Farrance, catching her in his arms almost roughly. But she freed herself and held him from her, searching his face.

"And you are perfectly, perfectly happy? You would not change anything? You would not go back? You would not undo it? You would not have it different? You want me for your wife more than you want anything in the world—more than you want success in painting? You are happy? You are glad? Tell me! Tell me! Tell me in words! I have given you all, all! If I could only be near you I would never care to hear another strain of music for all eternity. You are my love—my life—my breath of life! Oh, see how I am speaking to you! That must show you how I adore you, how utterly I am yours!"

Farrance kissed her in a passion of remorse, which she took for the passion of love.

"I will make her happy—I will—I will!" he said in his heart. "I will fight this morbidness as though it were a devil and had a bodily presence. God help me!" He smiled a little bitterly when he realized this inadvertent prayer. "Anguish makes men pray," he thought, "just as it makes dogs howl." He took Jean in his arms again and went and sat down in the great chair, keeping her upon his knee.

So the morning ended happily for her in spite of smoked coffee and four very hard-boiled eggs.

## CHAPTER XXI.

It seemed to Farrance that to think with longing of the dead wife while you hold the living one in your arms is a pang



to make men wonder why physical suffering was added to the throes of Job.

During these first weeks of marriage the mere iteration of the words "Mrs. Farrance," as applied to Jean, twisted his heartstrings. He shrank from it as religious men shrink from a blasphemy against the name of God. He read and re-read the letter which he had found in Lilian's desk, although he knew it by heart; craving the sight of the written words as one craves to hear the voice of the beloved utter the well-worn sentences which have become part of life itself. To see traced by her own hand that cry: "And oh! if it could be little Jean!" brought him a certain consolation which no thought of his own could offer. "I did what she wished, I did what she wished," he said to himself a thousand times; but memory seemed like the octagon room of Poe, closing upon him daily, inch by inch. The past became the real, the present the unreal. Jean seemed to him vague, elusive; his marriage to her an undefined bond which led him to treat her as a daughter, a friend, a sister, rather than a wife. She was the magnifying glass through which Lilian's features, both of face and character, became more and more distinct. Every movement of the poor child called up the contrasting movement which would have been Lilian's; every look of her eyes made him remember the different expression which Lilian's would have worn at such a time; every touch of her hand, every turn of her bright throat, every tone of voice and laughter, filled him with a terrible anguish of longing, which would have been unendurable had it lasted without cessation. To place his lips against hers was like trying to slake great thirst upon some sweet, dry fruit, remembering the luscious growth of other lands.

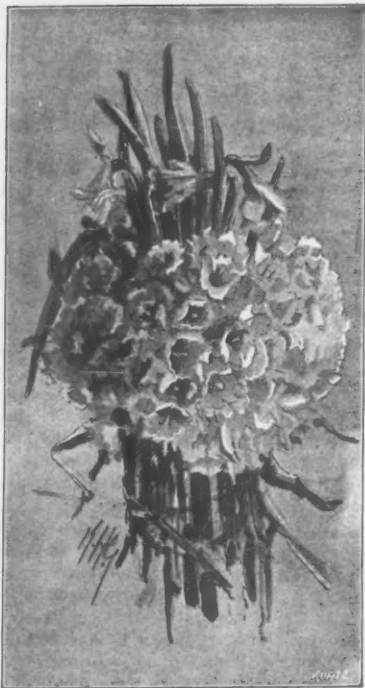
She loved him with passion, but with passion of an intense spiritual order, which he could not comprehend. It differed from what he had felt for his dead wife as sunlight differs from heated metal. To him she appeared of a sweet, clear, chilly temperament, in which depth took the place of vehemence and sentiment of passion.

He was thus placed in the position of owing loyalty as a duty to one woman, while longing to bestow it as a free gift

upon another; and as a result remained true to neither. His thoughts of Lilian were disturbed by the presence of Jean; his caresses of Jean chilled by the memory of Lilian. He told himself wretchedly that a man twice married is like a man who follows two arts. In the depth of his own heart he knows that one is dearer, while he bids himself believe that he loves both equally, though in a different manner.

Jean, all this while, was entirely happy, with that buoyancy of a young bride who, overwhelmed by the realization of her own dreams, does not pause to examine profoundly her husband's state of mind. Farrance's present mood also made him even quieter and less talkative than usual, and Jean, for whom the novelty of the situation was sufficiently exhilarating, did not notice that absence of ardor in his caresses which might have made an older woman suspicious. To be near him, to belong to him, to hear herself called by his name, were facts of which she was never tired, and which shut out all sense of anything lacking.

After two weeks of honeymooning, however, she went again to her musical studies, and Farrance to his cours. As she played the ceaseless scales and arpeggios and exercises for fingering, there came back to her memories of those happy weeks, of those fourteen exquisite days, which had each possessed its individual flavor of joy, as the honey of different flowers holds a varying charm for the bees that rifle them. She loved to recall the first night that he took her to the play. It was Belle Maman, and the adventures of the young wife made her feel as though the play had been written expressly for her. Then, later, when one of Farrance's artist friends had come into the box, and he had spoken to her as "Madame," and she had started when Farrance touched her shoulder and explained to her that she was the "Madame" addressed. How droll it had been! How gay! How they had laughed! And then for him to brush and plait her hair, instead of Venus; and to fasten her gowns for her; and to see his ties and sleeve links lying about among the trifles on her little dressing table. How strange, how strange it all was and how sweet! Her memory of Lilian became gradually as incomplete



JONQUILLA.

and shadowy as the impression left by an engraving on the sheet of tissue paper which covers it. Farrance had told her of his wife's desire for their marriage, and she had learned to accept this simply; to think with unconscious conventionality of Lilian as an angel, with a long white robe, white feather wings, bare feet, a little gold harp, and perhaps even a crown. For her the change from maidenhood to wifehood was so supreme, so entirely accomplished, that it absorbed other things and made them partake of its change with a certain fire-like quality. It seemed to her that her marriage must be in some subtle way different from other marriages, as her face was different from other faces—as, indeed, all faces, all leaves, all existences, no matter how much alike, differ totally in some radical point. There had not been for her that sadness of the new-married maiden spoken of by the old poet. She had drifted on from river to bay, from bay to

ocean, from ocean to mid-ocean as calmly as a child who has fallen asleep in a boat. It was the very lack of love which made her husband's manner to her so calm, so undisturbing, so free from the friction which sometimes drives girls to think with longing of the old child life, and makes of the first year of marriage a torture chamber for man and wife.

Their apartment on the Rue Delambre was complete, although very small, none of its rooms measuring more than twelve by thirteen feet. Of these there were three: a bedchamber, a dining room and a kind of antechamber from which the stairway led to Farrance's atelier, and in which Venus slept on a pallet, with Tony beside her.

It was all bright and gay with cheap chintz, picturesque bits of old furniture, and here and there a copper jug, a Moorish lantern, a Persian gown. The pleasantest place in the house, however, was the studio, with its glare of light, scattered oil-tubes, painted cotton backgrounds, smell of turpentine, hot stove, fur and varnish.

It was always the order of the day with Tony to climb the little stairway and wander about among this sticky and greasy confusion, which he found delightful, a source of infinite amusement to the models and unnoticed by his absorbed father. He would be rescued perhaps an hour after his ascent, his frock a stiff armor of siccatis de Coutray, his face one radiant smear of Prussian blue, and his brown, strong fingers gummed together with silver white, vermillion, ultramarine, yellow and charcoal fixatif. He had grown into a handsome gypsy, and his mingling of French and English slang, pronounced after a peculiar method of his own, was undoubtedly unique. He adored Jean and had a romantic feeling for his father, which consisted partly of a serious admiration, partly of terror, and partly of that strange, reserved pride which children often have in their parents and relations. The models called him "Tony-Fleury," and he would sit contentedly for a long while on a high stool before an easel, pretending to draw with a bit of charcoal on a scrap of paper, and using stale bread recklessly, as he saw his father do. In the evening, just after she had returned from her music, Jean would romp with him in and out of the three tiny

rooms, dancing about with her head on one side and her violin under her chin, while Venus clapped and Tony pounded about to the jigs and breakdowns, convinced that he was executing a marvellous performance.

CHAPTER XXII.

As there is one topmost leaf on every tree, there is one day or year or period in every human life which marks the culminating point of that existence. With Jean this period was included in the first two months of her marriage. She had never been really happy before, but she cast herself into the gay sea of the present with all the confidence of a hen-hatched duckling that swims by instinct. None of the forebodings which so often visit people in the possession of unusual joy disturbed her. That she should have love and prosperity seemed to her a wise, natural and unextraordinary fact, which claimed her gratitude and best energies, but certainly not that doubtful awe with which it is generally received. As long as Farrance loved her no misfortune could touch her deeply, and she would have been quite as gay and joyous with their three rooms turned into one, with no Venus to help her with cooking and housework and the tending of Tony, with one gown to wear on weekdays and Sundays, with a bit of cold meat twice a week and soup three times a day. She loved him with that fervor which sometimes craves self-sacrifice as a vent, for it was impossible that she could manifest in looks, words, caresses, the great wave of adoration which went beating back and forth through her veins all day.

One afternoon, when Farrance asked her to come up to his atelier for a moment, and then closed the door and stood before it, very pale, gazing at her, she knew with a great heart-surge that she hoped it was something, some disaster by which she could prove to him that he included in himself all that there was for her of joy or sorrow.

"What is it?" she asked, coming up to him; and as he did not answer, she slid both arms about his neck, and pressing close to him said: "If you love me, there's nothing I mind—nothing, nothing, nothing!"

"You dear child!" exclaimed Farrance, kissing her almost eagerly. Then he put his arms about her and led her to the model stand, where they sat down together.

"You see, it's about money—your money—" he began, when Jean interrupted.

"Oh! money!" she exclaimed; "money! Mine? Why, I don't care a rap—pas ça!" and she drew her little thumb-nail with a sharp click from behind her pretty front teeth, as she had seen Maman Cici do.

"You've never known what it is to be without it," said Farrance, who could not help smiling.

"No; that's true," she assented, pausing to look at him meditatively with her thumb still in the air. "That's very true," she said again, sitting down by him. "Well, what must we do? Must we give up the apartment?"

"Ah, you see, we can't," answered Farrance. "The papers were all signed three months ago."

"We might sublet it," she suggested after a second or two. "But tell me—what do you think about it? Is it all gone? Oh, well, if it has, what difference? I can give music lessons. My master said yesterday I could give lessons if I wanted to. Do you know, really I should love it—to work all day just as you do, and feel that I was being a real help."

"Never!" said Farrance. "You shall never give lessons!"

"But why?"

"Oh, it's a dog's life! There, child—don't say anything like that again. It grates on my nerves—"

"We might as well talk it over, though," persisted Jean slowly. "I've a sort of feeling—a sort of presentiment that it's got to come, and I don't see why you mind so, Adrian. I think it's what God meant—that men and women should help each other. I don't mind the money's going, but I do mind if you won't let me help you!"

"Perhaps we can talk that over later," answered Farrance. "Now listen while I tell you all about it;" and he then explained as well as possible all the intricacies of the case, but the one fact that remained clear to her out of the technical jargon was that her \$10,000 now be-

longed to someone else, who had more or less right to it, although why, she could not comprehend.

"It was no one's fault," Farrance assured her. "As far as anyone could see at the time it was as well and securely placed as possible; but those things happen occasionally, and poor little Gill gets nipped along with Jack."

"I wish you could look into my heart and see how utterly I don't care about it," said Jean. Again he kissed her. "It's because I love you so," she whispered, while his lips were on hers.

That night, about one o'clock, he spoke to her, but in a whisper, so that he might not wake her should she chance to be asleep. She answered at once: "Yes, let's talk a little. I've been awake for so long."

"Poor little soul! And you wouldn't speak on my account, I suppose?"

"You were so worried. You see, I only mind it for you."

"But, child, with your quickness you must see that the loss of \$10,000 means a great difference in our way of living, our habits, everything."

"Yes, I know—it's foolish. Take me on your arm and I'll tell you just how I feel. It all seems as little to me in comparison to your love as that speck of light shining on the handle of the bureau there does in comparison to the bureau. I have tried to care more on Tony's account, but when I realize that I love you and that you are here with me I cannot mind it. Perhaps it will come later when we get very uncomfortable—"

Farrance broke into a laugh.

"Don't laugh," objected Jean. "It's horrid to be laughed at when you don't mean to be funny, and I know very well that I'm idiotic about it—only I've seen so many poor people, and the poorer they got the happier they seemed to be, somehow. Look at the Bensons; look at Ellen Ferguson. They were the poorest people in the pension, and lots the happiest. Besides, you know I believe that 'everything works together for good to those that love God'—that love God, mind you. I don't say I believe that about everyone—"

"And about me?" suggested her husband.

"Oh, you! You love Him without

knowing it. I think there are more who are Christians without knowing it than who go by the name."

"And what good do you think He will do by taking away your \$10,000?"

"It has done me good already," answered Jean. "It has shown me that I love you even more than I thought I did, and that I am not afraid of poverty. But tell me, what were you going to say to me when you spoke?"

"Why, I had an idea for a picture, all of a sudden, and I thought if you would pose for me in the morning from eight to twelve that it might come to something."

"Ah! Good! Splendid! But who are you going to paint me as? I haven't any dress." Then suddenly remembering: "Oh, yes, I have! the Parthenia dress—but I—I forgot—" she stopped, confused, her heart beating wildly over her mistake.

It is these bits of jetsam and flotsam from the past which, washed in upon the shore of the present, sadden for us its blue waters and clear sand, and make us think of the bones whitening under the sea and of the fair ships that have gone down.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

The picture of Jean which Farrance wished to paint was quite simple. She stood in a gown of white serge on one side of a fireplace, the glow of which was reflected upon the heavy material from behind a Louis xv. screen of white and blue—a different white and a blue dull, faded, in harmony with the rich shadows and the russet of the girl's hair. She supported her violin beneath her chin, and the hand which held the bow was half lifted, as if uncertain of the music it was to bring forth. Her expression was one of expectancy, of hope, almost of radiance. The whole canvas was painted with the clear, candid color of an impressionist of the school of Manet, but in a lower key, as though one looked through a pearl-gray atmosphere which subdued without muddying the brilliant tints.

Unfortunately, just as he was beginning to feel somewhat encouraged with its progress, Farrance was seized with a fever then going the rounds of Paris. It was the beginning of March, and his nervous calculations in regard to the time he would



JEAN WAS ROUSED LATER BY THE SHARP SOUND OF TEARING PAPER.

have between then and the 1st of May served to increase the fever day by day. Jean was in despair. To add to this complication, and as if to verify the saying that "troubles never come single," his savings of the past six years were reduced to half by a sudden fall of stocks. They were obliged to have fire only in the sick man's room, and for a week Jean, Venus and Tony lived on potato soup. Unable to get scholars on such short notice, Jean had borrowed 100 francs from the Bensons to meet the immediate requirements of medicine and doctor's fees. The bills had already been sent in twice, and a feeling of desperation had driven her out of doors with Venus one midday during the second week of March, having left Tony in the care of Mrs. Benson, whom he patronized with the grave assurance of childhood.

They walked along quickly through the clear windy air, the negro girl keeping close to her mistress's side and carrying the violin case under one arm so that she might still thrust both hands into her beloved muff. From time to time Jean spoke to her in broken sentences: "I must—I must, Vee—I must get it! Where there's a will there's a way, you know."

"Lor! Yease'm—sutny—I knows you gwine have luck, Miss Jean. Dee fire spit at me dis mawnin' an' I spit back at it good. Hit's a shore sign luck's comin'."

"I tell you what, Vee, let's pray hard for two blocks. Someone might ask me to play at a concert."

"Oh, dat sutny is a spry idea, Miss Jean. Igwine pray hard."

After walking for three blocks in silence Jean exclaimed in a dry voice: "Nothing! Nothing! Oh, dear God, please help me!"

It was an "occasion" day at the Bon Marché. As they passed along the narrow sidewalk the crowd hustled them off upon the cobble stones. There were thousands of women, shabby and bedizened, each with one or more paper parcels in her arms. Even the children carried interesting-looking little packages

done up in brown paper.

Venus broke the silence suddenly by saying in a cheerful voice: "I don' care. I thanks dee Lawd I ain' ben bawn a hawse."

"But why?" asked Jean over her shoulder.

"Caze I mought-a-ben a cab hawse," replied the negress seriously.

Jean laughed aloud in spite of her trouble and anxiety.

"Oh, what a comfort you are, Vee. What should I do without you!" she cried.

In a little while they came to the Pont de la Concorde. They crossed it and the Place de la Concorde, and Jean stood for awhile under the shelter of the obelisk looking back at the wonderful scene. It was bitter cold. The sky dropped in a great curtain of old pink, cooling to gray, through the centre of which quivered the sun disc, like a plaque of rose-gold fire. The buildings on the other side of the Seine were vague, ethereal, outlined in washes of violetish ash color against the dully glowing air beyond. The tritons and nymphs in the two bronze fountains were swathed in fold upon fold of green-white ice, from the gleaming wrinkles of which streamed delicate spray feathers. Above all soared the mist-blurred Eiffel tower, like the architecture of a dream. Near Jean, one woman was wheeling a wagon of pomegranates and another held a tray



of violets and hyacinths suspended by straps from her shoulders. It suddenly occurred to Jean that she did not know where she was going. She turned abruptly and recrossed the Place, bending to meet the strong volume of wind which poured against her. An idea had come to her. "I can pawn Aunt Hetty's ring," she told herself, "and then as soon as Adrian is well he can dash off some pot-boilers, and I can get it back again." This was Jean's idea of the facilities offered by the art of painting. Just as the thought crossed her mind, however, she was attracted by some shadows reflected on the curtain of a window near which they were passing. It was within a short distance of her own home, and the sign above showed a sadly painted stag with enormous gilt horns protruding from its strange forehead. "*Au bon Cerf Doré*," was written underneath.

Someone was whistling a popular air, while the others danced about, laughing furiously. There were both men's and women's voices. Venus, who was taller than Jean, stood on tiptoe and peeped through a torn place in the cretonne curtain.

"What is it? What are they doing?" asked her mistress.

"Dey jess projickin'," replied Venus.

"Do they look decent? Respectable?" pursued Jean, to whom another idea had presented itself.

"Yease'm, dey look right pleaseline!"

"And do they keep on dancing?"

"Yease'm—dey sutny is bent on cuttin' shines!"

"Then come on, Vee, and be very quiet, and don't even smile. I'm going to play for them to dance, if they'll let me."

The girl who answered the bell of the concierge was tall, red-faced, voluminous of bust and hair. Her stays seemed as though they would give way beneath her sturdy pantings. She had evidently been one of the dancers.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" she asked, fixing upon Jean her round blue eyes, which, although good-natured, pierced through the rough texture of her flesh like the points of embroidery punchers.

Jean answered calmly: "You seem to have no music. I have my violin with me. I play many waltzes, polkas, mazurkas—I need some money."

"Oh! money!" cried the girl. Then she called back over her shoulder: "I say—you Jacques! Come here! Here's someone with a fiddle who wants to play waltzes for money! Shall we have her? Hein? As it's my fête, perhaps?"

"What's that you say?" demanded Jacques in the bubbling voice of a good-natured toper. He was strong and young, with a sunburnt face, a flat nose, a flat forehead, a flat mouth, and eyes which one saw in a brown oblong between thick lids, as one sees a horse-chestnut between the side of its half-open burr. It was not a bad face, but animal, and rather dull. He exclaimed on seeing Jean: "Hi! There's a black one two, behind there."

"So there is! Perhaps they can really give us some fun! What do you say?"

"I say bring them along by all means!"

The others were now crowding about the door. "Yes! Yes! Bring them along!" cried everyone.

Jean found herself in a small, stuffy room, overpoweringly heated by a stove of cast iron, and ornamented by enlarged photographs touched up with crayon. All the furniture, which seemed dingy and for the most part broken, had been pushed to one side. In the middle of the room, covered with an oilcloth, stood a large bowl of hot stuff, which sent up a steam, drenching the room with the smell of rum. There were four girls and three men, and a large woman of about forty, who sucked her grog through a straw, and occupied the only armchair in the room. Her face, larger and redder than the girl's whose fête was being celebrated, had still the same contours, and her bluer eyes were also like points of metal. She regarded Jean solemnly for several minutes, still pulling away at her straw, and then, pushing it from between her lips with her tongue, wiped her large mouth on the back of one hand, which she drew in turn across her apron, and then demanded loudly: "So you can play? Well—play then!"

"But what?" asked Jean.

"Why, Christi! Some jolly tune, to be sure! Does the black girl play nothing? Not even a triangle? Well!"

Venus had taken the violin from its case and was unwinding the silk handkerchief.

"Whoo! How black she is!" exclaimed one of the young fellows, coming nearer. "She's so black she's blue!"

The others laughed at this sally.

"No sense ijits!" observed Venus, glowering at them. She placed herself beside Jean in the attitude of defiance as the other began to play.

After half an hour one of the girls exclaimed:

"Say, won't you have something to drink? What fun it would be to get Blackie tipsy! Hein?"

"Good! good!" shouted the others. "Here, Blackie, here's a glass for you!"

"I don' wan' none uh yo' pizen," replied Venus, shoving away the offered glass with her elbow.

"Have a bock, then?" suggested one of the men. "Would you like a bock, M'amselle?"

"Lemme lone!" retorted the girl, who understood enough to grasp the gist of this remark. "I'll bock you ef you go on wid yo' impurence."

"Sh! sh!" said Jean warningly. The room was so hot that her forehead was damp with perspiration. It seemed to her that there were at least twenty people about her. She longed to have it over, but the others seemed bent on dancing. The more she played the more excited they seemed to grow—the fire ever increasing as the grog in the big bowl diminished. She had been playing for almost two hours, when the girl who had opened the door came toward her with five francs held out, exclaiming:

"There! You're finely paid—hein?" And here's five sous for Blanchette!" Everyone roared at this, while one of the men came forward and, pinching the arm of Venus, shouted:

"I say! What if I claim a kiss from the snowflake! It ought to be a splendid one! Her mouth is like a pincushion!"

"I prefer the little fiddler," cried out another. "Look here, Suzette—you wouldn't kiss me just now! Here's a prettier mouth, parbleu!"

He flung his arm suddenly about Jean, and bent toward her, when crash went the violin upon his head, and Venus stood glaring about her with the broken instrument in her hand, her thick lips puffing in and out with fury, her small teeth set, her eyes red. The man who had been hit started back with a growl and the others closed in a ring about him. From a cut

under his hair the blood was beginning to trickle.

Jean saw all this with a flash, and her own cry was still sounding in her ears, when she found herself out in the twilight with Venus, hurrying along, the broken violin in her arms and the five-franc piece still in her hands.

"Run—run," Venus was urging. "Dey'll be arter us! Oh, cyarn' you run some, honey?"

So they went running until they came to the gardens of the Luxembourg.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

Once in the gardens, Jean sat down on a bench and, laying the broken violin across her knees, pressed both hands against her face, while Venus, sobbing with rage and excitement, knelt beside her, pouring out to the best of her ability comfort, advice, affection, sympathy. After a while Jean put out one of her hands, which Venus seized, covered with ravenous kisses and carried to her breast.

"We kin git hit mended," she kept on repeating, but Jean shook her head. The violin was completely ruined, and she would have felt ashamed to confess the frenzy of grief which this roused in her. She could not have believed that one could love an inanimate thing so passionately. "I suppose," she thought, "it is the same feeling that men have for their country and their homes, or women for the bed where someone they cared for has died, or their dead children's shoes." Tears began to roll through her fingers and drip upon the shattered violin. She felt utterly desolate and hopeless. Paris had never seemed to her at once so crowded and so lonely. It was with a start that she saw someone approaching her as if to speak. "Venus!" she exclaimed, rousing the girl, who had finally hidden her face against her knee. But the man coming toward them had nothing in face or manner suggestive of impertinence. He spoke at once.

"I am a painter," he said. "You look in trouble. Would you care to pose for me? I can pay you well. You can bring the black girl with you."

"Pose for you?" said Jean, and then pausing, blushed slightly.

"Just as you sit now, with that broken

violin on your knees. I wanted just such a subject for an open-air study," continued the stranger quietly. "You can pose in my atelier until it is warmer, as I like to make some careful drawings and compositions before really setting to work." He paused, and then, looking at her with a kind frown of conjecture, said: "You're a Southerner, ain't you?"

"Yes. A Virginian," answered Jean; "and you?"

She gazed up at him anxiously, her lips apart, and suddenly he smiled.

"Then we must be some sort of cousins, at least," he told her. "I am from Richmond myself. I have only been here a year. My name is Nelson. I dare say yours is Page, or Cabell, or Carter—"

"It is! it is!" cried the girl, delighted.

"What! All three?"

"No—the last." She gave a great sigh of relief and let her slight body sink back, relaxed, against the hard back of the bench. "Thank Heaven!" she said. "It is all right! I can pose for you. I will, I do need the money—

what time would you like me to come?"

"Oh, any time after twelve. I am at Colarossi's in the morning. Shall we say one?"

"One, then," repeated Jean, getting suddenly to her feet. "I can't thank you—I haven't any words."

"It's I who should thank you," returned Nelson, courteous if banal. He lifted his hat as she turned to go and then suddenly walked after her. "I rather think you'd better take my address," he suggested in his dry voice, which was somehow so very kind, holding out to her his card. Flushing and laughing she took it from him.

"You made me too happy—I forgot everything."

"Well, don't forget your appointment at one tomorrow. Good night!"



"MOI PEUR," SAID TONY.

"Good night! Good night!" said the girl, her voice shaking a little. As he stood watching them it seemed to him that at last they began to run onward into the closing shadows.

It was frightfully cold; bonfires had been lighted here and there on the sidewalks, and around them swarmed the wretches of the streets, holding out their shrivelled fingers to the saffron glare of light and heat.

"How wretched that child must have been," thought Nelson. "She was sitting there as quietly as though it had been an afternoon in May. But what an impression—if I can only keep it fresh." So he walked on, going over his little adventure in imagination, pondering the size of the canvas which he would use, wondering whether the middle of March

would be too soon to begin painting out of doors.

Jean, for her part, was radiant with joy and the victory of faith.

"Ah!" she stammered happily, as she and Venus ran on together; "I tell you, there's nothing like praying, Vee, nothing. God always answers in one way or another. You must always remember that, Vee. You hear? Now, let me see—I don't really want the money for a month, and I'll have a lot in that time. Say he gives me five francs an afternoon—that's what real models get—that'll be 138—no—148 francs. That'll pay the chemists and another month will pay the Bensons, and another—oh, Vee! I'm so happy!" She decided, however, not to tell Farrance until it was all over. It might annoy him and he might raise objections which she could not contest; besides, it would be silly and wrong to disturb him at such a time. The least worry increased his fever, and to him the entire confidence roused in her by the fact of Nelson's being a Virginian might seem inadequate. "He would tease and make jokes about F. F. V.'s," she reflected; "and he would never let me go—but with Venus, of course, it's all right."

So every afternoon, instead of going to her music lesson she posed for Nelson. Her master, on hearing of the accident, had at once lent her another violin, so that there was no possibility of any complication arising on that score. She played for Tony to dance every evening, as she had always done, and Farrance, as a convalescent, lay on the sofa in the small dining room and laughed at the boy's pretty antics.

By the middle of February he was hard at work again, and in April the picture was finished.

"I'll have a try at the Champ-de-Mars," he told Jean. "Parker and Ravillard tell me it's going to be something stunning. Dark-red cloth on the wall and spaces between each picture. Besides, a lot of the tiptop men seem to be going there: Dagan, Gervex, Courtois, Sargent, Puvis-de-Chavannes and Carolus. Varnishing day will be something to see there, Jean. You must get a new frock. Here's 100 I got for that study of a marsh. Make yourself as smart as the smartest. You're to bring me luck, you know.

Something young and fair with a ribbon at the waist. Say blue and white—but I leave it to you—only let your hat be large and don't brush your hair too smooth."

On the morning of the varnishing day Jean appeared, round, white, slender as a willow twig stripped of its bark. Her gown of thin white crêpon had a deep, loose collar of turquoise blue. Her soft white hat held a wreath of crushed roses. Over her shoulder she twirled a sunshade of white silk, from the rough wooden handle of which broke a little knot of pear blossoms.

"Maman Cici gave it to me," she explained. "She is so wretched, poor old woman. I know you don't like her, Adrian, but she has the best heart, and it is a darling parasol, isn't it now, dear?" She was delighted with the admiration in her husband's eyes, delighted with her pretty sunshade, delighted to feel herself charmingly dressed, and to know that wherever she might appear everyone would be sure to exclaim: "Ah! you might know she came from Paris by her gown and hat!"

#### CHAPTER XXV.

They paused near the doorway of the first salon, enchanted with the view into the great, airy room beyond, through which floated a light, blond and delicate, and upon whose sober walls the paintings glowed like varied blossoms, some vivid, rich, bizarre as orchids, some frailly lovely as pale wild flowers, some richly splendid as hyacinth clusters or the gold patens of heartsease.

Carolus had three of his best portraits; there were some ravishing Dagnans; Courtois and Gervex were certainly at their best.

They walked slowly, admiring, disagreeing, criticising, wondering. The rooms were not in the least crowded. All was fresh, cool, delicious. The women were like bouquets, in their new spring gowns and bonnets. A novel gown of pale gray attracted them—its capuchin hood was full of Parma violets. The woman who wore it, tall and of a distinguished thinness, had reddish hair and long brown eyes, which suggested to Farrance new methods of "brushing." She was standing against a study of yellow chrysanthemums, her

profile cutting sharply the bright mass. All the time, impressions of this sort were forming and dissolving before them.

"Well," said Farrance at last, "my picture isn't in this room; are you tired, Jean, or shall we try the next?"

Jean was not at all tired; in fact, she was prettier than ever, with her color a little higher, and one of her ears a soft pink under the loose threads of her hair.

"It looks as though one of your rose leaves had got caught in your curls," said Farrance, teasing her; and she pinched the other to make them both alike.

As they entered the next room a large painting by one of the "big men" absorbed them for ten to fifteen minutes, and then, as they turned about, an exclamation broke from them both at the same time. Opposite them, and on the line, hung a painting about four by six feet. An out-door effect, full of charm and atmosphere, and of that lovely austerity of early spring when the leaves, just opened, flutter like transparent butterflies upon the network of twigs, without concealing them. On a bench a girl was sitting; her hand had fallen at her side, a broken violin across her knees. In her eyes there was a look of despair and sorrow; the piteous lips were parted. It might have been a dead baby that she was holding upon her lap.

"Jean!" said Farrance.

She turned to him half frightened.

"That is you! You posed for that picture!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I know," she answered hurriedly; "come away where it is quieter and I'll tell you all about it."

When she had explained things at some length, he said: "You always had more pluck than any child I ever imagined, but you were quite right not to tell me—I should never have let you do it."

"But you are not angry, Adrian?"

"No, child; no, of course not—why should I be? You did it for me—I'm not quite such a flat."

"But you look so worried, Adrian."

"Yes; that's because my study of you hasn't turned up yet. It'll probably be as hard to discover with the naked eye as a skylark."

His laugh hurt her, and the day seemed suddenly dreary and stupid. The people pushed against her. The pictures were

uninteresting. They passed into one of the smaller rooms, then into another. On the right wall of the third, and in an execrable light, hung Farrance's picture undeniably "skyed." One of his friends happened to be looking at it as they came up. "I say," he exclaimed brusquely, "it's an awful shame, old boy—there's a lot of good stuff in this. We've held quite an indignation meeting this morning, and I heard X—himself say he didn't see how it had got so badly hung."

"Oh, this is an off year with me," returned Farrance, rather coldly. "Nelson, a Virginia friend of my wife, has done a much better likeness of her in his 'Broken Violin.' There were a lot of people around it as we came through the room."

"Yes, I know. The swells have made quite a fuss over it. Ravillard says he thinks Nelson will make his reputation in a stroke. A Virginian, did you say? I'll go and tell Wilmer, he's a Lynch-burger, you know, and he'll probably burst with pride."

Farrance and Jean remained where he had left them. Her throat ached sharply with the effort to repress her tears.

"I—feel—as—though—I had done it," she said at last in a whisper.

"My dear girl, that is morbid. You didn't make Nelson paint better than I, you know."

"He does not paint better than you," returned Jean, trembling. "No one can think it—it's all favoritism. They must see that yours is better."

"But it isn't, dear."

"Don't say so, Adrian, don't—oh, I am so wretched! I feel as though my heart were breaking! It is my fault! It is! It is! I have done you a dreadful wrong, and it was all for your sake I did it—and now it has turned out so horribly!"

"Jean, darling," said her husband, in his gentlest voice, "you've always been the most sensible as well as the pluckiest girl I ever knew, and what you are saying is the most arrant nonsense. Forgive me, dearie, if I hurt you, but I really can't have you talking such utter rubbish, and making yourself miserable over nothing—because it is nothing. What is one Salon more or less? You and I know very well that I mean to succeed, if not this year, then next; if not then, why,



the year after ; but as for your having done me any wrong, it's really too absurd."

The kinder were his voice and manner the more miserable Jean became. She tried to seem consoled by these strong and affectionate words, and arranged her pretty lips in a smile that was anything but gay. Farrance, after awhile, grew too absorbed in his own disappointment to notice her expression, and they strolled back and forth in a kind of absent-minded silence, surrounded by a happy clatter of voices, looking with unseeing eyes at the pictures.

"I am tired," said Jean suddenly, unable to bear it any longer. "I think, if you'll put me in an omnibus, Adrian, I'll go home."

"Why, yes, dear," he answered with a readiness that was somehow like a rough hand on her heart. "You won't mind if I lunch here with Ravillard? He has something to talk over with me."

Jean found Tony making book houses in the dining room with Venus in open-mouthed sleep on the floor, her head supported on a copy of Doré's Bible. The room was full of that dreary midday light which seems the concentration of everything prosaic and material in town life. The tapping of the chisels sounded irritatingly from the marble yard below, and in the street two hand organs were making odious discord, one rattling out a staccato air from *Orphée aux Enfers*, and the other wheezing solemnly "The Watch on the Rhine."

"Moi playin' sogers," observed Tony in his original mixture of French and English. "Moi go to make bonfies—sogers have so colt."

"Yes, darling," said Jean from the table ; "splendid !"

She had taken off her pretty new hat and was sitting with her head in both hands, gazing at the red-and-white table cloth.

"Mus hev kin'lin," said Tony, presently. "Du papier, Jeanie, tu plait?"

"Oh, look for it yourself, dear," replied Jean vaguely. "Look in the basket !"

"Pas là—pas là—doo tout, Jeanie !" he called aggrievedly in another minute.

"Well, you mustn't bother Jeanie now, pet. Look for some ! Look everywhere ! That's the way the real soldiers do."

This had a decided effect on Tony, who was busy trotting about for some time. Then he settled down serenely to his play again, and Jean was only roused ten minutes later by a sharp sound of tearing paper.

"Oh, naughty Tony !" she exclaimed, starting up. "You mustn't tear books. C'est très méchant, ça."

"Pas méchant," retorted Tony, swelling with the injustice of this remark. "Pas a truly book. Moi trouvé soo l'tapis."

Jean took the book and the sheets which he had torn out from his unwilling hands ; but he was too dignified to cry, and merely turned his back squarely upon her, swelling ever more and more, until he looked absurdly like the frog in the fable.

Jean found that she did not recognize the book. It was bound in black morocco, and had a nickel-plated lock in which was a little key. Then she looked down at the crumpled pages in her hand, and saw that they were in Farrance's handwriting.

"It must be some sort of a diary. But why does he lock it?" she thought, puzzled. "He lets me open all his letters. I hope it isn't very important. Let me see what Tony has torn out." So she smoothed the pages and began to glance over them to see if they ran in order or if the child had got them mixed.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

The first sentence that caught her eye ran as follows : "—this hideous feeling of disloyalty to dead and living. My whole life is one long hypocrisy—"

She remembered afterward that the words seemed written in red ink—a streak as of blood across the gray page. All at once she stood to her full height, stretching out her hand as if for help. Her throat was very dry. Then she said aloud—speaking very slowly : "He—mustn't—know."

She took the torn pages in her hand and went over to Tony, kneeling down beside him and putting her arm about his angry shoulders.

"Jeanie is so sorry, Tony dear. You can have the paper. It isn't a truly book. Suppose you tear it up. It'll kindle better. And then you might shut the book

again and make a door with it. It's got a truly lock."

She pressed the book together and the spring snapped into place, then dropped the key behind the cupboard and watched the child, who, entirely good-humored again, began to tear the pages she had given him into small bits.

Suddenly she caught him to her, and hiding her face against the sturdy curve of his little body, sobbed violently for a few seconds, but without shedding tears.

"Moi peur," said Tony, startled, pushing at her with both fists; and she looked up and smiled and answered:

"But why, darling? Jeanie isn't vexed."

Reassured, he returned to his delightful task of tearing. With each short, crisp sound Jean felt as though a bit of her heart were being added to the pile of ragged scraps on the carpet, but she sat there until the last sheet had been destroyed.

"He'll see the scraps and think Tony did it, and then lost the key, got frightened and shut the book," she thought. She saw that she had forgotten to take off her gloves, and began to unbutton them and pull them carefully from her hands by each finger-tip. "I'm glad Venus is asleep," she said to herself while she was doing this.

It occurred to her, after her gloves were carefully folded and placed beside her hat on the table, that she would like to pray; so she went into the tiny bedroom and shut and locked the door. She did not kneel beside the bed but took Tony's little green wooden chair and went over to the window, where a pattern of spring sky appeared between the chimney-pots. Gazing up into this calm blue, she tried to say "Our Father," but found herself repeating: "My whole life is one long hypocrisy."

Her memory seemed suddenly paralyzed and she could not recall with her utmost effort what came after "Hallowed be Thy name."

"I don't know what to do! I don't know what to do!" she said aloud. "I can't pray!" But she knelt on for perhaps half an hour, feeling a sort of consolation as of obedience in the mere fact of her physical position.

"I don't feel rebellious or hard," she

murmured after a while. "That is something!"

Then again: "It's very dreadful! I don't want to go to heaven! I want to stop being myself and go to sleep forever!"

After another pause she heard her voice saying as though from a distance: "Nothing can make it right! It was never anything! He has pretended!"

For a second time she sprang to her feet, as though under a sudden blow or knife thrust, and stood staring wildly about her at each nook and corner of the little room.

"He has pretended it all! He has pretended—pretended," she repeated, her teeth chattering. "He has pretended to kiss me—to love me—he has pretended to be my husband! It has all been a sham—a sham! It has all been one long hypocrisy!"

Next, another cry, still more terrible, broke from her: "Lilian! Lilian! Help me! I did not mean to do wrong!"

Although her breast heaved up and down as if she had run up all six flights of stairs, it seemed to her that she would never be able to draw a full breath again.

"I am dying," thought the poor child. "No one could bear it! It is killing me! Oh, thank God!" and she stood and waited for the unconsciousness of death to put her out of her anguish; but instead of this, her breathing got gradually calmer and her thoughts more collected.

"I will go out," she said finally. "I will go out into the air and walk."

She could not remember afterward where she went or whether she had walked all the time, but at twilight she found herself on the Pont d'Jena, leaning over the parapet and gazing into the swirl of heavy water below. A girl was leaning there too—a creature with sodden, reckless eyes and beautiful dark-red hair hanging loose. From time to time she muttered something to herself. There was a mark as though from a whip across one of her brown cheeks.

"She must have been pretty once," thought Jean, gazing at her. "She looks unhappy."

After a while she touched the other's arm softly and said: "I am unhappy too—I wish I could help you."

The girl started and lifted her handsome



HER FAIR HEAD HAD FALLEN BACK AGAINST A COLUMN.

"Yes! You've got it," replied the other curtly.

"And you don't care about le bon Dieu?"

"Why do you say 'the good God'?" asked the girl with a laugh. "D'you think He's really good, that God up there? He is all-powerful and He—He has made a world like this; and you find Him good? That's very droll, that idea. That's always made me laugh ever since I was a tiny, tiny thing!"

"I would be good if I kept you from drowning yourself, but you wouldn't thank me," said Jean.

"No, truly," replied the other; and then, after a pause: "Do you know what I am waiting for? I'm going to count ten boats, and then it'll be dark and I'll jump over. A good idea, isn't it?"

"Horrible!" murmured Jean.

They waited some time. Out of the green-gray twilight, over the gray-green water, another boat came gliding toward them, with its jewel-like lights of emerald and ruby.

"The third," said the girl folding in another finger on her hand which lay on the parapet.

"Why did you

tell me?" asked Jean presently. "Don't you know I could call a gendarme and stop you?"

"Yes—but you won't."

"And why?"

"You know too well what it is to want to kill yourself. You're a kind heart. One must tell sometimes—besides, I feel that you will say a prayer for me."

"To a God you don't think is good?"

"Oh! ça m'est égal! He's a God all the same! He likes to be prayed to!

upper lip, as though to snarl, then paused suddenly and said: "Tu m'embêtes, tu sais?" but did not seem really provoked. Jean's white little face was too unutterably wretched to rouse anger even in this girl of the people, and after a moment she muttered gruffly without turning her head, and while making a stabbing movement with her thumb downward over the parapet: "Are you in for that too, hein?"

"I—I—did think of it," answered Jean, faltering, "but not now. Are you?"

He's a great one for flattery, that God of yours!"

"You mustn't! You mustn't!" said Jean, trembling. "It's too terrible!"

"As you like," replied the other with a shrug. There was again silence. Jean broke it.

"You have been very, very unhappy?" she said falteringly.

"Yes!"

"But there is someone who—who really loves you?"

"My lover loved me, but my brother killed him. I was an honest girl save for Pierre. And you?"

"I love mine and he does not love me. That is worse."

"Yes—it's all bad. But then you're honest."

"How do you know?" said Jean.

"One sees it in your eyes. You're only a baby. But how can you say 'le bon Dieu' when it's like that with you?"

"Because I feel it's all right, though it doesn't seem to be. Sometimes I've thought it's something like this: suppose you had two pet birds that you loved very much, and one hurt itself and had to be hurt still more before it could be cured. How cruel they would both think you. And yet you would be doing it for the best."

"C'est vrai!" admitted the girl; but added, after a moment, "if you were all-powerful, though, you wouldn't let your birds get hurt in the first place, would you?"

"But if suffering makes them better?"

"Ah! one is always good enough in one's own opinion to deserve luck."

"But look—it hurts a baby terribly to cut its teeth, and yet how much better it is to eat almonds and pomegranates and oranges than milk."

The girl grimaced, showing her own fierce little teeth.

"Not many of the people I know get those things to eat, whether they have teeth or not," she remarked.

"I put it badly," replied Jean. "I should have said that good strong meat is better than milk."

"Eh Jésus! What is this 'good strong meat' of yours? Is it when your brother thumps you from the door with a broken chair leg, and your mother curses you from the bed where you've nursed her for twelve years? Ha! ha! Tu est bien

drôle, minette, avec ton 'bon Dieu' et ta 'bonne viande!'"

"Does no one love you, then?" said Jean presently.

"Not a cat! There's the fourth! Six to come yet."

"Suppose someone loved you? Would you care then?"

"But that's absurd," rejoined the other indifferently.

"No, no," said Jean. "I will! I will indeed! It's chilly here! Come with me—I will give you a good, warm dinner. Look! Here is money! I made it myself! There is plenty! Come where it is warm and bright! Will you let me kiss you?"

The girl stared at her for a moment, half tenderly, and then murmured: "Elle est folle, la pauvrete!"

"No!" exclaimed Jean eagerly. "No, I am not! I will give you this! I will take you to a safe place for the night! Come away from the river! Come! It tempts me too! Oh, it does! it does! Let us help each other. Let us be good to each other. I will be your friend."

"The fifth," whispered the girl absently. She looked curiously down at the hand which Jean had taken and was holding in both her own. "But really, you are crazy!" she repeated finally; then added in a brusque tone: "Et le bébé? Qu'est-ce que tu va faire du bébé? Tu va nous aimer, tous les deux!" She began again her harsh laugh, but Jean pressed her hand over the brutally pretty mouth.

"Don't, don't!" she whispered, "it's terrible! I tell you I know how you suffer! But it's worse—worse what you are going to do!"

"The mud at the bottom there doesn't suffer."

"You are not mud! When you sleep you dream. One suffers in dreams. To dream awful things forever—that would be worse."

"That would be hell," said the other slowly. "What ideas you do have. Here's another. The sixth, isn't it?"

"Yes, that would be worse, worse, worse," went on Jean. "I have thought of it all the afternoon. I was thinking of it when I spoke to you at first—of finishing it all, I mean. But then—unless one gives up one's life for someone else—perhaps then—" she paused.

"Ah, bah! On a cold night one is bet-

ter in bed than out. One is snug in one's grave."

"You will not have a grave."

"What do you want? It's my way of talking."

"But you would wish to be good?"

"Oh, that! I don't know, I'm sure."

Jean struck her hands together on the stone parapet with a gesture of agony.

"Oh, God, God!" she said in English.

"Do you hear? And won't you let me save her?"

The girl was drumming with the fingers of one hand against her cheek as it rested on her palm.

"Isn't it queer?" she asked with a curious, dull dreaminess, "to think that in a half-hour, perhaps, I'll be down there? But it's the morgue above all that seems dreadful to me. I tell you frankly that gives me the creeps."

"Look," said Jean, circling her with her slight arm, "come with me only for tonight. Sleep warm, just for tonight. The river is always here. It is so much to me." Her voice trembled. "Ma sœur," she whispered, and pressed her lips to the other's temple. The girl put up her hand wonderingly, as though Jean had struck her rather than kissed her.

"Mais comme tu est bizarre!" she exclaimed at length. "Are you really—do you really—but I don't understand. Are you really troubled because, because—" She stood staring, her lips parted, her hard gray eyes on Jean's. "V'là!" she exclaimed finally. "Il me reste toute ma vie pour me tuer, et tu a été bien bonne pour moi, ma p'tite follette. Allons!"

She drew Jean's arm through hers and they turned away together.

"Wine will taste nice, and some of your good meat, hein? I haven't stuck my teeth through anything harder than a gaufre since yesterday." She looked over her shoulder at another boat which suddenly emerged from the thickening web of gloom.

"The seventh!" she said mockingly. "It's the magic number. Au revoir, little fly. You haven't stung me this time. Till tomorrow, and thanks!"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

It was still bright when Jean and the girl entered the café near the Gare de

Montparnasse. They sat down at a little table apart, and a waiter came to take their orders.

"Now, what shall we have, hein?" said the girl, grinning. "I should like to order all on the carte—me!"

"Order all that you wish," returned Jean eagerly. "And would you—would you like some champagne?"

"Would I not—eh? You just try me! We'll drink to good old death together. I've always heard that folks died better on a full stomach. I saw a man guillotined once. Ugh, but wasn't it exciting! My poor Pierre took me. How plucky he was, that man! He had murdered two little children. We girls sang to the Boulanger tune:

"C'est Marreau  
Qu'il nous faut!"

And the boys shouted:

"C'est ta tête qu'il nous faut.  
O! O! O! O! O! O!"

How they did yell; and Pierre had a splendid voice. My poor Pierrot! Ah, my dog of a brother! But what did I begin to say? Oh, yes—about Marreau. They said he ate enough for four men an hour before his head was chopped off. And wasn't he plucky, though? Hadn't he grit? Let's drink to his health too—eh?"

"No—no," said Jean, deathly pale. "You make me ill."

"Ah, well! What shall we talk of? Gilt prayer books and sugar-plum angels? I say! I'm a funny sister for you to have picked up, p'tite!"

"It isn't your fault," murmured Jean, making a shadow over her face with her joined finger tips.

"No, that's true. Nothing's a virtue or a fault of our own. It's the way we're born. I might have been you and you me, you know, and your lover my Pierre—ha, ha! Well, it's a droll life. And to think of my drinking champagne after all these years!"

The garçon here came up with a frothing bottle of that wine in his hand.

"A full glass, mind, and a drop for the table," cried the girl, and laughed boisterously as the champagne foamed over on the soiled cloth. Then she gulped it greedily down her throat, making a delighted chuckling the while. "Ha! I tell you



that's the stuff," she announced gayly. "It stings as sweetly as a lover's kiss. Look here; do you know, you're a first-rate baby?"

Jean said nothing. The girl horrified her more every instant, but she kept saying to herself: "We are all women—all sisters—the good and the bad. I must save her—I must—I must!"

And then she began to wonder where Farrance was and what he would say if he saw her now—and whether he would care. And all at once something seemed bursting in her throat and she felt all through soul and body a surge of conviction: "Oh, he does care! he does care! He must! I love him so!" But the next moment those words began to beat their hard measure upon her mental ear: "My life is one long hypocrisy."

"Say! Don't you take any?" called the girl, leaning toward her with the tilted champagne bottle in her hand.

"No—no, thanks," said Jean, timidly; "that is, if you don't mind."

"Mind! I should say not! I'm up to two of these bottles!"

After a little while, however, she settled down to her dinner, and Jean heard her crunching and purring over the chicken bones like a hungry and comfortable cat. She could not tell how it was, but a deadly drowsiness seemed settling over her. Just outside she could see a street lamp which had been lighted a moment ago, and which was flaring about in the wind that penetrated the cracked glass of its shade. She fixed her eyes upon it until her lids refused to stay open and a soundless darkness enveloped her.

When the girl had finished her hearty meal and emptied the bottle of champagne she leaned back in her chair with a great sigh of pleased repletion, and fixed her eyes on Jean. The child's fair head had fallen back against a column near which their table was placed—her bonnet of black velvet was crushed behind it. Her face looked a strange, glittering white in the electric glare. In her lap her hands, half uncurled, rested palm upward in a touching pose of weary abandonment. The little face, so piteous, so lovely, stirred some chord of good in the girl's brutal nature.

"I'd stake my life she's a good little doll," she said under her breath. "If she is crazy, it's a good kind of craziness. I

say—" she broke off suddenly with a hangedog glance about, "I'm blessed if I shouldn't like to give her a kiss before I go." There was no one else in the café. The waiter was busy with his dishes behind a screen at the other end of the room. She rose, and tipping awkwardly to Jean's side, just touched with her coarse lips the pure forehead. Jean stirred, murmured something in her sleep. When she had roused fully the girl was gone, and on her plate lay heaped the bones which she had stripped clean with her sharp teeth.

Jean's first impulse was to rush after her, but she stopped at the door, realizing the utter hopelessness of such a search.

"I did try—I did try," she whispered heart-brokenly. "Poor thing! Well, at any rate, she's had a good dinner. Oh, God! Be with her! Help her! Save her! for Christ's sake! Oh, this horrible, horrible city!" She then paid the garçon and told him to call her a cab, thinking, with a mechanical sense of duty: "I must go back—Adrian will be worried."

She reached the apartment to find Venus busily arranging the dinner table.

"You all sut'ny is ben stay late!" was the greeting; "but, lor! whar's Masse Adr'an? Ain' he wid you?"

"No," said Jean, sinking into a chair near the door; "he's with some friends." She trembled and was afraid that she would break down from sheer relief at finding that her husband had not come back. She would have a little more time to try to compose herself and seem natural.

Venus stopped in her preparations long enough to take off her mistress's boots, bring her her dressing gown and make her comfortable upon the sofa. She lay there half an hour without speaking, then roused to say: "Who knocked at the door just now, Venus?"

"'Twas a man wid a letter," answered the girl, and handed her a brief note from Farrance.

"DEAREST JEAN:

"I'm so sorry, but Ravillard and Wilmer tormented me to go to Meudon for dinner. I had to go or seem sulky. I know you'll understand. Don't you dare bother your dear little head over my unlucky picture.

" Lovingly, A."



SHE LAY THERE FOR HALF AN HOUR WITHOUT SPEAKING.

Jean noticed things in this note which she would never have thought of noticing before.

"He would have said 'my darling' to—to her," she reflected; "and he would have written out his whole name."

Aloud she said: "Yes, Vee! It's all right; go on and have dinner. Mr. Farrance is not coming home. But I don't want any, I'm too tired—and don't bother me about it," as she saw the other approaching with protest in her face.

"Well, ef you's sick tonight 'tain' my fault," observed Venus, self-righteously.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Farrance did not come home until about twelve o'clock, and thinking Jean asleep, lay down very quietly beside her, afraid even to kiss her lest she should wake.

In an agony she thought: "He does not kiss me because he knows I won't mind if I'm asleep. It's only when I'm awake that he has to act. Oh, my own God! Let me die—let me die!"

She buried her face in the pillow, clutching it with teeth and hands, hearing the blood foam in her head, sickened by the heavy beating of her heart. The night seemed like an endless chain whose links

were hideous dreams, each one more awful than the last—some fantastic, grotesque; others sombre, blood-curdling. Now she was in a catalepsy and Farrance thought her dead, and stood over her and smiled at Venus and said: "Her hair'll make a lot of just the sort of paint-brushes I want. Cut it off quite even, will you?" Then he was altering her clothes for Lilia, who had somehow come to life again, sitting at the machine himself and singing: "Rat-tat-ton. Pit-a-pat-a-pon."

Then she thought that she was standing again by the river, and that she jumped in and was drowned. And at the bottom she found the French girl sitting with her lover among a crowd of skeletons who were making paper roses. She remembered wondering why these flowers did not melt in the water, and she was so tired that she wanted to sit down by the girl, who pushed her away, crying: "Go off by yourself! It's bad enough here without mixing up with people whose lovers don't love 'em." She woke with a gasping cry, horrified, trembling; but Farrance slept calmly on, and she lay there counting his regular, long-drawn breaths until daybreak.

When it was six she got up, and slipping on her dressing gown, went into the next room. She did not want anything

particularly, and sat looking vaguely about her. Her one idea was to get away from her husband. She made his life a horrible sham—a long hypocrisy. She must keep out of his way as much as possible. Then she caught sight of the big Bible of which Venus had made a pillow yesterday. She sat staring curiously at it a little while, and then went and sat down on the floor beside it, and began slowly to turn over its leaves.

"How crooked and ugly he had made Adam and Eve!" was her first thought. "I believe I could draw better than that!"

She went on and on. The livid skies and weird landscapes fascinated her. They were like pictured continuations of her own bad dreams. Presently she came to the New Testament. A great longing welled up in her breast.

"O Jesus! send me some word, let me find some word," she said brokenly, covering her face with one hand and leaning the other on the open book. She seemed to be touching a friend in those great, smooth pages, and knelt so for a little while, feeling soothed and comforted. Then she turned a page or two and her eyes fell on the words: "For He is not a God of the dead but of the living; for all live unto Him."

Half thrilled, half frightened, faintly comforted for a heart-beat, she closed the book and got to her feet.

"I will try to bear it," she said aloud, and then, terrified by the sound of her own voice, stood still and began to tremble.

Reëntering the bedroom on tiptoe, she got her clothes and dressed hurriedly. As she fastened her bodice with nervous fingers, one of the trite but sound sayings of her Aunt Hetty came back to her: "When you're unhappy, honey, just you go and try to make somebody else ez happy ez you ken."

"Poor Maman Cici," thought the girl, with a gush of hot tears that did not fall, "I haven't seen her for ten days. I'll go there now. She wakes early too." So she was soon knocking at Maman Cici's door.

Folded in the same gray-and-purple dressing gown, the woman sat over her little stove, with a cup of black coffee smoking at her elbow.

"Ah! Ma chérie! Is it you? Surely

Heaven sent you. But I have passed a night. It was terrible! Such dreams!"

"And I too," said Jean.

"You too, my poor darling. But what have you to dream bad dreams of?" She took the girl's cold little hand and patted it affectionately.

Jean stood quiet for a moment or two, and then falling on her knees beside the woman, cast both arms about her huge body.

"Oh, Maman Cici! Oh, Maman Cici! My heart is broken! I am wretched, wretched!"

"Oh! là-là!" cried Maman Cici, with her invariable ejaculation for all occasions, whether grave or gay. "What's the matter, ma belle?"

"You must not ask; I cannot tell you. Have you ever wanted to kill yourself, Maman Cici?"

"But often," replied the other fervently. "If I had not had one good, true, unfailing little friend—and not you either, mon ange"—with a dry laugh, "pouf! —I'd have had my brains spoiling my pretty carpet here long ago."

"But you are my friend, and good and true, and that doesn't keep me from wanting to kill myself," said Jean, with dreary candor.

"Ah! child! Why play with you? I won't! Look here—this is what has kept me from the madhouse!" She whipped out a little glass cylinder, encased in nickel plating, and laid it in Jean's hand. "Do you know what that is—eh, jewel?"

Jean regarded it with curiosity, moving it about on her palm with the forefinger of her other hand.

"Well, of course you swear never to tell?"

"No, never!" assented the girl.

"It's a needle for morphine!" whispered Maman Cici, her face one pucker of malicious delight. "With that one need never suffer from the heartache, and if one takes too much some day by accident, tant mieux. I tell you, petite, I have never, never loved my Auguste as I love that little darling you've got there in your hand."

"But it gives one horrible dreams, doesn't it?" said Jean, awestruck; "and—and it's wrong, isn't it—like drinking?"

"Ça m'est profondément égal," announced Maman Cici placidly, taking it with fondling movements between her own fat fingers. "The whole of life's wrong, as far as I can make out, and I don't harm anyone but myself, that's sure."

Jean sat gazing into the fire for some minutes. "So you're happy, then?" she asked after awhile, as Maman Cici sipped her coffee, rolling the little needle about in the hollow of her lap by trotting her round knees, as though it had been a baby and she were soothing it to sleep.

"Yes—always, more or less."

"And you take how much at a time?"

"Ten drops now—it used to be four at first; then five, and so on. It gets more and more all the time—and, oh! the heavenly dreams I have of Auguste."

She turned on Jean her dull eyes, which looked like bits of blue glass that one had just breathed on, and in which the pupils were two mere specks of jet.

"Look here, little one," she said suddenly, "perhaps I oughtn't, but just for once—it couldn't do you any harm—why don't you take—say three drops?"

Jean started back.

"No! Never!" she cried, horrified. It seemed to her the most cowardly thing on earth. She was as profoundly sorry for the good-hearted old wretch as ever, but this was far worse than the drinking had been and her last atom of respect was gone. "Never! Never! Never!" she repeated with energy; and then, to appease her, as she saw an angry look gathering in the dim eyes: "perhaps some day when I am in great pain, but not now; I have a great deal to do today. It might make me sick the first time."

"C'est vrai! C'est vrai!" murmured the other, pacified. "And now you are going to read to me a little, chérie? I've a new book here—a love! Look!" and she tossed a yellow volume to Jean, chuckling fatly. The girl turned a page or two and saw that it was a romance in which Ninon de l'Enclos figured as the heroine.

"Ah! What a woman!" sighed Maman Cici. "She could have made that rascal Auguste walk a chalk-line for all her age; eh, beauty?"

Jean read on like a machine for half an hour, sickened, revolted; then, in a moment, could not bear it any longer, and started to her feet exclaiming: "I must

go! It is late. Dear me! I had quite forgotten."

But Maman Cici stopped her.

"Here! Look, child! You haven't told me a thing about this misery of yours. What is it, now? I'm like the very grave for secrets; and you know how I can sympathize if it's an affair of the heart. Dis donc, petite, is it that? Say, is it that scamp of a widower?"

Jean, her face ghastly, broke from her.

"Hush! hush!" she said, lifting her hands to her ears; "it's not at all as you think—not at all; and I must go—now, at once!"

She rushed out into the fresh morning air, her whole being in a whirl of angry disgust. "He is right," she thought, as she hurried along. "She is terrible, that poor old woman. O my God! My God! Where can I go? Whom can I turn to?"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

On her way home she bought a large nosegay of daffodils and a little basket of strawberries. She must have some excuse for her early walk, and a vague sense of comfort floated up to her with the familiar scent of fruit and flowers.

Farrance was dressed and reading the Temps when she entered. His manner was particularly bright and cheerful, as he had determined to keep her from brooding over the failure of his portrait. She, on the other side, smiled gayly, and offered her cheek for his kisses, though her feet contracted in her little shoes with the effort. She made a pretty game of guessing with him, putting the strawberries and daffodils behind her, and telling him to choose which hand she should offer him. All this time he was regarding her intently under the cover of their nonsense. Her pallor and the purplish streaks under her eyes startled him.

"Look here, dearie," he said suddenly, "you need some diversion. Suppose we go to see *Le Mariage de Barillon* this evening? They say it is very amusing."

"Well," assented Jean, at a loss for any reasonable excuse.

Farrance came and took her into his arms with a quick movement. She shuddered convulsively and her head fell forward against his breast.

"Jean! What's the matter?" he cried.

"Are you ill? Do speak to me, child. You terrify me."

"Nothing—nothing," she said at last.

"It's my head, I think. I have such a roaring in my ears."

"Ah, then, perhaps it's only the spring weather," he suggested, much relieved.

"Here, I'll make you a glass of lemonade without any sugar, before you take your breakfast. There's nothing better."

"Yes, thank you! Thank you, Adrian," murmured Jean vaguely. She sank into the chair he drew forward for her, and sat with closed eyes until he put the glass of lemonade in her hands. He stood by, still holding the spoon, until she had drunk the last drop.

"There! You'll feel better after your tea now, I'm sure. But you're very pale, sweetheart."

Again she closed her eyes, and that rippling shiver ran over her. The very sound of his voice was anguish to her. It seemed to her that she must cry aloud with this unutterable fierce pain, or else swoon away. Her mind seemed failing her. She felt, with a great sense of nausea, that she did not know where or who she was.

"Oh, hold me!" she cried, as she thought in a loud voice, and then she felt her husband bending anxiously over and saying:

"What, Jean? You spoke so low, I didn't hear you, darling."

"Oh, yes," she murmured, staring about her. "I—I meant, thank

you. It was very nice. I think it will help me."

"Well, come and lie down now, darling. You really don't know how ill you look."

"Thank you! You—you are so good." Her lips began to quiver. "I'm so foolish this morning," she said huskily, and pretending to clear her throat.

"Jeanie malat?" inquired Tony, patting up to peer pitifully into her face. "Poor Jeanie! Très malat," he then remarked. "Tony fassé!" (fiché).

Here Farrance gave him a kind turn-about by both shoulders in the direction of his playthings, saying gently:

"Run along with you, little man. Jeanie wants to go to sleep."



SHE WENT AND STOOD SILENTLY BESIDE HIM.



Somehow he had never felt so tenderly to her. He would have liked to take her up in his arms like a child and soothe and talk to her.

"Darling, that little pale face of yours breaks my heart," he said presently, and was shocked inexpressibly to see Jean throw herself back on the sofa and burst into peal after peal of laughter.

"Oh, I shall die! I shall die!" she kept exclaiming between each paroxysm. "Oh, forgive me, Adrian! I can't help it! I really can't!"

He was hurt and embarrassed, and rose, saying that he would go and get the tickets for *Le Mariage de Barillon*.

"Yes—yes—that is much the best," she murmured. "I'll be all right when you come back. It's so kind of you to think of it." And then, as he went down stairs he heard her light, staccato peals of laughter following him.

Venus was much frightened, as her mistress clung to her, saying on sobbing breaths: "I can't stop! I can't stop! Oh, give me something to make me stop, Vee!"

The black girl brought her a glass of cold water and a Bible, as the best consolations at her disposal, and after swallowing the whole glassful, Jean leaned on one elbow and began to turn the leaves of the New Testament slowly, carefully, as though searching for something. Presently she said to Venus: "You go and amuse Tony, Vee. I want to be very quiet."

Left to herself, she began at the Gospel of Saint Matthew to turn carefully each leaf. After she had searched in this way to the sixth chapter of Saint Luke she let herself drop wearily back upon the cushion and sighed as though her heart were bursting.

"Oh, how I wish our Lord had said more about love and marriage," she thought. "They bring more pain and bewilderment than anything in life, and they are the only things He hasn't really told us about. How can I know what to do? Who is to tell me? It isn't right—it can't be right for me to go on making his life 'a long hypocrisy.' But oh! dear Saviour—what am I to do?—what am I to do? Guide me! Show me! I can't live in this way. Each second is agony. I should make him more miserable than

ever. Oh, just to think that there is no one but poor Venus in all the world who truly loves me, and she will marry some day and won't need me. There must be something to do. There must be some words here that will give me light. O my God! my God! my God! You must help me! You have promised! You must keep your word!"

She went on with her slow, painful search, until she reached the first of those four wonderful chapters of Saint John, beginning: "Let not your heart be troubled."

Thrilled, soothed, inexpressibly comforted, she read line by line until she came, in the second chapter, to the twelfth and thirteenth verses:

"This is my commandment: that ye love one another, as I have loved you.

"Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Venus was startled in, her whispered traffic with Tony as "a baker man" by the falling of the heavy book to the floor. She looked around to see Jean lying prone upon the sofa, quite still, her face buried in her hands,

"Sh! sh! sh! Tony! Jeanie's asleep," said the negress with her finger dividing her protruded lips.

"Jeanie dort?" asked the child. "Let's go 'way den." So he trotted gravely into the next room and Venus tipped cautiously after him, closing the door behind her.

### CHAPTER XXX.

Jean lay thus motionless for about twenty minutes, afraid to stir or look up, lest the solution which had come to her should prove fleeting or unsound. According to her confused, excited brain there was her answer—there, in those most simple and beautiful of words: "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends." Strange that only the Beloved Disciple had recorded that wonderful saying concerning love! To her it meant hope, strength, deliverance. In her torture she twisted out of it a personal meaning which it never had.

"I have nothing and no one to live for particularly," she thought. "My first duty and love are to him. I make him wretched. I make him a hypocrite. He

is not even free to—to love her. How awful it must have been for him all these months. Oh, my poor darling! my poor darling! And to think it is I—I who have given him all this torture!" She began to shudder from head to foot—her eyes burned, aching with tears which would not fall. Then her thoughts began to turn to the practical questions involved.

"If—if I do it—he must never know—that would only be to torture him more. And how, how can I—ah!—" She sat erect, pushing the hair back from her hot face. "Maman Cici!—I can borrow her needle as if I were not well! I will write a little note to Adrian and pin it on the pincushion in our room—something to say Maman Cici has lent me some medicine and I hope to feel better by this evening. Ah! God knows I do!" and again there rose in her that awful desire to burst into wild laughter; but instead, she got up quietly, brushed her hair, put on her hat, which had fallen to the floor, and opening the door into the next room, called out: "Be sure to have Tony asleep by twelve o'clock if I don't come back, Vee! I'm going out for awhile."

Maman Cici at first demurred at parting with her precious needle, but Jean promised to seal it up in a packet and return it to her by Venus in two hours at the latest—so she gave her the whole case, with the little vial full of opium, saying, as she gave it a last loving polish on the sleeve of her gown: "Ah! You little goody-goody! You see if you don't fall as much in love with it as I've done!"

After Jean had reached the door she went back suddenly, and taking Maman Cici's large face between her slight palms, kissed her affectionately on cheeks and forehead.

"You have been very, very, very good to me always, and I do thank you, dear," she said in a low voice, and was gone before Madame Vamousin could say anything in reply.

As Jean remounted the stairs to her apartment she heard her husband's voice talking to Venus, and stopped a moment to lean against the balusters, deadly faint.

"Ah, there you are, dear! The most splendid seats—and Benson tells me it's awfully funny. But you look better already—not quite so white,"

"I—I feel better," stammered Jean. She was blushing intensely as though her lover rather than her husband were speaking to her.

"Why, Jean! Are all those pink signals out in my honor?" asked Farrance, gently amused. "Has *Le Mariage de Barillon* helped me to this delightful display? *Alors! Vive 'Barillon!'*" Jean looked at him, amazed. He had never seemed so gay since she knew him. The truth was that he had never been so nearly in love with her.

It is a strange fact that by some subtle instinct we often learn to value a thing just as we are about to lose it.

"How pretty you are, Jean!" said Farrance, coming up to her. "May I kiss you?" His tone was too genuine to be doubted. No matter if it were only the passion of a moment of forgetfulness—her heart was famished—perhaps it was the last kiss he would ever give her. She threw herself upon his breast with a look he had never seen in her face before, her eyes dilated, her lips parted, crimson.

"Yes—yes—kiss me, Adrian! Oh, my love! Tell me that you love me!"

Her slight figure was as tense as a rod of steel against him, her arms binding him to her with an energy which made her own breathing difficult. He was roused, exhilarated. He kissed her with a passion which he had not felt for many a day, and as his lips left hers, she still held up her lovely, childish mouth as though thirsty for his caresses.

But it was only a moment's whirl of emotion, and after it she sank down again, pale and listless, her head drooping a little at the thought of her own self-abandonment.

Shortly afterward Farrance went up into his studio for the day's work, and Jean to their bedroom to write the note which was to be pinned on the pincushion. As she dipped the pen into the inkstand and began to trace the words "Dearest Adrian," she heard him whistling while he moved about overhead. Tears blinded her suddenly, and one dropped in a great blur on the letters of his name. She tore up the note and began another. This time she wrote "My Dearest." "He is my dearest," she whispered with a sob; "he is all that I have—that I thought I had." Then she went on firmly;

"MY DEAREST :

"I am feeling so wretchedly that I have borrowed Maman Cici's little 'aiguille' for morphine. Don't blame her for lending it to me—she didn't want to a bit—but I've sometimes taken McMunn's Elixir for headache and thought this might help me. I do want to go to the play with you tonight, and I'm going to take this. Please don't let anyone disturb me till the last minute. I do love you so, my dearest. You have always been so good to me. You have made me so happy always."

Here she paused, tears blinding her again. "I'm afraid that's too much. It might make him suspect."

A second time she wrote the note over carefully, firmly; leaving out the sentence "You have made me so happy always," and changing "You have always been so good to me" into "You are always so good to me."

Then she signed it: "Forever your own little loving Jean," kissed it and put it into an envelope, which she fastened to the pincushion with her own silver hat pin. Having done this she called Venus and sent her out on an errand which would keep her for the next hour and a half, and established Tony happily at a game of blocks on the floor where she could watch him. Then, locking the door, she took out the case, and having drawn the little syringe full of the clear, harmless-looking fluid, wiped it carefully as Maman Cici had shown her how to do, and fitted on one of the hollow needles. Just as she had done this Tony trotted up and held out a varnished block, on which was a large red "O."

"Wound O," he announced proudly; then, producing another: "Cwookut S."

Jean's heart was hammering violently, and she had pricked herself with the needle in her haste to hide it under the skirt of her gown.

"Lovely, lovely, darling! What a clever boy!" she exclaimed, gayly.

"Venus told me," said Tony, absorbing this praise with his usual placidity, and then trotted away again.

Jean withdrew the needle and looked at it. How strange it was for death to be hidden in that odd little instrument of glass and steel. Farrance was now whistling Schubert's Serenade, pausing in the

midst of the bass and in unheard-of places, so that she could almost see his absorbed pause, while he did a bit of brushing more intricate than usual. All at once a sudden, unlooked-for, overwhelming desire rushed over her. Why not go up stairs and say to him: "Look, dear! She never loved you. She told me so. She showed me the picture of the man she really loved—but it was not yours. I love you—I love you utterly. Give me yourself, your love. Forget her—forget her!"

"Oh, dear Lord, help me, forgive me!" she whispered, her voice thick, drops of anguish starting out upon her forehead. "I shall go mad, I think!"

After a moment, during which Tony chanted monotonously: "Wound O—Cwookut S—Wound O—Cwookut S," she got up, slipped the hypodermic syringe into a drawer, and, unlocking the door, went up stairs to the studio. Farrance was so absorbed in his work that he did not notice her.

She went and stood silently beside him for awhile, and at last said timidly:

"How are you getting along, dear?"

"Oh, is that you, Jean? First rate, thanks."

He went on with his painting in entire absent-mindedness, whistling softly under his breath.

"You have everything you want?"

"Yes, thanks, dear, everything."

"I—I am so obliged to you about *Le Mariage de Barillon*, Adrian. I thank you so about everything. You are so good to me—all the time."

"It isn't any credit to one to be good to you, Jeanie. Would you mind standing a little to the left? You make me a bit nervous so close to my arm. There—that's perfect."

"I—think I'll go now."

"Well, be sure to rest, so as to be fresh for the play tonight."

"Yes—thank you, Adrian—I will—I—" Her voice faltered. It seemed as though he must feel the horrible throb of unavailing love and anguish which racked her, as though some instinct must make him turn and take her to his heart for the last time. But no, he went on whistling Schubert's Serenade in execrable time, and searching through the whole gamut of his palette for the combination



"JEANIE TOLD," INSISTED THE BOY.

that would make a certain rose-gray tone on his model's breast.

"I will go and lie down now, Adrian."

"Yes, dear—that's right."

"That is a lovely study, my dearest," the last words were spoken with such a sweet, winning shyness that Farrance turned, his mouth full of brushes, and exclaimed: "My child, you are quite too charming today. Do go and let me work."

This pleased and hurt her at the same time. She turned quickly so that he might not see the tears which rushed to her eyes, and ran down stairs again to their room. Throwing herself upon the bed, and pressing to her breast the pillow where her husband's head rested every night, she broke for the first time into such wild weeping that Tony sent up a sympathetic whimper from among his piles of gaudy blocks. This quieted her, and she ran to soothe him, having once more locked the door.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

There was nothing more to be done. She opened the Bible at the verse which she

had seen that morning, and, unfastening her dress while she read, slipped on a little dressing gown of pale-blue cashmere, which had been part of her trousseau and which Farrance especially liked. Then she brushed and combed her lovely curling hair, but "not too smooth," running her fingers through it to produce the loose burnished masses which she knew he admired. On her feet she drew a pair of pretty bronze shoes which he had also commended.

"I want him to think of me as pretty—afterward," said the poor child, her lip quivering.

Then she looked about to see if she had forgotten anything.

"Oh, yes! I must seal the package for Maman Cici and unlock the door—but not yet. Tony, come say prayers with Jeanie."

"Pas pray-time," said the boy, shaking his head.

"But won't you pray with Jeanie when she asks you?"

"Pas pray-time," he repeated. Jean was too tired to argue with him. She said "Our Father" through unfalteringly in her sweet, clear voice, which was that

of a child, and then two or three sentences of the church service which had somehow remained in her mind.

"O Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me! O Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, grant me Thy peace! Lord, have mercy upon me! Christ, have mercy upon me! Lord, have mercy upon me!"

She felt quiet and very happy. "Greater love hath no man;" Christ said that Himself," she murmured. "I have no one but Adrian, and it's better for me to die for him than to live for him. My darling, my husband! I do it for you! Jesus understands; I am not afraid—no, not the least! And I'm glad I thought of this blue gown. Perhaps it will please him to remember me in it." She took the little needle and kissed it passionately; then, with a quick movement, ran the sharp steel into the smooth flesh of her slender forearm, and pressed the piston slowly down until its head rested on the frame.

A startled look swept over her face for an instant as she drew the needle out and saw the empty tube. Then she went quickly to the table, and, after sealing and addressing the needle, wrote on a slip of paper the word "Jesus," and pinned it to her chemise, out of sight, but where her hand could press it against her heart. Afterward she lay down upon the bed.

For some moments she felt nothing; but then came internally a sharp, burning sensation, not unpleasant. A desire to talk, to sing, stole gradually over her. She was quite light-hearted, and began to think that probably she would go to sleep presently and then wake up to find she had been dreaming, and then would go to see *Le Mariage de Barillon* and have a charming evening. Next came a delicious languor: it was as though warm, rosy wine were streaming through her veins. Her mouth became slightly dry, and it was an effort for her to moisten her lips or move in the least; but this strange, thrilling heaviness of her body was in some way delicious. Life had never seemed half so full, so charming, so worth living. "Still, I am not afraid to die—I see that I must—only I am so happy in spite of everything. Oh, how lovely this is—like floating on a magic carpet. I believe the bed will begin to rise presently." She closed her eyes for an instant, and it seemed

to her that the counterpane was covered with great damask roses, such as used to grow in the garden at home, drenched with dew and fragrance. "They will soak through to the sheets!" she exclaimed, starting up. Her mouth felt lined with fur; she could swallow only with a great effort. Tony was still chanting his song of "Wound O" and "Cwookut S."

A sensation of awe crept over the girl. "Tony," she managed to say, "Tony, Jeanie's malade. Come pray for her!"

The boy answered this appeal at once, his round face anxious and sympathetic. Tugging, scrambling, breathing heavily, he managed to get on the bed beside her and then laid one grimy, perspiring little hand on her dry forehead.

"Fais do-do," he suggested finally.

"Yes—in—a—minute, dearie," murmured Jean drowsily. "But now pray for Jeanie."

"Bon Dieu! bless papa—bless Jeanie—bless Tony—bless Venus—bless all the world—"

"Do—you—love—Jeanie, dear—un tout petit peu?"

"No! a big little bit! *tomme ça!*"

He threw himself upon her breast, and strained his arms about her until his chubby face was scarlet. Jean smiled faintly. She seemed to see miles and miles of fair June grass, blowing and rippling in a light wind.

"Dear Tony—dear little man!" she managed to murmur. What charming ideas were haunting her! Someone was playing a violin close by. What heavenly music! And always that grass blowing, blowing, and the sound of falling water far away and of birds calling as at daybreak.

"Fais do-do! fais do-do!" crowed Tony, rocking himself back and forth. Then he stopped and peered up under Jean's closed lids. "Tu dors, Jeanie?" he asked; and then answered himself in a tone of intense satisfaction: "Oui, Jeanie dort!"

After waiting very patiently for some moments to be sure of this fact, he worked himself laboriously down upon the floor again and went on with his game.

Half an hour later Jean opened her eyes for an instant and looked about her. Her glance fell finally upon Tony, who, pausing, block in hand, gazed back at her.

"Oh, such a lovely, lovely dream, Tony



darling!" she whispered, smiling; and he shook his finger at her, as she used to do when he lay awake in his crib, and began again his crooning: "Fais do-do! fais do-do!" as her eyelids sank.

Two hours later, when Farrance came down stairs to dress for the play, he was met by the small, sturdy figure of Tony, who held up a warning hand and breathed forth: "Pas bwée (pas de bruit)! Jeanie fais do-do."

Farrance then read the little note on the pincushion, and as he brushed his hair stood at the foot of the bed looking down at her. She was exquisitely lovely; her lips were parted and smiled.

"I've never seen her so beautiful!" thought he. "That old witch's stuff must have done her good." Here he noticed that Tony had again climbed upon the bed, and, stooping, he lifted him gently but without ceremony to the floor. The child marched seriously away without a word,

and returned, dragging something after him. This he tried, with great labor, to push up upon the bed beside Jean.

"What the mischief are you after, monkey?" asked his father in a whisper.

"Jeanie told," said the child, for the first time putting up a grieved lip.

"Nonsense, old man!" returned Farrance; "it's a warm day."

"Jeanie told," insisted the boy.

To soothe him, Farrance put a gentle hand on the girl's forehead. It was like ice.

"Good God!—that accursed morphine!" he cried out. "Call Venus quick, Tony!—quick, boy!"

He caught up Jean in his arms. Her head fell back; her eyes gleamed in a narrow band as of silver between the thick lashes. She had been dead fully two hours.



FASTENED TO THE PINCUSHION WITH HER OWN SILVER HAT PIN.

## SUPERSTITION.

BY E. F. WARE.

AMID the verdure, on the prairies wide,  
There stretches o'er the undulating floor,  
As on the edges of an ocean shore,  
From east to west, half buried, side by side,  
A chain of bowlders, that the icy tide  
Of glacial epoch centuries before  
From Arctic hills superfluously bore,  
And left in southern summers to abide.

Thus on the landscape of our times is seen  
The rough débris of error's old moraines.  
The superstitions of a thousand creeds,  
Half buried, peer above the waving green;  
But kindly time will cover their remains  
Beneath a sod of noble thoughts and deeds.

## Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



### GAMBLING.

THE baccarat scandal, which was the nine days' wonder of London in the month of June, set us all to discussing again the problems which games of chance suggest in our modern life. Posterity, as it looks through the pages of the *Cosmopolitan*, which will survive, as one hopes, the wreck of so much other literature, will wonder what the "Baccarat Scandal" was. The name baccarat will be forgotten, as the word *ombre* is forgotten, and people will have to look up some ancient Hoyle to find how it was played. Let posterity understand, then, that the baccarat case was tried before one of the highest courts in the world, with Lord Chief Justice Coleridge presiding and the Prince of Wales as a witness—better known to posterity as Edward VII. or Albert I. The question tried was the question whether Sir W. Gordon-Cumming, one of the prince's friends, did or did not add to his bets on a baccarat table after he knew how the cards had turned. In a particular case, for instance, when he had staked five pounds and had won, did he receive from the banker fifteen pounds, as if he had originally staked that sum?

SECOND to this question, but on the whole more important to those who consider the social problems of our time, is the question, everywhere discussed in England, whether the Prince of Wales had any business to be playing baccarat at all. To simple family readers in America, unused to the changes of names in games of cards, it may be as well to describe bac-

carat as a modified and very rapid form of the class of games to which the old-fashioned "vingt-et-un" belongs. Everything is done so that the decision may be as prompt as possible. And it is conceded in the books which deal in such subjects that, as between bettors and banker, it is as fair a game as you can invent. There is no innate and inevitable advantage on the side of either party. If it is right to play any game of chance, played for money, baccarat is as good a game, it would seem, as you can play. The question, therefore, for the solid Englishman, who plays his game at whist every evening for shilling points, and plays, very likely, with the rector of the parish, with the rector's wife and with a curate, is only a question as to the amount of the stakes usual in baccarat. "Is it proper?"—that is a question which the average Englishman prefers to the question "Is it right?"—"Is it proper to play for money when the stakes may go as high as one hundred pounds, and the decisions be made as frequently as in baccarat?" And, again, granting that it is proper, say, for a leader writer on the *Times* to do so, or for the rector of a parish, is it proper for the heir apparent to do so?

It is a little curious that the practical habit, verdict or general opinion on such subjects in America is often quite different from that in England. In one part of America, also, the opinion and habit differ from what hold in another. Whist is perhaps never played in England with-

out stakes of some amount; the stake may be a postage stamp, but there is a stake. Mrs. Bates, the vicar's widow, and her daughter Miss Bates, in Miss Austen's *Emma*, played for sixpenny stakes, and had no dream that it was unlady-like. But in America, till very lately, whist would never have been played for stakes. And now, the introduction here of stakes at whist is an evident importation from England, recognized as such wherever it is seen.

On the other hand, no nation has bet on cards with more vigor and decision and to larger amounts than the American, particularly of the southern and western types. Mr. Clay was so steadily engaged at the gambling table at Ghent that it was difficult to keep him at the meeting of the commissioners who made the treaty. And the happy expression, "I bet the boat," for a statement of well-assured confidence, "points to a period" when gambling for high stakes prevailed on the western waters.

Mr. Clay's passion for gambling was bitterly used against him in the canvass of 1844. And while it is true that he lost that election because he was midway in the great slavery issue, it is probably as true, that if he had not been open to the charge of gambling he could have been chosen president.

It is said that the widow of one of the presidents was a gambler so pertinacious, that when congress bought her husband's papers to secure her from penury in her old age it was necessary to arrange that she should receive nothing more than the interest of the sum paid, from year to year. Such distinguished instances are enough to show that any American moderation in special cases cannot be claimed as a national habit. The intensity of all life here would rather lead social customs in an opposite direction.

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SUCH habits or customs, however, may affect personal life constantly, and the drift of legislation, as shown by statutes, may run in quite another way. And this does not mean that a legislator is on both sides—that he is like Ensign Stebbins, for the law and against enforcing it. It means, rather, that the man who knows most of gambling really knows its dangers most and best, and sees the necessity

of restricting it, so far as laws can do so. Some thirty or forty years ago a young officer in our navy, at great risk, checked a pair of runaway horses in Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington. The lady whose life was in danger was profuse in her thanks. The next day her husband called on the young lieutenant to express his gratitude. And that before the interview closed, he begged him to command his influence, if he ever needed influence in Washington. "Or if you find yourself in need," he said, "make me your banker." And then he added, with seriousness his young friend never forgot, "I can only express my thanks in one other way. It is by saying I hope I may never see you in my place of business." For he was the chief—well known—of the most fashionable "hell" in Washington.

Now there is every reason why such a man as that, or his best customers, if they were members of a legislature, should attempt, for the community, to suppress an evil which no man can estimate more correctly than they.

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GOVERNMENTS, however, have as often been the patrons of gambling as its enemies. But this can only be said, in the long run, of government from above, personal government or the government maintained by a king, emperor, or oligarchy. In the government of the people, for the people, by the people, it is seen, before long, that the convenience to the administration, much or little, is more than counterbalanced by the wretched injury to the individuals, who make up the People.

Lotteries, for instance, furnish revenue so easily, not in the largest sums, but in considerable sums, that administrations, when hard pressed particularly, are fond of them. My own college, Harvard college, was more than once permitted to raise money by lottery. The Continental congress raised money for the nation by lottery, and George Washington took tickets. But, as time passes, the danger appears. In New York and Pennsylvania lotteries may now be indicted as public nuisances. And a special decision of the New York courts rates art-union distributions among the lotteries. Here every purchaser of a ticket received a prize, and the effort was made to show, that he could

not buy this prize at the price he paid unless there were the combination brought about by the Art Union.

All the American states, excepting Louisiana only, have come into this line of legislation. Louisiana is tempted, therefore, by the opportunity to provide for more than forty states who have refused to permit lotteries in their own borders.

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THE present generation has forgotten the effort necessary to bring about the change wrought by the prohibitory legislation which has suppressed lotteries. Societies were formed for the purpose, tracts written, petitions pressed upon legislators, counsel maintained, and all the other enginery employed which is needed where a large and strong pecuniary interest opposes a reform. The ground has, I think, been gained permanently. It can hardly be believed that in republics this line of legislation will be reversed.

The laws against public gambling, if one may so call it, follow on much the same lines. The injury to individuals of offering everywhere temptation to gaming, is so great that the state prohibits public arrangements for such purposes. It is thus that it is freely said that the Prince of Wales could not have played baccarat in a public house in England. I suppose, from this, that there is some statute severely limiting the gambling at public houses. At the same time nine-tenths of the people in England, including all who make the laws or are responsible for them, bet on horse-races, or bet on other matters where there is anything to bet on. It is a common remark, that, when you are with an Englishman, you hear bets proposed much more frequently than when with an American.

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THE legislation for the suppression of gambling in public places seems, on the whole, quite successful. It is certainly more successful than it is the habit to admit. The city marshal of Worcester, Massachusetts, a city of 85,000 people, assures us that there is not a public gaming table there. The chief of police in Boston writes me that in his opinion gambling is not as open as it was ten years ago. A similar opinion prevails among the people who know, in New York.

This limitation of gambling at public

places may be successful, even if the habit of betting or gaming is on the increase. All society can do is to prevent easy opportunity for gambling, to see that temptation is not publicly put in the way of the young, and, in especial, that no protection of law shall be given to the contracts or promises made at the gambling table.

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It is, indeed, impossible in modern life to limit greatly by law the opportunities for gambling. Californians have seen the time when their servant girls were eager to place a dollar or two of their wages on the fortunes of the stock exchange, and had easy methods of doing so prepared for them. Thus far, no arrangement has ever been made for horse-races which has not involved facilities for betting in a thousand forms, so that a horseman is practically regarded, however unjustly, as a betting man.

It is interesting, however, to see that our only order of nobility is coming into existence on the unwillingness of the community to hold to the old traditions. Is there, perhaps, a higher standard coming in? I am well aware that I am preparing a new distinction; but it seems to me that it is in the drift of the true national life, and will be acceptable.

A "professional" player in athletic games is one who receives compensation for his play. An "amateur" player is one who plays because he likes it; and he likes to see the thing well done. No harm if he is called a "gentleman" player. The professionals may be gentlemen; but it is certainly a gentlemanly thing to row in a boat or to play a match at tennis, with no thought but success.

Now I should like to make more of the point, everywhere acknowledged, that no amateur player or "gentleman player" in any game of skill may bet on himself. This, undoubtedly, is part of the professional distinction drawn. If other people bet he cannot help it. But he must not, as our games are ordered, bet on himself.

In this requisition an end of gambling is made—so far. Why should not society go farther? Why should not society insist that, as no gentleman bets on himself in athletics, so he does not bet on his own horses in a race, nor on his own cards at the table? So soon as society does this, a great point will be gained.

## CERTAIN RECENT FOREIGN FICTION.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IN his most suggestive study of the Greek World Under Roman Sway, wherein we find the feelings, the thoughts and the actions of those who lived in the first century explained and elucidated by constant references to similar states of feeling, thought and action still surviving among us who live in the nineteenth century, Professor Mahaffy expresses his belief that the Golden Ass of Apuleius does not give a true picture of the Greek life it purported to represent, but that it is rather a reflection of the depravity of the Romans to whom it was addressed; and then he adds these shrewd suggestions, to be borne in mind by all who ever consider the fiction of a foreign country or of another century: "We might as well charge all society in France with being addicted to one form of vice, because recent French fiction occupies itself almost exclusively with this as the material for its plots. The society for which such books are written must have shown that they are to its taste; the society which such books portray may be wholly different and grossly libelled by being made to reflect the vices of the author and his readers."

If French society were composed exclusively of the men and women who people most of the Parisian romances of the past fifteen or twenty years; if the inhabitants of the cities were like the miserable creatures we see in M. Zola's *Pot-Bouille*, and if the dwellers in the fields were like the horrible wretches we see in M. Zola's *La Terre*, the outlook of France would be black indeed, for no country could exist or should exist which was peopled by such a gang of monsters. But anyone who knows French life, anyone especially who knows the life of the larger provincial towns, knows that what M. Zola has represented as typical and characteristic is, in reality, exceptional and abnormal. Probably there is no house in the whole of Paris occupied by as corrupt a set of tenants as those set before us in *Pot-Bouille*; and certainly there is no village in the whole of France wherein all the horrors depicted in *La Terre* could possibly

have taken place. The fact is, the French like to boast about vice as the British like to boast about virtue. I should doubt if there was any great difference in morals between the upper society of Paris and of London, except the overwhelming hypocrisy of the latter. Apparently M. Zola has at last awakened to some consciousness of the false impression produced by his work. *Le Rêve* was his attempt to produce a novel fit for the class to which nearly all English novels are addressed. And in his latest novel, *L'Argent*, there is a fairer balance than in his other books; there are decent people, kindly folk, men and women of honest hearts and willing hands. We have a pleasant glimpse of the home life of Mazaud, the stockbroker who commits suicide when he fails. The Jordans, husband and wife, are perhaps the pleasantest pair to be found in all M. Zola's novels. With the novelist's increasing fame, apparently, he is taking brighter views of humanity. And Madame Caroline, despite her lapse, might almost be called an honest woman, if this is not a paradox; she is a strong, wholesome, broad-minded creature, admirably realized. The goddess Lubricity, whom Matthew Arnold first named as the presiding deity of French fiction, is still worshipped in other parts of the book; and her worship is out of place in this book at least, for those who are seized with the lust for gain have little time for any other. For example, the whole story of Saccard's relations with the Baroness Sandorff is needlessly offensive and revolting, and at bottom it is essentially false. But there is a marked improvement of tone in *L'Argent* over that of certain even of his later books, while the atmosphere is nowhere as foul as it was in most of his earlier novels. There is no disputing that M. Zola is a man with a dirty mind, with a liking for dirt for its own sake. There is no disputing also that he is a novelist of most extraordinary fecundity and force. Of all the books I have read in the past ten years I received the strongest impression from Zola's *Germinal* and from Ibsen's *Ghosts*; and I can still hear



the cry for light and the pitiful appeal of the son to the mother with which the latter closes; and I can still feel the chill wind which whistles across the dark plain in the opening pages of the other. There is in *L'Argent* the same power, the same splendid sweep, the same mighty movement, the same symbolic treatment of the subject, the same epic method. M. Zola thinks himself a naturalist; he has preached naturalization from the housetop; he is generally taken at his word and criticised as a naturalist, and as a fact he is not a naturalist at all. He is not one who sees certain things in life and who ties them together with a loose thread of plot, although this is the naturalism M. Zola approves of. He has preached it but he has never practised it. On the contrary, M. Zola picks out a subject and reads up and crams for it, and conceives it as a whole, and devises typical characters and characteristic incidents, and coordinates the materials he has thus laboriously accumulated into a harmonious work of art, as closely constructed as a Greek tragedy and moving forward toward the inevitable catastrophe with something of the same irresistible impulse. No novelist of our time is affected less by what he sees in nature than M. Zola, no one is more consciously artful.

This symbolic method of M. Zola's is shown in *L'Argent* almost as clearly as in *Germinal*, which I cannot help considering his greatest novel, despite its prolixity and the foulness of many of its episodes. As *Germinal* was the story of a coal-mine with a strike, so *L'Argent* is a story of a gigantic speculation on the stock exchange, treated in the same epic fashion, with typical characters and all the necessary incidents. Obviously the Union Générale suggested certain particular details of Saccard's Banque Universelle. Obviously also Baron Rothschild sat for the portrait of Gundermann. There is the same use of minor figures to personify the crowd, and themselves identifiable by some broad characteristic—Moser, the bear, Pellerault, the bull, Amadrin, the speculator who foolishly blundered into a successful operation and who has wisely held his tongue ever since, and all these minor characters (and there is a host of them) serve as a chorus, help along the main action of the tale, comment upon it

and typify the throng of men and women who are at the periphery of any great movement. These little people are all vigorously projected; they are all adroitly contrasted one with another; they are all carried in the hand of the novelist and manœuvred with unfailing effect, with a power and a certainty which no other living novelist possesses.

That many readers should be bored by all of Zola's writing I can readily understand, for it is not always easy reading. That many more should be shocked by him is even more comprehensible, for he has a thick thumb and he makes dirty marks over all his work. That some even should be annoyed by M. Zola's method or irritated by his mannerisms I can explain without difficulty. But what I cannot comprehend is that anyone having read *Une Page d'Amour* or *Germinal* or *L'Argent* can deny that M. Zola is a very great force in fiction. But there are critics in Great Britain—and even in the United States, where we are less squeamish and less hypocritical—who refuse to reckon with M. Zola and who pass by on the other side. A man must be strong of stomach to enjoy much of M. Zola's fiction; he must be feeble in perception if he does not feel its strength and its complex art.

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Nevertheless I hope I shall not be understood as proposing a course of Zola as the best reading for American women. Such was not my intent, certainly. M. Zola's strength is often rank and there is often a foul flavor about even his most forcible novels, which makes them unfit for the library of the clean-minded American woman. In any exact sense of the word M. Zola's novels are not immoral, as the romances of M. Georges Ohnet are immoral, for example, or those of the late Octave Feuillet. But they are not spoon-meat for babes. For the American woman, perhaps the best foreign fiction just now is the Spanish. Señor Juan Valera is a safer author than M. Emile Zola. There are Spanish authors, and especially are there Spanish authoresses, who are tarred with the same brush as the French naturalists. For example, I cannot recommend *A Christian Woman* of Dona Emilia Pardo Bazan to the Christian women of America. It is a second-rate

tale of idle loves; and the second-rate fiction of the foreigner is to be shunned, for haply we have enough second-rate fiction of our own. Dona Emilia Bazan lacks the art to make the empty fable she has chosen interesting to those for whose use it has been translated. Apparently she believes that she is sketching from the living model: if she be, one recalls involuntarily the criticism a New York artist made on a fellow painter's studies from the nude; he declared that they were "offensive, alike to the artist, the moralist and the voluptuary."

Señor Juan Valera's *Dona Luz* is a novel of another sort and its translation is most welcome. It may not be as fresh a tale, as unconventional, to the Spaniards themselves as it is to us Americans. It may be that there are certain formulas of Spanish fiction and that *Dona Luz* is fabricated according to one of these, and that in praising it we are praising the specimen for merits which belong to the whole class, much as the commonplace German actor in London was considered to be a performer of striking originality because his Hamlet abounded in points new to the English stage, although only traditional in German. There are formulas for the French novel, the British novel, and (it may be) for the American novel; but *Dona Luz* does not fall within any of these. And the formula of the Spanish novel is not familiar enough to give us pause or to mar our pleasure in the least. *Dona Luz* is quite as delightful and as charming a tale as its predecessor, *Pepita Ximenez*; and I venture to think that its art is finer and firmer and, therefore, that its morality is sounder.

As Mr. Howells says, Señor Juan Valera's earlier story "leaves the reader to believe that Vargus can be happy with a woman who wins him in *Pepita's* way; and that is where it is false both to life and to art." And then Mr. Howells goes on to consider a truth which lies at the very core of the art of fiction as it is understood nowadays by its masters. "For the moment," he says, "it is charming to have the story end happily, as it does; but after one has lived a certain number of years, and read a certain number of novels, it is not the prosperous or adverse fate of the characters that affects one, but the good or bad faith of the novelist in

dealing with them." If Señor Valera broke faith with the reader of *Pepita Ximenez* he has kept it with the reader of *Dona Luz*. The end of this latter tale, that which the author gives us last to carry away with us, is an abiding truth. I confess that as I read toward the end of *Dona Luz* I wondered that so unconventional a writer as Señor Valera should be willing to avail himself of one of the tired tricks of the old school of story-tellers; but as I read on I wondered no longer, and my doubt was turned to admiration when I saw the author using the old to show the new.

It is not fair to the reader of these pages who may not have read the story to go into details as to the end of Señor Valera's novel; but I think I may risk the suggestion that even the most hardened novel reader will find a surprise in store for him (or for her, rather), and will feel that the result is legitimate and indisputable.

*Dona Luz* herself is quite as enchanting a personality as was *Pepita Ximenez*. In this respect at least the story would have pleased Charles Darwin, who declared that "a novel, according to my taste, does not come into the first class unless it contains some person whom one can thoroughly love, and if a pretty woman all the better." *Dona Luz* is a pretty woman and eminently lovable, although the one man who loves her most disinterestedly is the priest Don Enrique—a character whose fate recalls that of the other priest in Mr. Howells's *A Foregone Conclusion*. Manolita is to *Dona Luz* what the gracioso was to the hero in the old Spanish comedies of cap and sword; she also is pretty and lovable. Perhaps the character most artistically presented is Don Aclisco, whose exploits are set before us with a tolerant irony which never corrodes as most irony does.

\* \* \*

Irony is a chief note, also, in the best of the stories called *Tales of Two Countries*, which Mr. William Archer has translated for the Odd Number series, from the Norwegian of Kjelland. The two countries where the Scandinavian lays the scenes of his stories are Norway and France; and individual as are the tales of French life, those of Norwegian life are, to us at least, more refreshing and of greater interest. In its direct-

ness and in its freedom, Kjelland's art is French; but, unlike many of the American painters who have learned how to paint in Paris, the Scandinavian can apply the methods of his French masters to the scenery of his native land. Some of his tales are like M. François Coppée's fine etchings of Paris, delicate, tender, loving, lingering in the memory like the final notes of a folk melody and with something of the same naïveté. Like Coppée's, Kjelland's method might, perhaps, be described as a realism reinforced by poetry.

But in two particulars, at least, the Scandinavian differs from the Parisian: he has a fresher feeling for nature outside the city walls, and he has a more incisive irony. Consider the various birds that fly across the opening pages of *The Parsonage*, and that flit before us again at the end of the tale like wandering refrains! Note the old raven who is presented to us in the singularly simple sketch called *The Peat Moor*—a veritable pastel in prose! And the same melancholy charm gives life to the description of the picture called *Withered Leaves*. The irony which is perhaps Kjelland's most personal note is gentle and abiding in romance and reality, a wonderfully temperate sketch of the awful consequences of the fever of sentimentality which dominates so much contemporary German fiction. The irony is incisive and wholesome in *A Clear Conscience*—as temperate as the other, for Kjelland has always a most artistic self-restraint. There is irony also in the death of the Condor, in the prose fable called *At the Fair*. The first tale of the collection, *Pharaoh*, recalls the sentiment of M. Alphonse Daudet's *Death of the Dauphin*.

\* \* \*

It is a good sign for the future of American fiction when we see not a little of the best foreign fiction translated here in the United States, for nothing so much broadens the vision as to get outside of the ring fence of our own language. If British novels are still to be reprinted in America and read by Americans, then the more good foreign fiction that is translated into English to compete with them the better. Just now the British novel is not at its best, and but little even of the

best of British fiction is as artistic, and therefore as useful to us, as the best French and Spanish and Scandinavian fiction. Only in Germany is the state of the novel as low as it is in England. It is worthy to remark, perhaps, that comparatively few foreign novels are translated in England—probably not half as many as are prepared for American readers. It is possible, for example, to pick up almost a complete collection of the strong and fine tales of Turgenieff in the United States, whereas only two or three of them are accessible in Great Britain; and the translation of Tolstoi's works now in course of publication in London is imported from New York. A British critic recently reviewing a novel translated by Mrs. Bell from the Dutch, was moved to this insular protest: "This importation of the Dutch novel on the back of so much French, Norwegian, Russian, Spanish, Italian, and other fiction might well rouse a good patriot like Mr. James Payn to raise a cry of fair trade in fiction, and England for the English novelist."

The English novelist is not at his best just now, although he continues to be imported into America, where he is almost as much a foreigner as the Scandinavian or the Spaniard. But among the few English novelists of our day whose popularity in America it is ever a pleasure to recognize is Mr. Thomas Hardy. He is an artist always. He has his own ideals, his own theories of fiction, his own method of representing life and of reproducing it, his own principle of selection. His work (like all good work wheresoever done) is written to please the author first of all, and not to suit a supposed taste of the public as a whole. His work is always his own; it is never the product of the British novel-making machine—that triumph of Birmingham industry which turns out hundreds of three-volume novels every year, all wearisomely alike. The most audible voices in the choir of British novelists just now are somewhat shrill; Mr. Hardy's notes are always mellow. Both Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling carry themselves with an air which, in Mr. Kipling's case, can fairly be called a swagger; while Mr. Stevenson's best friend could not deny that he was self-conscious. Colonel Higginson recently quoted from Joubert a saying

which cannot be repeated too often : "Where there is no delicacy there is no literature." Now Mr. Hardy has delicacy in abundance ; with no lack of strength, he is gentle and insinuating and subtle. He leaves things to be understood and even to be guessed at vaguely. He is the inheritor of some of the best traditions of English fiction, those of Fielding, Jane Austen and Thackeray.

A Group of Noble Dames is the title of Mr. Hardy's last volume, and nothing could well be imagined less like the ordinary British works of fiction than this collection of tales. These ten tales of ladies of high degree are as direct, as unsophisticated, as frank, as unpretending as a folk tale almost. They are told with the utmost simplicity, in straightforward fashion, with an art wholly concealed, although never absent. As Mr. Walter Besant has suggested, they are like a dizaine of the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, so plainly are they told—as a man might relate what he had seen. They are stories which all who love the art of story telling in all its manifestation must read, and will read with pleasure. Perhaps the pleasure will not be wholly unalloyed ;

for in one of the tales, Barbara of the House of Grebe, the central incident, founded in fact though it is, is, none the less, a little grewsome. Most of these stories, so Mr. Hardy has told me, are true—they are derived from family traditions. So the unexpected death in the fourth story, and the sudden need the woman is under to dispose of the corpse of the man she has married secretly, is a true tale, although the incident has been used more than once in fiction and on the stage ; it is to be found, for example, in M. Sardou's *Maison Neuve*, but where he got it I do not know.

Mr. Hardy has no need to be afraid of the verdict of posterity—or at least of the next generation, which is as far as anyone dares to peer ahead just now. He can look forward calmly to the literary millennium, the novelist's doomsday foretold by Mr. J. K. Stephen :

"When mankind shall be delivered  
From the clash of magazines,  
And the inkstand shall be shivered  
Into countless smithereens ;  
When there stands a muzzled stripling  
Mute, beside a muzzled bore,  
When the Rudyards cease from Kipling  
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When not a ripple breathes across—  
The tender violets grow.

And here I love to set for Time  
A snare, to stay his feet that fly ;  
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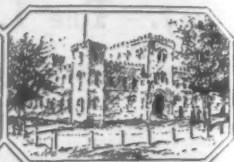
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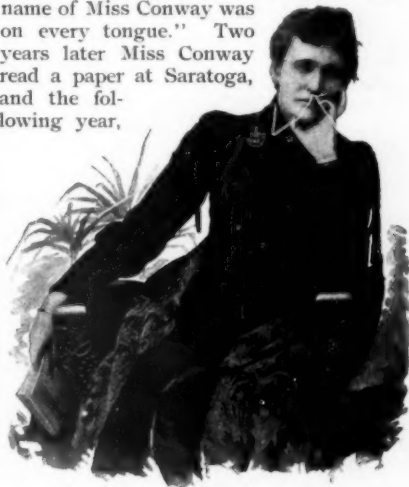
## A REALIZED IDEAL.

BY LUCY GRAHAM CROZIER.

UNIVERSITY presidents, supported by unanimous faculties, and having means of carrying on their work without regard to tuition or fees, have found the stand for quality against numbers difficult to maintain, and one who has not encountered the actual experience cannot realize the labor and discouragement of establishing a system of instruction which will not be compromised and is yet dependent upon public patronage for support, yet this is what Miss Conway has done. While still a young woman without capital and with only the professional influence gained through her work in the public schools, she relinquished a fair salary to make the experiment of establishing a system of education for girls based on absolute thoroughness. Holding that society has as little use for idle, helpless women as for idle, helpless men, Miss Conway's ideal of a strong, pure womanhood is that which is able to adapt itself readily to the conditions of individual life, making wise use of wealth and influence, if such be at command, or filling well some professional career if circumstances dictate or self support becomes necessary.

Miss Conway was the first woman in Tennessee to assist in the organization of teachers' institutes and she has been since an active worker in their interest. The first Southern woman to attend the teach-

ers' summer school at the North, she was the sole representative of the South at the first session of the Martha's Vineyard summer institute. July 18, 1884, she read a paper before the National Educational Association at Madison, Wisconsin, on the needs of Southern women. It was widely copied, and the Chicago Times said of it: "The brainiest men and women teachers of every section were there, yet it was a woman of the South who presented the most interesting paper of the session. The name of Miss Conway was on every tongue." Two years later Miss Conway read a paper at Saratoga, and the following year,



CLARA CONWAY.



THE SCHOOL.

though not present, she was elected a member of the National Council during its session in San Francisco. In July she will read a paper before the Southern association at Lookout mountain on the subject of a southern university for women, and a week later will present a report on physical culture before the National Council at Toronto. But nothing that she can say will express Miss Conway's views half so well as a glance at what she has succeeded in doing. The beginning was made in 1878 with fifty pupils, one assistant and \$300 of borrowed money. The Clara Conway institute of 1891 has 300 pupils, a senior class of thirty, school property valued at \$75,000, a strong faculty—nine of whom, former pupils, have been trained for special departments in the best schools of this country and of Europe—while its graduates are filling every position of life, that of home maker, teacher, musician, artist and writer. And yet Miss Conway feels that the work is but begun. Her study of the needs of Southern women and the years she has spent in building up this system, have only shown her the necessity for something more than any unendowed institution can offer.

Miss Conway has shown her appreciation of the Northern colleges by sending pupils to them, but to a large number of those to whom she now wishes to open the doors of the Conway institute a course at Vassar or Wellesley is about as possible as a trip to the moon.

Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, in a recent address to the trustees and associate members of Barnard college, called attention to two new fields of labor that are opening up at the present time—supervision of public schools and academies and the organization of charities, which he claims women can do as well as, in some respects better than, men. But this work, he adds, requires requisite

training, the highest scientific training.

The plan for extending the course of the Conway institute and for opening up new departments does not look merely to the demand of those who intend to enter some profession or to fit themselves for some remunerative employment. The intention is to furnish an advanced course in the liberal and fine arts, in literature and in aesthetics; but since the great need is at present to help those least able to help themselves, the crown and flower of the undertaking is the training of young women for professional work; to enable them to fill the positions of teachers in the public schools, of organizers and principals of academies, of specialists in the sciences and in music and in art, and to fit them to do effective work in any benevolent or reform movement in which they may find themselves interested. It is idle to expect untrained and incompetent teachers to inspire the ambition of ignorant pupils or to arouse the interest of indifferent parents. No system of training ever has or ever will of itself make teachers, but it is impossible to have teachers except through training, and for this end alone it were well to give the Clara Conway institute the \$500,000 that is needed for the thorough equipment of a university.

By establishing such a university as the young women of the South today demand, in connection with the Clara Conway institute many problems would be solved. The cost of the course of such a

university, if it would meet the needs of the majority, should not exceed \$200 a year, and a preparatory school and departments where deficiencies might be made good would be absolutely necessary: all this the Conway institute is prepared to furnish. It is impossible to touch in detail upon every appointment, but in 1884 Miss Conway's pupils numbered 250, and it became apparent that permanent accommodations must be provided. A few public-spirited citizens, impressed with the spirit of the woman who had fought such heavy odds, formed a stock company, incorporated the school and had a build-

considered the groundwork of excellence, and careful supervision is given to those whose opportunities have been limited. Great attention is given to letter writing and to all forms of composition work; a graduate of Eastman's Business college has charge of classes in penmanship. Greek and Latin are optional except where pupils intend entering college, but the course in literature and history is exceptionally broad and comprehensive. A notable feature of the institution is the boarding department. It is a handsome four-story building fitted up with every modern convenience and surrounded by



THE HOME.

ing erected. It was Miss Conway's proposition that it be called the Margaret Fuller school, but the trustees decided promptly that it should be named, in honor of its founder, the Clara Conway institute. The school building has ample grounds—a lot 149 x 318 feet—assembly hall, recitation rooms, library, laboratories, et cætera. The studio was constructed with regard to a fine northern light, and in this department pupils are led from the simplest cast studies to the antique and to life. The advantages for the study of music are unusual; a number of music rooms open upon a central hall and nineteen Knabe pianos are in use. The work of elocution is the same as that of the Boston School of Expression. While the course of study is liberal and comprehensive, reading, writing and spelling are

ample grounds handsomely improved. The Home is a short distance from the school building, and this complete separation of the two is admirable. It gives pupils an entire change when the day's work is finished, and enables those in charge to make of this department a home in character as well as in name.

Recognizing that true development is not possible if one single faculty of mind, heart or physique be neglected, Miss Conway has not been content to introduce simply advanced methods of intellectual culture. She has used every effort to sustain a system of discipline mild but firm, which looks beyond the conduct of today to permanent character building and has given her personal attention to the subject of physical culture. The entire fourth floor of the Home is fitted up as a gym-





A VIEW IN THE HOME GROUNDS.

nasium with a skilled specialist, a pupil of Doctor Sargent, in charge. Acting upon her theory of helping ambitious girls to help themselves, Miss Conway has held out substantial inducements to pupils exhibiting industry and talent. Instead of medals she has distributed money, making it possible for pupils to continue their studies at Vassar, Wellesley and other colleges.

Memphis is an excellent situation for such an university, being easily accessible to a large area of country. It is the metropolis of a section of great natural wealth, and one which is developing rapidly. Situated on one of the highest bluffs of the Mississippi, the climate from October to June is genial and bracing; the supply of pure artesian water and an excellent system of drainage have made of

it one of the healthiest cities of the country; there has not been one serious case of illness in the Home of the Conway institute during its existence.

The limits of this article will not admit of details, but it is not necessary to multiply argument. There is immediate use for an university for Southern women, and no woman of the South is so fitted to organize and conduct this university as Miss Clara Conway.

The work has been already too long delayed. Before the opening of another school term steps should be taken looking to the establishment in connection with the Clara

Conway institute of an university exhibiting the best methods and the most advanced systems of education. Five hundred thousand dollars is the sum required to do the work thoroughly. This would insure wide advantages at small cost to 500 pupils and would furnish a number of free scholarships.

Certainly, in view of the great promise that the future holds for the South, it is not too much to ask that the advantages which are so freely extended to her young men be in a measure, at least, repeated to the hundreds of young women who are eager for the opportunity to increase their power of usefulness, and whose assistance is so much needed in the solution of economical, ethical and social problems.



CLASS OF '91.

## AN ENTERING WEDGE.

THE  
STANDARD  
COCOA  
OF THE  
WORLD.



**Van Houten's  
Cocoa.**

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Van Houten's Cocoa,  
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The Messrs. VAN HOUTEN have put an entering wedge into unhealthy domestic economy, by advertising a pure, soluble cocoa, as a substitute for tea and coffee. As inventors and original patentees of cocoa, the VAN HOUTEN's have introduced it so thoroughly all over Europe that "VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA" has become a household word. The end of the wedge which has been inserted here is fast making way for the

"LEADING  
Cocoa of  
America."

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OF THE  
WORLD.



**Van Houten's  
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"Best & Goes Farthest."  
"Best & Goes Farthest."  
"Best & Goes Farthest."

118



## Souvenir Spoons.

THE custom of collecting odd and peculiar spoons, as mementoes of places visited, finds continued encouragement in the new and artistic designs added to Ovington Brothers' interesting stock of these articles. The three designs of Coffee Spoons here shown are pleasing productions of the silversmith's art, as well as illustrations of local characteristics. Thus, the New York Spoon shows the New York coat-of-arms, faithfully designed and true in every detail, while the Brooklyn Spoon bears in its bowl a fine bas-relief of the celebrated Brooklyn Bridge, the handle being surmounted by Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

The prices of these Spoons are:

No. 1 New York Spoon, gold bowl,	-	-	\$2.50
" 3 Brooklyn Spoon,	-	-	3.00
" 2 Princess Orange Spoon,	-	-	2.50

Other interesting designs are now in process of production. Catalogue of Silver, etc., sent free on request.

New-York:  
330 Fifth Avenue.

**Ovington Brothers,** Brooklyn:  
Fulton and Clark Sts.

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## Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites,

Prepared according to Prof. Percy's Formula,

Is the only preparation of the Hypophosphites extracted from animal and vegetable tissue, the most powerful restorer of the vital forces. For nearly thirty years it has been the standard remedy for the relief of all Nervous Disorders, Impaired Vitality and Debility. It nourishes brain and nerves, restores lost vigor, sustains in activity mental and physical powers, prevents nervous prostration and premature age. It is the best preventive known

for Consumption. Pamphlet, with testimonials from leading physicians, sent free. For sale by Druggists. Sent by mail (\$1.00) from 56 West 25th Street, New York.

None genuine without this signature printed on the label

*F. Crosby Co.*



## On the Ragged Edge

—The clothes that are washed without *Pearline*. If you get them clean by the necessary rubbing with soap, they will soon get ruined by the wear of it.

*Pearline* saves the wear, by saving the work—there is little or no rubbing. It does no harm to anything. Use *Pearline*, and use less labor. Labor is useless, if you use *Pearline*, for it is unnecessary.

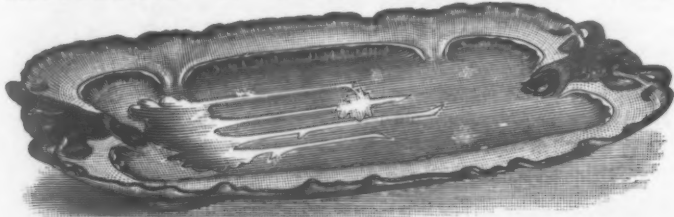
The Edge

of despair. The peddlers and prize givers must be there, lest why should they use such methods and claim their goods "the same as," or "as good as" *Pearline*. IT'S FALSE—*Pearline* has no equal and is never peddled.

940

JAMES PYLLE, New York

## HAVILAND & CO.'S CHINA AT FIRST HANDS.



To set a  
handsome table  
*Haviland*  
*China*  
is a necessity.

EXTRA LARGE ROAST DISH. Handles—Beeve's head in platinum and gold with gold edge and border. Sold only in Roast Set.

FRANK HAVILAND, 14 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

## "No Admittance."

How familiar this sign! How well it helps to hide the



unclean mysteries of many canning factories!

But here's a contrast! Our mammoth canning kitchen (we like this name better than factory), is open for inspection from morning till night, and we will be glad to send a card of admittance to any reader of this periodical who cares to write for it.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Purée of Game, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Pearl Tapioca.

First-class grocers keep them, but look out for imitations.

None genuine without this trade-mark on the label.

A sample can sent on receipt of price of postage, 14 cents.

Packed in quart, pint and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cans, and in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pint glass jars.



*Franco-American Food Company,*

*West Broadway and Franklin Street, New York.*

Leave Sixth Avenue Elevated Road at Franklin Street.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

# WHAT CURES PIMPLES



The only really successful preventive and cure of pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough and oily skin, and most complexional disfigurations, is that greatest of all Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated


## CUTICURA SOAP

For irritating and scaly humors of the scalp, with dry or falling hair, red, rough hands, chaps, painful finger ends with shapeless nails, and simple humors of the skin and scalp of infancy and childhood, it is simply infallible.

## CUTICURA SOAP

A marvellous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, CUTICURA SOAP is simply incomparable as a Skin-Purifying Soap, unequaled for the Toilet, and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, it produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blotches, blackheads, red and oily skin, and most complexional disfigurations. It derives its remarkable medicinal properties from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, but so delicately are they blended with the purest of toilet and nursery soap stocks that the result is a *medicated toilet soap* incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivaling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. For the prevention of facial blemishes, and for giving a brilliancy and freshness to the complexion, and for cleansing the scalp and invigorating the hair, it is without a peer. In a word, it purifies, beautifies, and preserves the skin, scalp, and hair as no other soap does, and hence its sale is greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps. Sold throughout the world. Price, 25 cents.

### Skins on Fire with Itching and Burning Eczemas,

And other itching, scaly, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, are relieved by a single application, and speedily, permanently, and economically cured by **Cuticura Remedies**, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Price: CUTICURA the great Skin Cure, 50 cents; CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, \$1.00. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.  "ALL ABOUT THE BLOOD, SKIN, SCALP, AND HAIR," mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value, affording information not obtainable elsewhere.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.**



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you had so will use them. I recommend, 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe. **Felix T. Gouraud, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.**

**TRY the New Game, PERSEVERANCE.**  
For old and young. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.  
**STANDARD NOVELTY CO., Salem, Mass.**



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**CRAZY WORK** 60 assorted, beautiful Silk and Satin pcs., enough to cover 500 sq. in., etc.; best pcs. and larger pack, \$1. **Lemarie's Silk Mill, Little Ferry, N. Y.**

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We are offering our fine and elegant **BUCK-BOARDS and SURREYS.**  
(hung on our potent Half Elliptic Spring).

At very low prices. Write for Catalogue, **Park Phaetons, Buggies, Phaetons, Road Wagons, Fine Portland Cutters, Two-Seated Russian Sleighs.**

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Mention this ad.

**THE ECONOMY OF FOOTWEAR.**

An Illustrated Pamphlet interesting to every one who wears shoes, sent free on receipt of name and address on postal card. Box 551, Brockton, Mass.

The Second Summer is the most critical period of a child's life, because the

**Pains of Teething**

Increase the susceptibility to disease and lessen the resistive power. A catarrhal attack, an indigestion or an eruptive fever, coming at this time, acts upon a system less able than usual to combat injurious influences.

**"Tooth-Food"**

will prevent or cure all teething pains and carry the child comfortably through a period of unusual irritation and danger. This remedy, made of the nutrient elements necessary to bone growth, and is absolutely harmless. A bottle, with full description of the remedy and directions for its use, will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar.

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**HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR MAGNIFICENT FIRE-PROOF BUILDING,**  
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Blankets,	Jewelry,	Stationery,
Hosiery,	Fancy Goods,	Perfumery,
Men's Furnishings,	Umbrellas,	Corsets,
Gloves,	China,	Furs,
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**FACTS WHICH OUGHT TO INTEREST LADIES.**

When art approaches the nearest to nature it must be admitted that perfection has almost been reached. The same holds true with regard to the toilet. Nature sometimes gives out, and it is here that science supplies the deficiency. Gray hair is never so becoming as the original color was, no matter how you may persuade yourself to the contrary. No lady therefore should remain gray, because the necessity can be removed by the application of the Imperial Hair Regenerator. Its merits cannot be disputed for one moment, as the complete indorsements of Adelini Patti, Fanny Davenport, the Court hairdressers of London, Mesdames Duke and Rumball, are indisputable. Any color or shade can be produced by it. It is unaffected by sea baths or Russian baths, and leaves the hair beautifully glossy; indeed it rivals nature itself. Those who doubt this should send sample of hair to the Imperial Chemical Co., 54 West 23d Street, New York, and it will be regenerated to the Patti, Cleopatra or any desired shade free of charge. It is sold by all respectable hairdressers and druggists at \$1.50 and \$3 per bottle. Absolute satisfaction is guaranteed where our own artists apply the generator.

The affliction of superfluous hair is one of the most annoying that a lady can be subjected to. Such annoyances need no longer be tolerated. The Imperial Hair Remover will remove superfluous hair without the slightest pain, irritation or fear of disfigurement to the most delicate skin. Septical ladies who call at our reception rooms can test the truth of what we say free of charge. The Remover is sent by mail securely sealed on receipt of one dollar.

# THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCCURDY, PRESIDENT.

Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1890.

Assets, . . . . .	\$147,154,961 20
Reserve on Policies at 4%, . . . . .	\$136,668,368 00
Liabilities other than Reserve, . . . . .	505,359 82
Surplus, . . . . .	9,981,233 38
Receipts from all sources, . . . . .	34,978,778 69
Payments to Policy-Holders, . . . . .	16,978,200 06
Risks assumed, . . . . . 49,188 policies,	160,985,985 58
Risks in force, . . . . . 206,055 policies,	638,226,865 24

## THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond and Mortgage Loans, . . . . .	\$76,529,231 72
United States Bonds and other Securities, . . . . .	51,311,631 54
Loans on Collateral Securities, . . . . .	8,624,400 00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest, . . . . .	3,556,441 59
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred, etc., . . . . .	7,133,256 35
	<b>\$147,154,961 20</b>

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct. A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

The business for 1890 shows INCREASE over that of 1889, as follows:

In Assets, . . . . .	\$10,753,633 18
In Reserve on Policies and Surplus, . . . . .	10,554,091 94
In Receipts, . . . . .	3,859,759 07
In Payments to Policy-Holders, . . . . .	1,772,591 67
In Risks assumed, . . . . . 4,611 policies,	9,383,502 21
In Risks in force, . . . . . 23,745 policies,	72,276,931 32

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Payments to Policy-Holders.	Receipts.	Assets.
1884. . . . .	\$34,681,420 . . . . .	\$351,789,285 . . . . .	\$13,923,062 19 . . . . .	\$19,095,318 41 . . . . .	\$108,876,178 51
1885. . . . .	46,507,139 . . . . .	368,981,441 . . . . .	14,402,049 90 . . . . .	20,214,954 28 . . . . .	108,908,967 51
1886. . . . .	56,882,719 . . . . .	398,800,208 . . . . .	13,129,103 74 . . . . .	21,137,176 67 . . . . .	114,181,963 24
1887. . . . .	69,457,468 . . . . .	427,628,933 . . . . .	14,128,423 60 . . . . .	23,119,922 46 . . . . .	118,806,851 88
1888. . . . .	103,214,261 . . . . .	482,125,184 . . . . .	14,727,550 22 . . . . .	26,215,932 52 . . . . .	126,082,153 56
1889. . . . .	151,602,483 . . . . .	565,949,984 . . . . .	15,200,608 38 . . . . .	31,119,019 62 . . . . .	136,401,328 02
1890. . . . .	160,985,986 . . . . .	638,226,865 . . . . .	16,978,200 06 . . . . .	34,978,778 69 . . . . .	147,154,961 20

New York, January 28th, 1891.

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Here is the help for you—Mrs. Rorer's Canning and Preserving. You may do without it, but can certainly win better results by having it. Plenty of variety. Tells of putting up fruits and vegetables; marmalades, butters, jellies, drying and pickling. Have one?

Paper covers, 40 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

## What's the matter

with Mrs. Rorer's Hot Weather Dishes for this summer's use? Don't you ever grow tired of thinking about the table? This little book is the thing to ward off worry and help you keep cool.

Paper covers, 40 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

MRS. RORER'S COOK BOOK ever fresh; good for all seasons. Price, \$1.75. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

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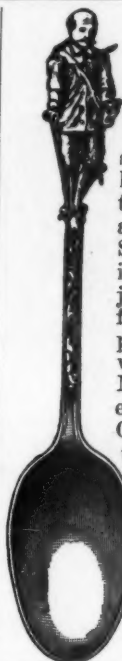


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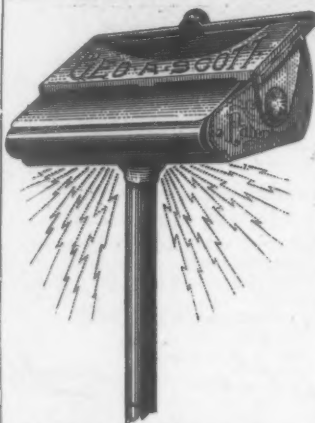
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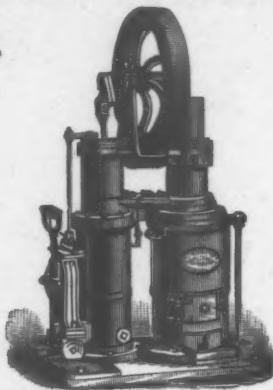
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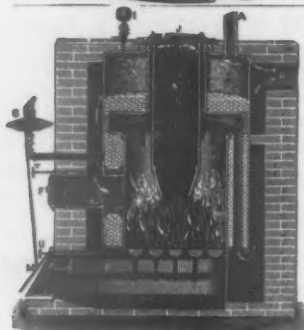
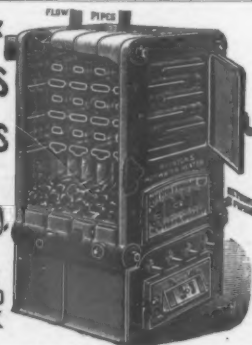
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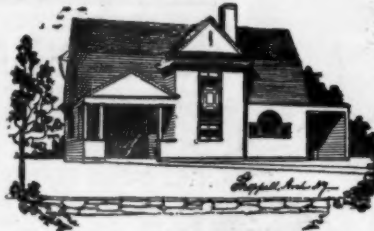
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28	29	30	31
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36	37	38	39
40	41	42	43
44	45	46	47
48	49	50	51
52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59
60	61	62	63
64	65	66	67
68	69	70	71
72	73	74	75
76	77	78	79
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84	85	86	87
88	89	90	91
92	93	94	95
96	97	98	99
100	101	102	103

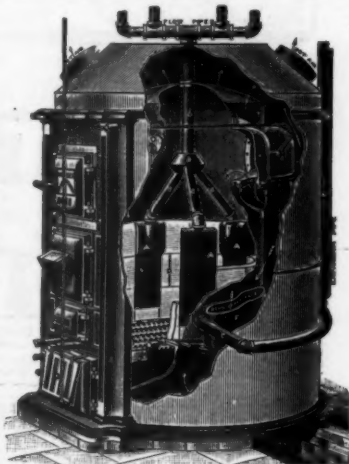
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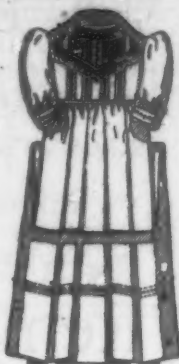
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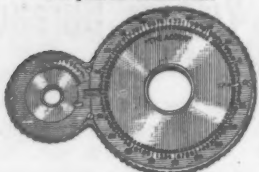
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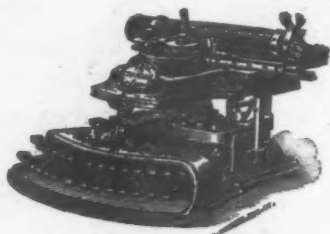
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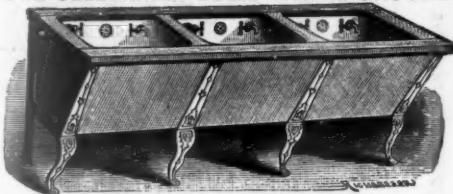
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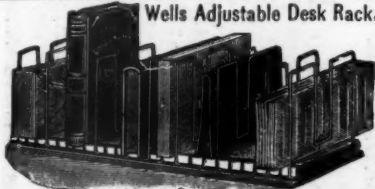
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We have added a Ladies' Department for Summer Goods, and we have the assurance of the best dealers that it is the finest line ever shown. We can furnish the "**Korrek Shape**" in **Tennis Oxford** or **Blucher cut** with **Piccadilly toe**, in seventeen different colors in **Ooze** from pure white to black; in **Russet Calf**; also made in white or colored **Canvas** and trimmed with all kinds and colors of leather. All these different styles are made either high or low cut, and all are made with a rubber sole (insuring against dampness) which is first cemented and then sewed to the shoe.

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•• DON'T Spoil your Feet with CHEAP SHOES! ••

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This shoe has one especial merit not seen in any cut; our "**Korrek Shape**" as applied to **Tennis Goods** gives the same feeling to the wearer as if it had the usual heel, avoiding the unpleasant feeling as though "walking up hill." Our line of Gent's Summer Goods is unsurpassed by any custom work, but our space forbids enumerating the many different styles. Our **Blucher cut**, high or low, **Russet** or **Royal Calf** is simply unapproached.

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**Fever and Ague,**  
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 And aid in Restoring Health and Vigor.

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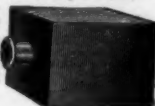
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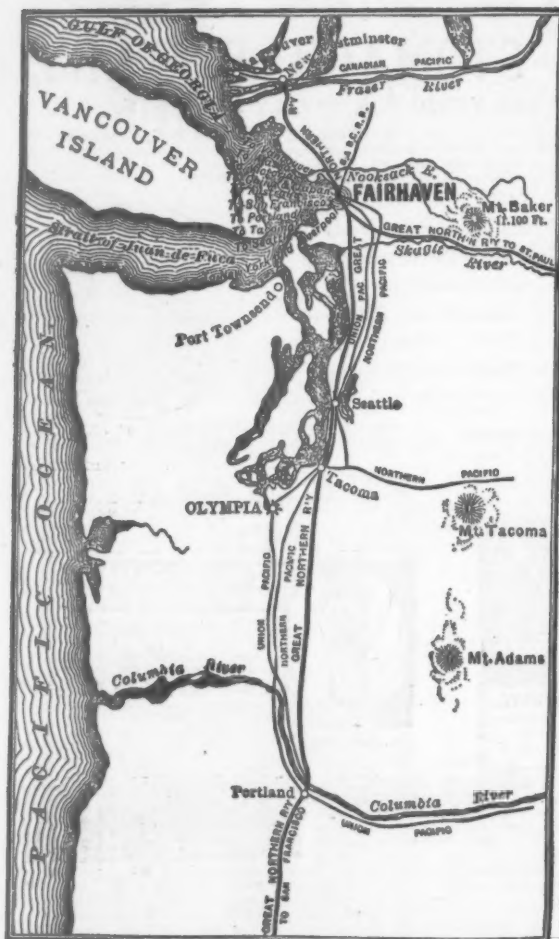
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Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway.



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Is better than a smaller place, because its future is certain. Better than a larger place, because big profits are yet to be made.

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Send for Circular No. 3, entitled,  
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MANUFACTURERS OF

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OTHER BRANDS OF ROGERS GOODS ARE SOMETIMES SUBSTITUTED FOR THE

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BE SURE THAT YOUR SPOONS, FORKS, ETC., HAVE THE PREFIX "1847" IF

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Offer  
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BETWEEN  
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**VESTIBULED**  
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The Standard Thermometer can be read across the room, and gives the correct temperature.

IT IS MADE FOR ALL USES.

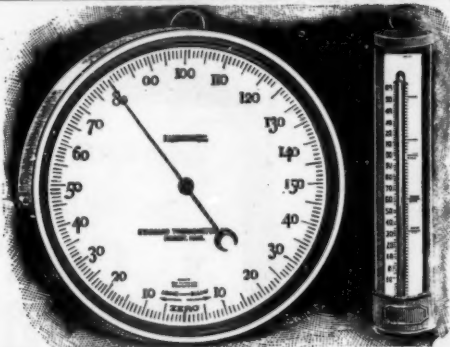
Three sizes, 4, 6 and 8-inch dial.

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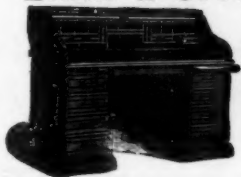
\$180 to \$1500.

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Fine Brass Work.  
Special designs on  
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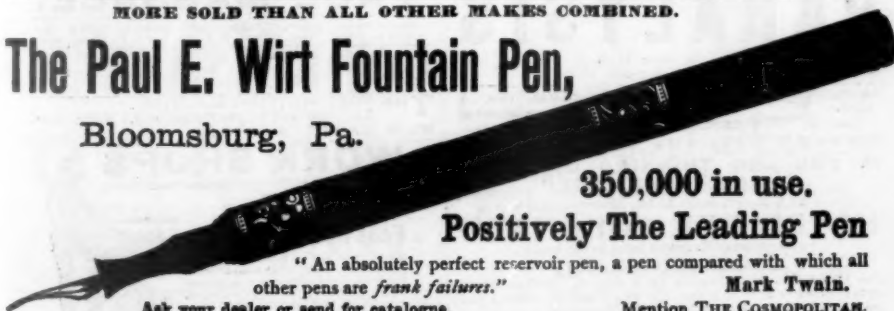
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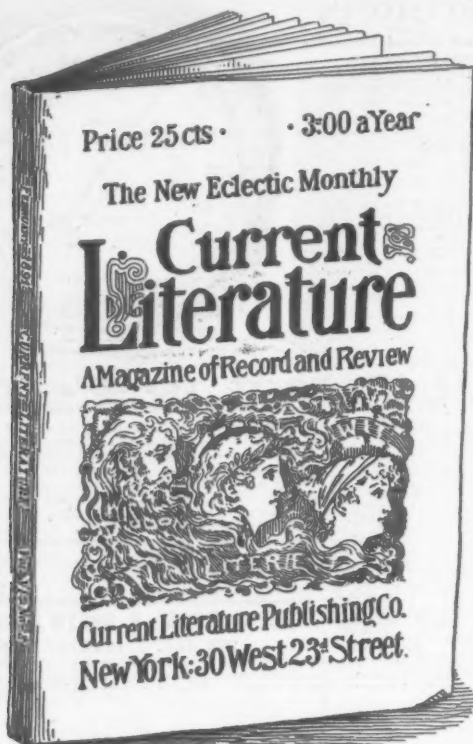
Mark Twain.

Ask your dealer or send for catalogue.

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This magazine contains in each issue a hundred things to preserve. In its thirty departments it gathers the best material in the world on all topics, putting in permanent form the most valuable and interesting literary work of the day.

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The New and Higher Standard. Price, \$100.  
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2,288 sold in '89  
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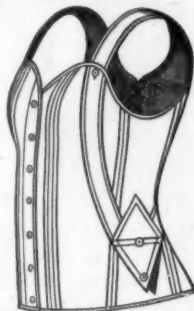
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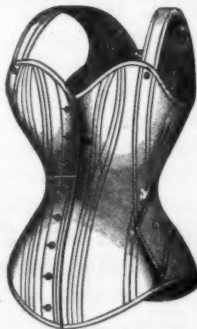
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A VERY SATISFACTORY GARMENT.

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ROCKY MOUNTAINS.**

An Art Supplement  
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## 20 GEMSTONES

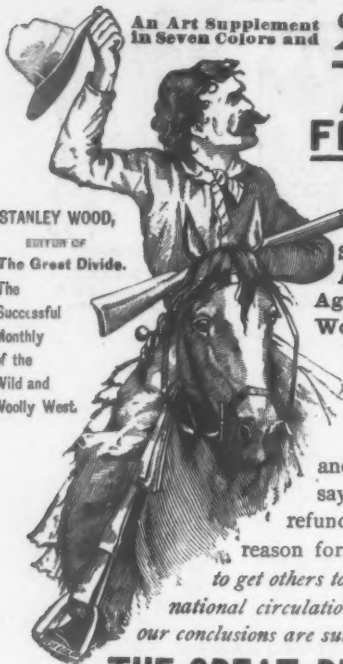
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Monthly  
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Wild and  
Woolly West.



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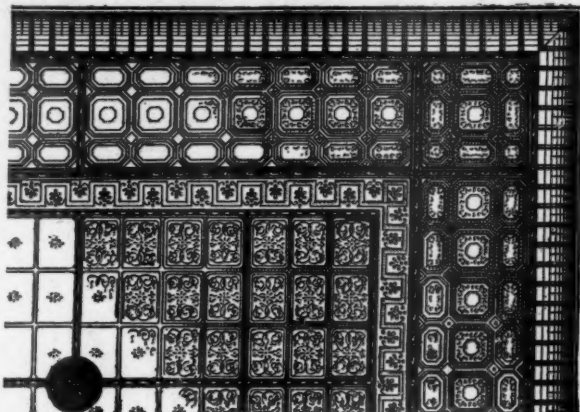
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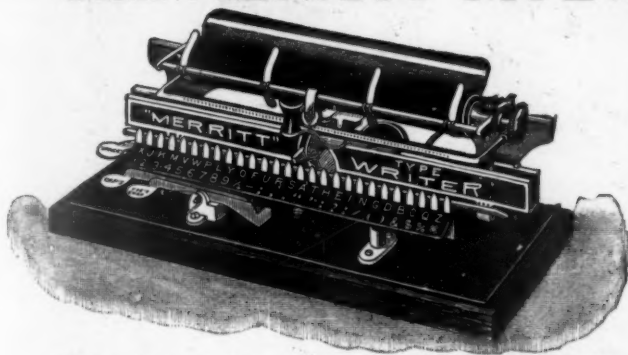
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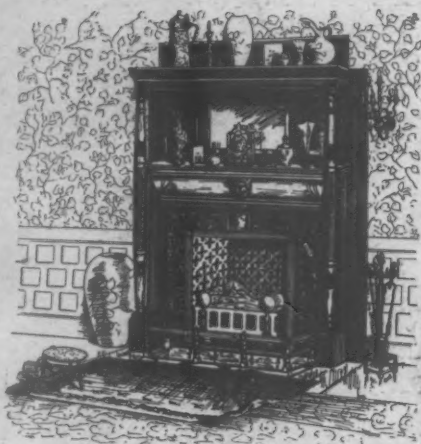
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